Feb.28,1977

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A failed comedy by David Mamet. Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall work very hard but in vain. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley in a limited engagement of the Shaw comedy. Ellis Rabb directed. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 24. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Chekhov's great comedy is worthily enacted by an exceptional cast; the ravishing settings and costumes are by Santo Loquasto, and the sometimes arbitrary and self-important direction is by Andrei Serban. Not to be missed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 2, at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—An English playwright, Trevor Griffiths, tells a sad and funny story about some working-class men who are hoping to become professional standup comics. The odds, we see, are strongly against them. Milo O'Shea and Jonathan Pryce head an excellent cast, and Mike Nichols has directed with his usual acuteness and suavity. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)

Dirty Linen—An inconsequent jape by Tom Stoppard; the scene is the Houses of Parliament, and the subject is the sexual misconduct of a hundred and nineteen M.P.s. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hold Me!—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—A science-fiction spree, by John Guare, about a put-upon young movie director and those gathered around him on an island off Norway in 1999 and in outer space. The show brims over with funny ideas, routines, and jokes—verbal and visual. Joel Grey gives a marvellous performance in the leading role, and Madeline Kahn and Anne Jackson are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

My Life—This play about a young physicist in a jam, chiefly because his past keeps intrud-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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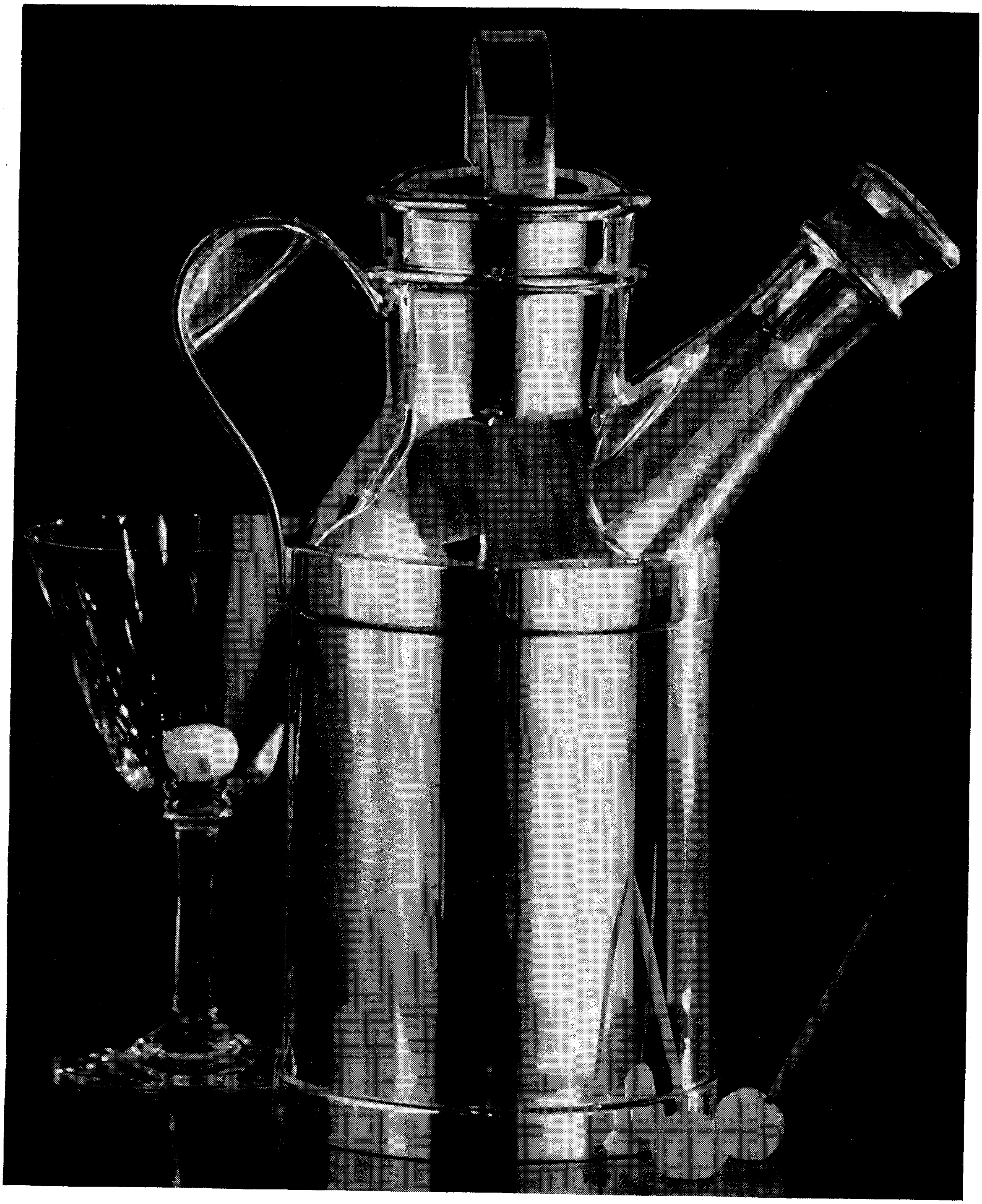
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 2, February 28, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing on his present, becomes difficult at times, but it is rarely dull, and it is well performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. William Hurt does especially well in the tough leading role. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays, except Feb. 26, at 7 and 9:30; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Two delightful performers, who handle their wonderful material all the more ably because it is from their own hands. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piaf . . . A Remembrance—Be off! (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trip Back Down—John Cullum and a superb cast in a sad and funny play by John Bishop. Directed by Terry Schreiber. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Unexpected Guests—Jerry Stiller and Zohra Lampert in a comedy by Jordan Crittenden. Charles Grodin is the director. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-

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club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, March 2, at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Alec McCowen and Michael Snyder, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,009 performances so far, or 756,972 minutes of playing time. You could have a baby in 403,200 minutes. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Aladdin—More than a hundred life-size marionettes in a musical production taken from tales of the "Arabian Nights," with music by Arnold Miller. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-26, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30, and final performances Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1 and 3:30.)

DANCE

Murray Louis Dance Company and Nikolais Dance Theatre—A four-week joint engagement—**NIKOLAIS:** Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, and Tuesday evening, March 1: "Temple," "Styx," and "Tower." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 25-26: Group dance from "Sanctum," "Guignol," and "Triad." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 27, and Wednesday evening, March 2: "Temple," "Arporisms," and "Foreplay." . . . **MURRAY LOUIS:** Thursday evenings, Feb. 24 and March 3: "Scheherezade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinées, Feb. 26 and March 5: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Glances." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 27, and Saturday evening, March 5: "Geometrics," "Déjà Vu," and "Index." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 4: "Revue" and "Ceremony." (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

Rudolf Nureyev—With Vivi Flindt, Johnny Eliasen, and Anne Marie Vessel of the Royal Danish Ballet, in the opening performances of a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, March 1, and will run through Sunday, March 20. The program: "Pierrot Lunaire," "Songs of a Wayfarer," and "The Lesson." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dance Umbrella—A four-week season by six contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 20. **LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Feb. 23-26, and Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 27. . . . **MEREDITH MONK / THE HOUSE:** Tuesday through Friday evenings, March 1-4, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, March 5-6. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Chuck Davis Dance Company—In two programs of works adapted from traditional African dances. Program I: Thursday, Feb. 24, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This simple, spare SoHo loft of a night club looks like—and is—a ma-and-pa operation. Coltrane alumnus and all-out drummer Rashied Ali and his wife designed just about everything in the place and did all the work in putting it together, from hanging the Japanese paper lampshades to constructing the hexahedral bandstand. The music, however, is not homespun; many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** leads a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, March 1, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, who is the founder of the Chicago musicians' coöperative called the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, and who is also a wonderful pianist, will come in with his quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Sandy Stewart sings Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. **HANK JONES**, whose solos are marked by elegance and polish, works through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Wednesday, March 2, solo guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** will take over. Music from nine until two Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** is in charge of a quartet that features tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** on Wednesday, Feb. 23; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, singer and pianist Bobby Scott will be on the stand with his quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **MOSE ALLISON**, the simultaneously rustic and urbane singer and pianist, performs with his trio on Wednesday, Feb. 23; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 24-27, rhythm-and-blues and disco singers and songwriters Ashford and Simpson will work with their band; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 28-March 1, will be given over to country-rock in the form of the Flying Burrito Brothers (who are not related); on Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, Oregon, a somewhat pretentious raga-rock-jazz quartet, will be featured; and, on Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will rouse his audiences with an hour-or-so-long barrage of one-liners, interspersed with snippets of his violin playing. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in often hectic, buzzing surroundings. **JOHN BUNCH** and **GEORGE MRAZ** are here through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Monday, Feb. 28, **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will arrive for six nights. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

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Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**TEDDI KING**, who is in the Café Carlyle, has been a good singer for twenty-five years, with a rich, controlled vibrato, an exact and daring sense of dynamics, and an excellent rhythmic placement. Her first-rate accompaniment is by **IRV JOSEPH** on piano, **ERNIE FURTADO** on bass, and **JOSH GERBER** on drums. Through Saturday, Feb. 26; and on Tuesday, March 1, **GEORGE SHEARING**, who will have spent the previous week downtown at Hopper's (see below), takes on the performing chores. He'll be playing solo piano for about a month, until Bobby Short returns from his semester break. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is back in the Bemelmans Bar, where she can be heard from nine-thirty to one nightly, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Joyce Bryant is singing, a bit too theatrically, accompanied by Don Sturrock, on piano, and Don Raphael, on Fender bass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and eleven-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MAXINE SULLIVAN** is here every night but Sunday, and her vocals are backed by pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. From eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, March 1, pianist **DICK HYMAN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Feb. 27, Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, and their quintet will perform from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Feb. 27, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, pianist Hugh Lawson, and bassist Earl May will join forces from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**GEORGE SHEARING** is here with his trio through Saturday, Feb. 26, and then moves onward and uptown to the Carlyle Hotel (see above). On Monday, Feb. 28, **MILT JACKSON**, who in this age of four- and five-mallet-wielding vibraharpists, needs only two to play fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of an instrument, will bring in his trio. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—During the next several weeks, Gil Wiest, the proprietor here, is offering a feast of singers, who will salute Alec Wilder's "American Popular Song" by performing a great many of the good songs discussed in its pages. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** are on now. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

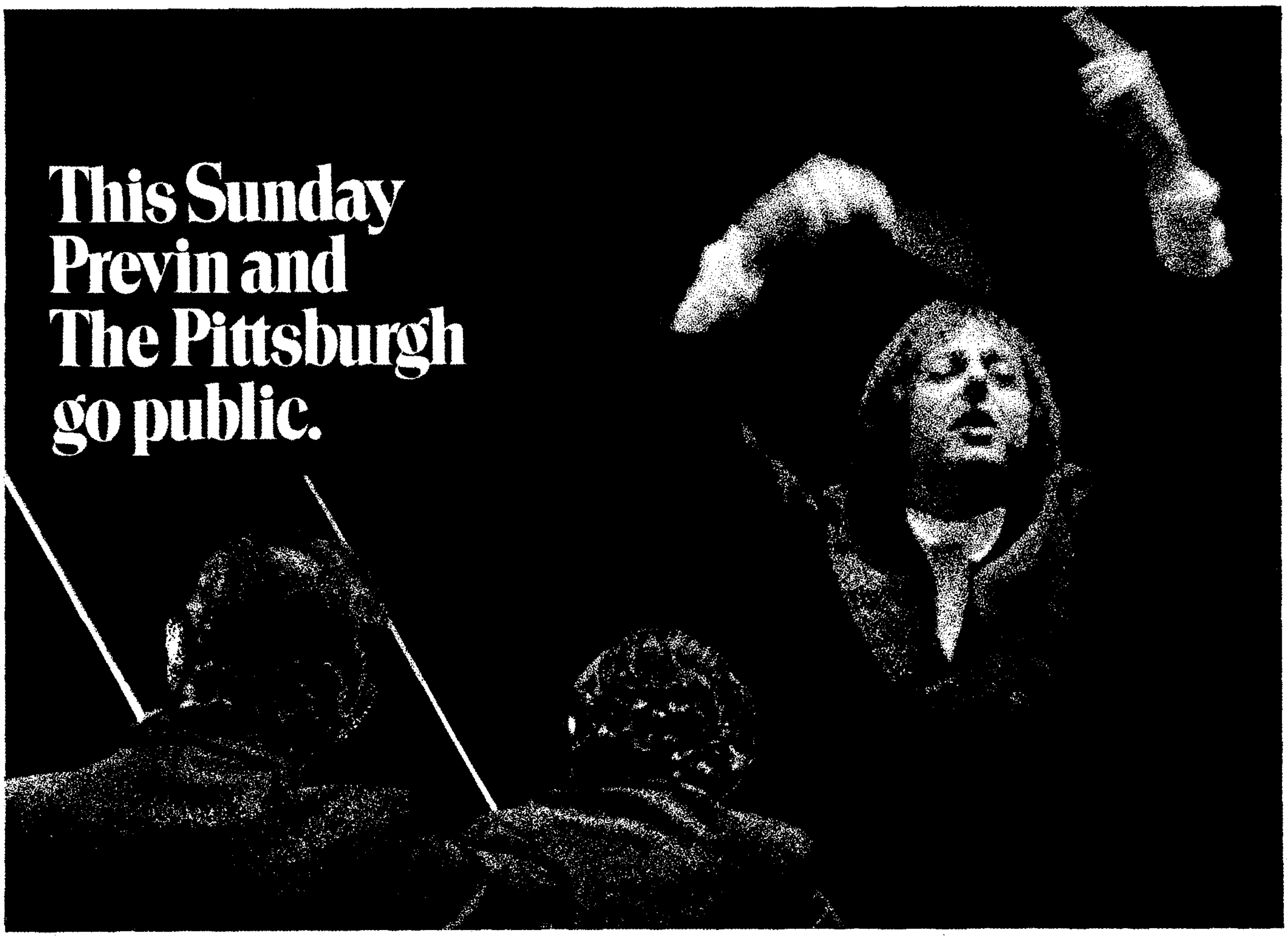
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand from week to week; on Friday, March 4, singer and guitarist Luther Allison, Motown's answer to Muddy Waters, will bring his quintet in for a five-night stretch. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**DAVE VAN RONK**, a bear-like lumberjack of a folkie, does raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27. On Wednesday, March 2, **ALLEN GINSBERG** and two guitarist friends—one of them being **DAVID NICHTERN**, a fine folk and blues player—will arrive for a four-night visit. The management has ventured to guess that Ginsberg will read poetry, sing some songs he has written, and perhaps solo on his harmonium and finger cymbals and chant awhile. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The preserve of the waltz, the fox-trot, the tango, the cha-cha, the merengue, the rumba. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** has the band for them, and its quiet, sleek arrangements are faultless. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female impersonator, is here through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 27-28, Moogy Klingman, a keyboard man for Todd Rundgren, will present his Revue, which musically consists of loose, lively, bebop-inspired rock. On Tuesday, March 1, singer **SYLVIA SYMS** will move in. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, fragile, and very direct voice.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-



This Sunday Previn and The Pittsburgh go public.

PBS

Be there. Today, there's a demand for classical music that simply cannot be met by a limited number of live, concert hall performances. So, Alcoa Foundation is helping one of America's truly great symphony orchestras go public.

A series of eight, engaging one-hour television specials, entitled "Previn and The Pittsburgh," are being aired nationally on the Public Broadcasting Service beginning February 27. Produced for PBS by WQED, Pittsburgh, and made possible by a grant from Alcoa Foundation, the series will feature works of great musical masters as performed by Andre Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony, along with several special guest musicians. Topics of special symphonic interest are also addressed—including behind-the-scenes glimpses at the inner workings of this major symphony orchestra.

"Mozart as Keyboard Prodigy" The first program, to be aired on PBS at 8 P.M. EST, Sunday night, February 27, features Andre Previn as both conductor and pianist. This program will consider the musical genius of Mozart, and will include his *D-minor Piano Concerto.*

Wolfgang Mozart

PREVIN AND THE PITTSBURGH

Subsequent programs include:

Concert of Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky—March 6
Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Minor, Tchaikovsky—Guest pianist, Horacio Gutierrez, winner of the prestigious Tchaikovsky competition. Also on the program, Stravinsky's *The Firebird.*

The World of Stephen Sondheim—March 13
The magic of the musical stage is explored by Previn and Sondheim. Recorded in London with the cast of the new musical review *Side by Side by Sondheim.*

Creating an Impression—March 20
Influence of the impressionist movement on music will be explored by Previn and art expert Thomas Hoving, and illustrated by orchestral performances of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe.*

Oscar Peterson—March 27
A program featuring the renowned jazz pianist Oscar Peterson in a two-man show with Andre Previn.

Why a Rehearsal?—April 3
As television cameras observe an actual Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra rehearsal, Previn explains the rehearsal process and why it is necessary.

Isaac Stern—April 10 (Easter)
Guest artist Isaac Stern joins Andre Previn at the piano and cellist Michael Grebanier of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for an intimate program of chamber music.

Concert of Brahms and Prokofiev—April 17
Andre Previn conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra as they perform *Symphony No. 2* by Brahms and *Classical Symphony* by Prokofiev.

"Previn and The Pittsburgh" is one of many cultural and philanthropic activities underwritten by Alcoa Foundation, including scholarship programs, acquisition and exhibition of art collections, and the preservation of historical landmarks.

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(Check local listings for times and dates in your area)

In New York—Channel 13
Sunday nights at 8 PM

ALCOA

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wood furniture and ceiling beams, resembles a college dining commons. **WOODY HERMAN** drives his band through here on Wednesday, Feb. 23; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, **EDDIE JEFFERSON**, the father of bebop vocals, will sing with a quintet; on Sunday, Feb. 27, a Jazz Interactions concert from seven to eleven will feature drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and his densely percussive quartet, with **LARRY YOUNG** on keyboards, guitarist **TED DUNBAR**, and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK**; and on Tuesday, March 1, **TED CURSON** will bring in his fire-breathing septet. Curson (who also turns to piccolo trumpet and flugelhorn) and his men—particularly **CHRIS WOODS**, who plays alto sax and flute, and **NICK BRIGNOLA**, on tenor, baritone, and soprano saxes—are skillful, engaging soloists no matter how many choruses they take, and their music, which is only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop, sounds wonderfully contemporary. Music from ten to two-thirty weeknights.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. Mondays, trombonist Rod Levitt heads up an octet; on Tuesdays, David Friedman and David Samuels, who play vibraharp and marimba, respectively, work with a quartet; on Wednesdays, trumpeter **RICHARD SUDHALTER** has charge of a ten-piece band; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, have been reserved for **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices; and on Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will lead a quartet that features Cecil Payne on baritone sax. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Mike Nock, who prefers his Fender-Rhodes keyboard to the house acoustic, joins up with bassist Herb Bushler, guitarist John Scofield, and drummer Darryl Washington through Monday, Feb. 28. Tuesday through Saturday, March 1-5, **JUNIOR MANCE**, an insistently bluesy pianist, will head a trio. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**SID SELVIDGE**, a lanky resident of Memphis, where he is best known, abandoned his blues-singing career some eight years ago to teach college anthropology. Several months ago, Selvidge took up performing again, and it is our good fortune. Selvidge, who is in his early thirties, is a sort of laid-back counterpart of John Hammond, and his stage presence is marked by an absentminded-professor quality. His choice of material, which ranges from Furry Lewis to Chuck Berry, and his singing abilities are equally admirable. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. On Wednesday, March 2, Helen Schneider, who has a strong, rock-inspired voice, will come in with her backup group. If Grace Slick had a cabaret act, it could conceivably be like this. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, lately, blues enthusiasts, too. Flutist **HERBIE MANN** and his band, the Family of Mann, perform Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26; on the following Friday and Saturday (March 4-5), **CHARLES MINGUS** and his quintet will hold inspired sessions. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **ART BLAKEY** and his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** perform through Sunday, Feb. 27; on Tuesday, March 1, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, who is a reed section all by himself, will descend the staircase with his group, the Vibration Society. On Mondays, **THAD** and **MEL** (**JONES** and **LEWIS**) blast forth with their fifteen colleagues. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Harold Mabern and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for the likes of **JO JONES**, **EARLE WARREN**, **BUDDY TATE**, and Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 5:45: **ANDRÉ EGLEVSKY AND ENSEMBLE FROM THE EGLEVSKY BALLET COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 5:45: **VIVECA LINDFORS.**

LOFT JAZZ—New music and new jazz at Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656, 473-9936)—Friday, Feb. 25, at 9 and 11: **DAVID MURRAY ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 9 and 11: **DEWEY REDMAN.**

GENESIS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.

ROBERT KLEIN—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.

MELANIE—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.

COLLECTIVE BLACK ARTISTS CONCERTS—At Town Hall—Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: Charles Rouse, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and his own group. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: Webster Lewis, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, the String Reunion, and his own group.

SOLO PIANO—Mike Longo and Dick Hyman. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2, 3, and 4.

GENTLE GIANT—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.

ERIC ANDERSEN AND TOM PACHECO—Town Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8.

JOHNNY WINTER, MUDDY WATERS, AND JAMES COTTON—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

PETER LEMONGELLO and **WALTER MURPHY**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 5, at 7:30 and 11.

SANTANA—Palladium. Saturday, March 5, at 8 and at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHET AUGUSTINE—Semi-abstract oil paintings with Futurist, Constructivist, Vorticist echoes by a young artist who often uses striped fabrics and pieces of crossword puzzles in his compositions. Also shown are small paper objects—cylinders, rectangles, curlicues—placed in lighted niches against a background of photographs of the same objects. Through March 12. (Noyes, van Cline & Davenport, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th.)

LÉON BAKST (1886-1924)—Set and costume designs done for the Ballet Russe, plus other work. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ED BAYNARD—This artist uses a medium called "pochoirs" (stencil forms on paper and vinyl) to pursue his theme of bowls in various manifestations. Also monoprints. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St.)

GILLIAN BRADSHAW-SMITH—Painted cast-stone torsos that seem to be engaged in a sinuous dance (the artist calls them Radhas, after Krishna's favorite), plus crayon drawings of elephantine creatures who are all body and trunk. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FRANCIS BRENNAN—Editorial cartoons, more strikingly designed and executed than most, which make their points with posterlike simplicity. Through Saturday, March 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

EDMOND CASARELLA AND PAUL SISKO—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JORGE CASTILLO—Carefully executed still-life elements (teacups, fruits, plants) in interiors that almost overwhelm them. Through March 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

BENIGNA CHILLA—Geometric constructions in mixed mediums and mounted in Lucite boxes. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

JOHN DUFF—Free-standing steel-rod sculptures. Through Thursday, March 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD FLORSHEIM—Semi-abstract landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.). . . ¶ Also, a two-gallery exhibit of graphics: Recent works at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., through Saturday, March 5. (Open Mondays.). . . Early prints at Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St., through March 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LLYN FOULKES—Humorous collage portraits, combining painting and photography, in some of which the subject seems to be stepping out of the frame, or has an arm, or perhaps a necktie, dangling out of it. Through March 19. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938)—Illustrations, figure sketches, and landscapes in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

NIGEL HALL—Wall sculptures made of painted-aluminum rods. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DAVID HENDRICKS / NANCY GOLDRING—Large-scale landscape drawings. / Works combining photography and drawing. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—A two-gallery exhibit of new paintings. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St. Through March 12. . . . ¶ Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, Feb. 26.)

KIEFF—Gleaming bronze abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BASCHA MON—Abstract oil paintings and crayon drawings, most of them organized around a grid pattern. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

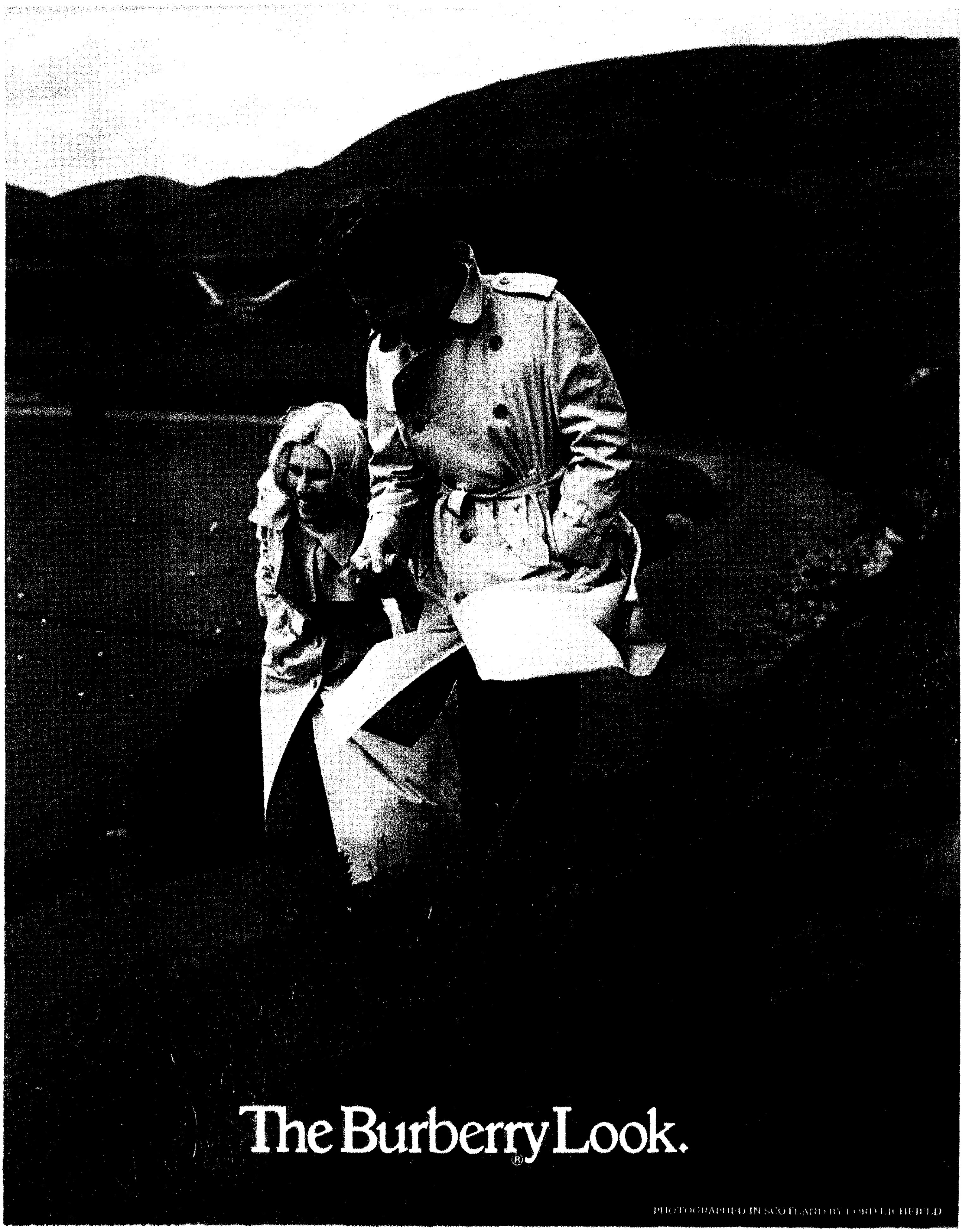
KUNITO NAGAOKA—Hairline ink drawings provide a framework for these abstract works in which flecks of delicate watercolor are set down on wet paper to produce engaging aleatory effects. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)—Oil paintings of birds, fishes, and the sea. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

TOM PERKINSON—Surrealist drawings of fantasy creatures that segue from human to animal to insect to vegetable form. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—Fresh, direct paintings, many depicting gulls on a clean, sunny beach with the sea tumbling in the background, by a seventy-eight-year-old painter whose style is decidedly his own. Through Thursday, March 3. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Ten paintings done during the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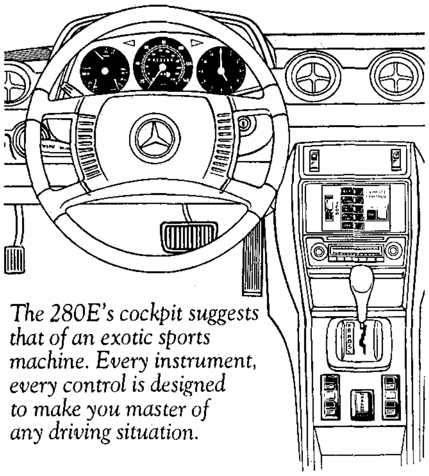

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

past three decades by the French Expressionist. Through March 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jill Spelman—Small abstract paintings that share repeated colors and shapes, plus larger works that present a mirror image on a second canvas. Through Friday, March 4. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—A scattering of works from various stages of his career, including a quick watercolor study of the Brooklyn Bridge cables, preparatory to his most famous painting, plus figure drawings and scenes of Barbados. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edward John Stevens—Gouaches based on a trip to Russia and other foreign parts. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Edvins Strautmanis—Figurative drawings, done in an abandoned, free-form fashion with oil sticks on wrapping paper and newspaper. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Fair, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Norman Turner—Representational paintings and drawings of nudes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Abstract oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Wissemann—Watercolor landscapes, some with nineteenth-century figures, to judge by their dress. Through Saturday, March 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: For the past five seasons this gallery has devoted a show to Milton Avery (1893-1965) and his European peers. This year's exhibit has nudes by Avery, and by Degas, Pascin, Schiele, and others. Through Thursday, March 3 . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A hundred contemporary Latin-American artists, showing figurative and abstract drawings in mediums that include pencil, watercolor, and ink. Through March 27. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Americans, among them Gregory Gillespie, Max Weber, and Bruno Lucchesi. Through Friday, March 4. . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: A refreshing exhibit of choice works on paper, small-scale sculptures, and fascinating oddments by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell, Joan Mitchell, Tony Smith, and others. Through March 19. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Dali, Picasso, Chagall, Maillol, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings, collages, and constructions by Edvins Strautmanis, Philip Sultz, and David Beck. Through Saturday, Feb. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Franco Ciarlo—This artist's interest in torn-down buildings began when his studio was demolished. He has produced a series of frescoes transferred to canvas, as well as drawings and other works, that resemble the stripped walls at demolition sites. Through Saturday, March 5. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Michael Clark—For some time now, this artist has been addicted to painting pairs of windows—East Side windows, Coney Island windows, Los Angeles windows—in a formalized style but with the widest variations in the color organization. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Richard Cramer—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a colorist whose large compositions, called "light fields," are made up of color-field areas half the size of postage stamps. In his studies, he reports, he has catalogued ten thousand colors and, by cross mixing, produced thirty-five thousand others. Through March 11. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Dash / Trevor Winkfield—Rural and small-town landscapes done in acrylics on paper by an artist who achieves a realist, almost detailed quality in his work by reducing it to small areas of flat color fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. / Fantasy creatures, boldly outlined and colored, by an artist who works in a cartoon style and borrows freely from Mother Goose. Through Thursday, March 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

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James Ensor (1860-1949)—Twenty-two etchings, including some comic and bawdy ones involving animals, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Friday, March 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—Fragmented sculpture—a head here, a torso there, and sometimes both arms and legs—molded from sheets of clay, fired by the artist herself, and assembled the way she wants them. Some of the works are quite sensuous, and some are decorated with fossil-like plants that have been fused into the ceramic. Through March 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Palmer Hayden (1890-1973)—Oils and watercolors by an American folk artist. Through Saturday, March 5. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Large abstract paintings characterized by diamond-shaped segments of color. Through March 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gershon Iskowitz—Abstract oils by an artist who is interested in the Canadian landscape seen from an airplane; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 5. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

W. Louis Jones / Randy Stevens—Huge, super-realist studies of a chambered nautilus, a half-grown alley cat, and a budding blood-root. / Fantasies of high living—cocktail parties, beauty parlors, making it as a cheer-leader—drawn and colored in dead earnest by a twenty-four-year-old Boston cocktail waitress. Through Thursday, March 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—A retrospective that includes his stark landscapes of Greenland in winter as well as paintings, graphics, textiles, and other works. Starts Thursday, Feb. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Through Monday, Feb. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Lee Krasner—Collages based on works the artist made around 1940, when she was studying with Hans Hofmann. Through March 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Les Levine—This practitioner, viewing art galleries as pinball arcades and the players as the Great American Losers, has set up a dozen pinball machines (Captain Fantastic, Fireball, Star Dust) which gallery visitors can feed with quarters while being cross-examined about their artistic probity by video questions flashing from boxes on the walls. Some of the machines are free. Through March 12. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Forty-eight sculptures and a number of drawings, all taken from his Cubist period. Through March 12. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—What might be taken for highly sophisticated abstract forms turn out to be ordinary seedpods, enormously magnified and beautifully painted by this Connecticut artist, who sets them against unusual (but unobtrusive) backgrounds—the fjords of Norway, a Western canyon. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Anne Burgess

Jan McCartin—Still-lifes, and figures in landscapes. Through Thursday, March 3. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—Multi-colored spirals on a solid background. Through March 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Adrian Murphy—Acrylic paintings of circles within squares, and similar compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Huge watercolors of male and female nudes; a series of Western canyon landscapes; and a cityscape of downtown Manhattan. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Anne Raymo—The central work in this show of quilts is called "The Ancestors" and consists of thirteen quilts, twelve smaller ones surrounding a larger panel. Also prints. Through Friday, March 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Garry Rich—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Fifteen ladders, each about eight feet tall, some silvery and some white, leaning against the wall of this gallery give it a religious atmosphere, and no wonder, since the idea for them came to the artist in a dream that was much like Jacob's in the Bible: "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." The backs of the ladders are in startlingly contrasting colors. Through March 19. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Some of the spectral quality of this sculptor's plaster figures—cast directly from living people, and shown in workaday settings—vanishes when they are painted in bright, solid colors, as many of them are here—red, blue, green, black. Thirty-one recent works are in the exhibit. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Degas, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and others as they might have appeared in the streets of Paris. Through March 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Black, gray, and white hard-edge paintings on circular canvases. Through Saturday, March 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Stokes / J. B. L. Goodwin—New color-field paintings, these composed of vertical panels of unusual hues that seem to be not so much simply juxtaposed as fused together at the edges. / Small paintings of a pronounced East Indian flavor, done by a New York-born artist who lives on the remote Caribbean island of Saba and spends a good deal of time in India. Through Saturday, March 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Fernando Botero, Robert Natkin, Louise Nevelson, and others. Through March 12. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, dating from 1875 to 1950, by Americans Maurice Prendergast, Charles Demuth, Philip Evergood, and others. Through March 19. . . . **washburn**, in a new location, at 42 E. 57th St.: A 1943 exhibit in an elegant reconstruction: Marcel Duchamp's "Box in a Valise" (his own work in miniature), boxes by Joseph Cornell, and a series of small gouaches by Yves Tanguy. Through March 12.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Plaster and bronze sculptures that suggest the torso. Also drawings. Through March 10. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Vincent Arcilesi—A nine-by-twelve-foot painting of the artist's studio and models, plus landscapes. Through March 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—Paintings of abstract shapes that look like sci-fi instruments performing God knows what kind of function deep in outer space. They are shown against black backgrounds about five feet square. Through March 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Jack Brusca—New paintings. Through March 12. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

David Budd—Oil paint, in shades of gray mostly, applied to canvas with a palette knife. Through March 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Rudy Burckhardt and Barry Sigel—Realist paintings of contemporary New York City scenes. Through March 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

John Clem Clarke / Kazuko Inoue—Realist paintings of the wooden fences at construction sites. / Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Greg Constantine / Louise Reiner—Canvases that contain a realistic rendition of a well-known artist alongside one of his works (e.g., Andy Warhol next to his Elizabeth Taylor). / Abstract works combining colored threads with small photos, beads, and such. Through March 9. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Rafael Ferrer—This romantic-minded Latin American (he's a brother of the actor José Ferrer) loves the sound of faraway place names—Sudan, Sahara, La Luna—and creates tentlike habitats suitable for them, gaudily decorated like circus sideshow attractions and almost as big. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Dan Flavin—Two fluorescent arrangements, done in a varicolored grid pattern and set in opposite corners of a large, white-walled room, cast a pleasant luminescence throughout this sizable gallery, helped by two horizontal wall arrangements in an adjoining area. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Pinchas Cohen Gan—Paintings and constructions by this Israeli artist. At first encounter, the paintings seem so wispy and ephemeral as to be about to fade off the unstretched canvas completely, but they survive (and repay) repeated study. One of the constructions is a random pile of colored wooden blocks, entitled "Art History." Through Wednesday, March 2. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Nancy Genn / Tony Vanderperk—Handmade papers, some chalk-white, some oatmeal-colored, and some in earth colors, torn in strips and arranged under Plexiglas in constructions of several layers and much style. / Horizontal wall sculptures done in intaglio—they cut into the wall rather than protrude from it. The main work is nearly twenty feet long. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Nancy Graves—It is astonishing how much exuberance and simple *joie de vivre* this artist can generate with a few colored lines scrawled in abstract dispositions on a stark white ground. Some are done in oil and some in pastel. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Ralph Humphrey—Abstract paintings—wall pieces, really—on shaped canvas, usually several inches thick and coated with a thick impasto of rich colors, like deep blue and red laid on together, side by side. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Louise Kramer—Small abstract wall pieces carved in thin sheets of pale ceramic, which the artist has handled almost like leather, plus black monoprints made with a gauzy fabric. Through Wednesday, March 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Shigeko Kubota—Three video installations that express this Japanese woman's frankly idolatrous admiration for the late Marcel Duchamp. One is a window derived from his well-known work, except that this one opens on a screen of television snow; another is a wooden pyramid about four and a half feet tall with a crater in the top and an arrangement of mirrors inside that reflect and re-reflect a video travelogue of the Rockies; and the third is a door serving two booths (when it is open on one, it is closed on the other) in which a video interview with Duchamp takes place. Through Saturday, March 5. (Block, 409 West Broadway.)

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Naomi Lazard and Bill Burke—A collaborative effort resulting in a set of graphics that are built around familiar institutional forms—a Mailgram, a subway sign, an I.B.M. card—and that incorporate many of Lazard's poems. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ann Marshall / William Monaghan—Large panels covered with variegated dribbles of paint, forming a rich overall pattern of substantial depth. / Large compositions made up of canvas faced here and there with sections of thin sheet-iron on which water has trickled, causing rust and spilling over to stain the adjoining canvas—all of this planned by the artist. Through Saturday, March 5. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Tom Martin—An exhibit of oils, one of them a painting (somewhat distorted) of a movie still for "The Maltese Falcon," showing Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Ed Puls—Large and nicely composed oil paintings, some of them showing figures in city interiors with windows that afford arresting glimpses of the East River and the Brooklyn Bridge. Through March 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

Oleg Sohanievich—Steel, aluminum, and brass sculptures held together by nuts and bolts. Through March 9. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Opens at 1.)

Alan Turner—Surrealistic paintings that have a photographic quality. Through Saturday, March 5. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Sharon Wybrants—Self-portraits executed in a variety of mediums. Through Wednesday, March 2. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

The Drawing Center—The first exhibition of this new facility for drawings, at 137 Greene Street, demonstrates intentionally how elastic the term "drawing" has become. The show offers geometric cutouts in solid colors, by Robert Mangold; applications of crude oil and cup grease to paper, by Dorothea Rockburne; paper covered with oil paint in which rectangular forms have been incised with a nail, by Douglas Sanderson; and similar works by three other artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 9.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Vito Acconci and Joan Jonas—A videotape program by each artist. Through Friday, Feb. 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Carlos Cruz-Diez—Paintings and graphics by an Op artist. Through April 15. (Galeria Venezuela, 7 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4.)

Ten American Collagists—A loan show of works by artists (Romare Bearden, William Dole, Nancy Grossman, for instance) who are identified with collage. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Fine Arts Building—In this aesthetic outpost, at 105 Hudson Street, a couple of blocks below Canal, the **Pretto** is showing works by Daniel Dezeuze, a mainstay of the French avant-garde Support/Surface movement. These are wall pieces, one of them fifty feet long, made of wood veneer stapled in place, sometimes suggestive of a wrought-iron railing, sometimes in a simple grid pattern. Through March 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)... At the **Sragow**, drawings by Marc Eisenberg include stick figures (the artist considers Giacometti a major influence), sometimes shown against a background of black, red, and pale-blue dots of various size. Through Saturday, March 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Photographs of ore-screening plants, by a team that has pursued its subject matter from the coal mines of West Virginia to the limestone quarries of England. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Mark Cohen—Recent pictures, many of which were taken in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Carlotta Corpron—A series of light studies made in the forties by a onetime colleague of Moholy-Nagy. Through March 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Evelyn Hofer / Naomi Savage—Sharply defined photographs of architectural details on buildings, façades, as well as portraits and dye-transfer prints. / Photo-collages, toned-and-colored gum prints, and other works by an artist who is a niece of Man Ray. Through March 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ted Horowitz and Elizabeth M. Heyert—Candid and formal color and black-and-white portraits. Through Monday, Feb. 28. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Marc Kaczmarek—Portraits, studies of dancers, and architectural views. Through April 30. (Studio 505, 39 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., between Church and Broadway. Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

William Larson / Charles Traub—Experimental works that include photographs transmitted by a teleprinter, multiple negatives transferred to metal sheets, and holograms. / Photographs of people taken on beaches and in other public places. Through Saturday, March 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a small selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

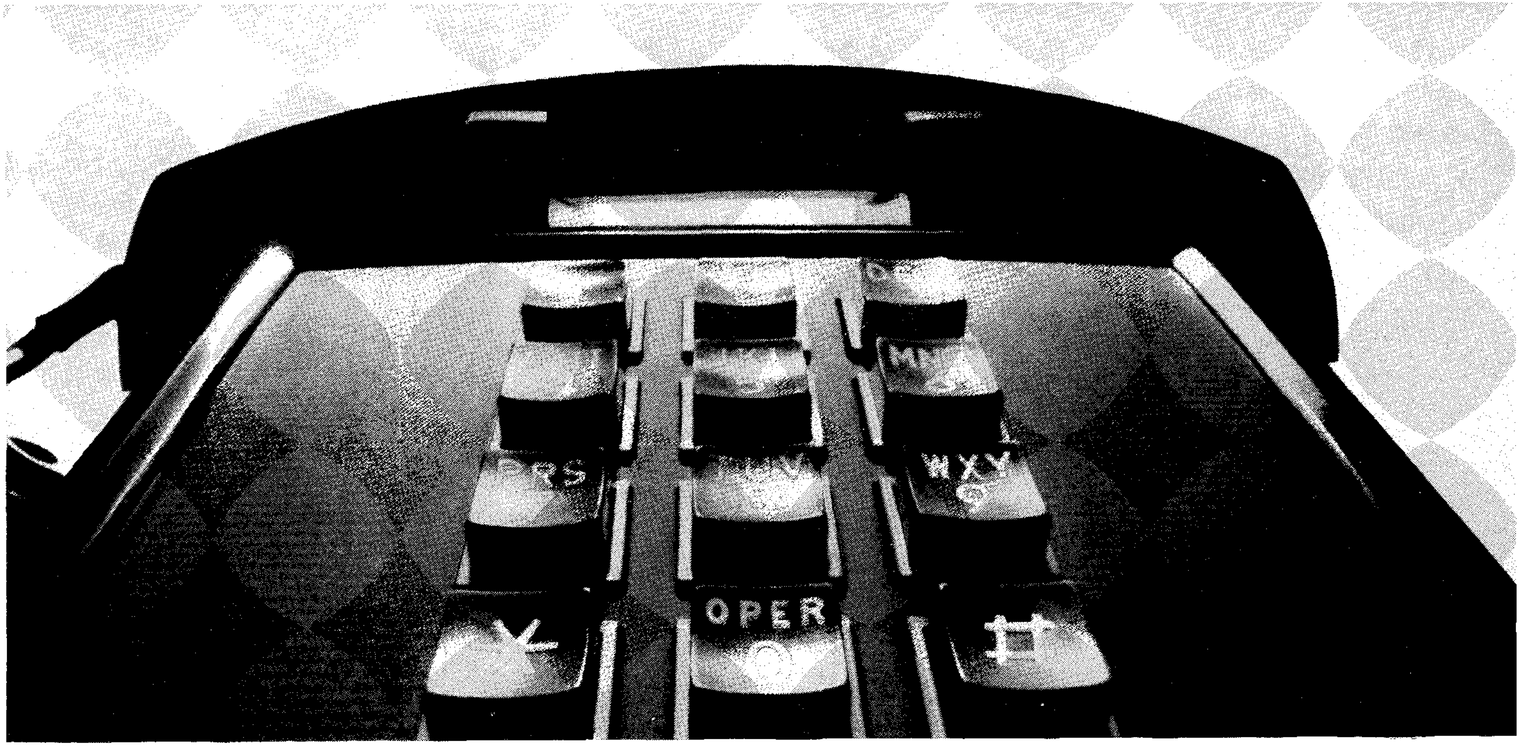
Inge Morath—A retrospective of works by the distinguished Magnum photographer. Through March 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nadar (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

New York Press Photographers—The seventy-five prize-winning news photographs of the 1976 New York Press Photographers Association's annual contest. Through Friday, March 4. (New York Telephone Building, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **Carlton**, 127 E. 69th St.: Bill Brandt, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Imogen Cunningham, and László Moholy-Nagy are among the forty photographers whose works are included in this exhibit honoring Helen Gee and the Limelight Gallery, which she founded in the early fifties. It's hard to be-



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One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world—and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell Telephone Company are playing in it.

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lieve that at the time a coffeehouse had to be opened on the premises to keep the gallery going. Through March 8. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs by Robert Frank, Lisette Model, Richard Avedon, and five others. Through March 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. Starts Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nadar. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through Tuesday, March 1. . . . ¶ A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Tina Modotti. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. A complementary show is at Martin Sumers Graphics, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Recently acquired paintings and other works, the majority by contemporary artists (Stanley Boxer, Horia Damian, and Audrey Flack, for instance) and a few by artists from earlier periods (Seurat, Dufy, Klee). Through Sunday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of American paintings, sculptures, photographs, and videotapes primarily features the work of artists who have come to the public's attention in the present decade. Some of them are Pat Steir, H. C. Westermann, Duane Michals, and Elizabeth Murray. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show devoted to the nude figure in contemporary painting, sculpture, and photography. Alice Neel, Lucas Samaras, and George Segal are among the participants. Through Thursday, March 3. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte exhibit opens at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibit, from the Smithsonian Institution, of nearly two hundred art objects from Cyprus, the earliest pieces dating from the Stone Age. Through April 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Starts Thursday, Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: A new production of Puccini's "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; conducted by James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Italo Tajo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 28: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 1: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 2: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 3: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 4: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Rita Shane, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, John Carpenter, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 5: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 5: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 1—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Richard Taylor, Guillermo Sarabia, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Roberta Palmer, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, Will Roy, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with June Fiske, Gianna Rolandi, David Griffith, Charles Roe, David Holloway, Alan Baker, Richard McKee, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Clamma Dale, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, David Clatworthy, and Irwin Densen; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Sharon Daniels, Joseph Evans, James Billings, Richard McKee, David Holloway, and Howard Hensel; David Effron. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Samuel Ramey; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Sharon Daniels, Henry Price, James Billings, Richard McKee, Alan Baker, and Howard Hensel; David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, at 8:30, and Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30 (all with Miriam Fried, violin). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of Russian music on Wednesday, March 2, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Lazar Berman, piano). . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting on Thursday, March 3, at 8:30; Friday, March 4, at 2; Saturday, March 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing the second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Temple University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting an all-Strauss program, with Ilse Von Alpenheim, piano, and Evelyn Lear, so-

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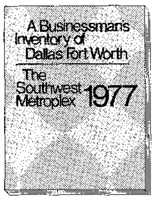
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prano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Leningrad Symphony Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin; and Saturday, March 5, at 8, with Eliso Verisoladze, piano.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Vivaldi concertos, with Walter Abel, narrator; Gerald Tarack, violin; Henry Schuman, oboe; Alexander Kouguell and Chris Finckel, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Arthur Weisberg conducting the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, with Barbara Martin, soprano. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Saturday, March 5, at 8, with Leslie Parnas, cello, and Morris Newman, recorder and bassoon. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Yale Philharmonia Orchestra—Krzysztof Penderecki directing a program of his own works, with Syoko Aki, violin, and the Westminster College Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting an all-Dvořák program, with James Kreger, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, March 6, at 2.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the third in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

William Tim Read—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Jubal Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Shirley Mathews—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

New York Bassoon Quartet—A program of new works. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Feb. 25, at 5:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and Albert Fuller—The first of two concerts presenting the Bach cycle of sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Morgan, soprano; Scott Nickrenz and Walter Trampler, viola; Edward Flower, electric guitar; Karen Lindquist, harp; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 5.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—A series of three all-Mozart concerts presented in a single day. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2, 5, and 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Nelson Freire—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Ruth Glasser—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:30.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of Renaissance music for brass. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Lazar Berman—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Kazuko Hayami—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 5:45.)

De Vos Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

New Music Consort—Conducted, in part, by Charles Wuorinen, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Ivette Hernandez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Clark-Schuldmann Duo—Harry Clark, cello, and Sanda Schuldmann, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—With Mary Burgess, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in a program called "W. A. Mozart—Self-Portrait in Music and Words," created, performed, and read by Mr. Smit, with the Gregg Smith Singers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.)

Juliana Markova—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

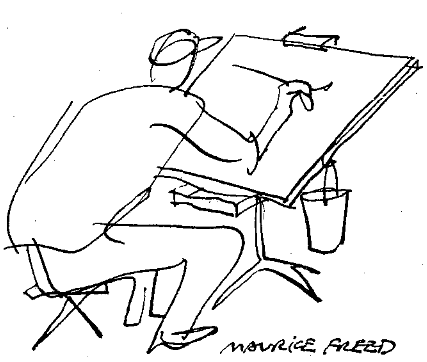
Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a program called "American Popular Songs from the 1890's to Now." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti and Mark Kaplan—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

Orpheus Trio—Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 6, at 2.)

Fresk String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30.)



MISCELLANY

Salute to Marian Anderson—Among those taking part in a benefit celebrating Miss Anderson's seventy-fifth birthday will be Clamma Dale, Mignon Dunn, Claude Frank, James Levine, Leontyne Price, Walter Trampler, Shirley Verrett, Pinchas Zukerman, the Dance Theatre of Harlem, and the Heritage Society Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 5, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, March 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, March 4, at 8:05.

Boxing—Scott LeDoux vs. Pedro Soto, heavyweights; Harold Weston vs. Jimmy Heair, welterweights; Mike Rossman vs. Ray Anderson, light heavyweights; and Ronnie Harris vs. Ray Seales, middleweights, all 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 2. Preliminaries at 8; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, March 3, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, March 1, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26, and the Next Move Handicap, Saturday, March 5. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Tuesday, May 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26, and the Native Dancer Handicap, Saturday, March 5.

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 25, at 7.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Feb. 28, through Saturday, April 30. . . . **meadowlands racetrack,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry and Drama Readings—At **st. mark's in-the-bouwerie:** Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell reading from their own poetry. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . **92nd street y:** Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry, Monday, Feb. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Derek Walcott reading from his own poetry and plays, Thursday, March 3, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-27, from 10 to 7.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are the St. Vartan Cathedral Collection of illuminated manuscripts and art works; the Armenian Museum Collection of ancient coins, costumes, rugs, and tapestries; and a display of Czech carved-wooden peasant dolls. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-26, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 27, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: French and Continental furniture and decorations, from many owners.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 24: "Seven Beauties."
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 1: "The Enforcer" and another feature, to be announced.
From March 2: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 24: "Network."
From Feb. 25: "Slap Shot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 3 (tentative): "The Cassandra Crossing."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Silver Streak."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Face to Face."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Thieves."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Network."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Town That Dreaded Sundown."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 24: "The Marquise of O . . ."
From Feb. 25: "F for Fake."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 6oth. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Sentinel."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 24: "Seven Beauties."
From Feb. 25: "Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 24: "The Cookies."
From Feb. 25 (tentative): "The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 1: "The Enforcer."
From March 2: "Small Change."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Star Is Born."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Cassandra Crossing."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Sentinel."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Pumping Iron."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Star Is Born."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 24: "The Last Tycoon."
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Network."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
Theatre 2: "The Marquise of O . . ." and "Claire's Knee."
Theatre 3: Through March 1: "The Town That Dreaded Sundown." From March 2: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: "Rocky."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silver Streak."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 1: "The Enforcer" and "Freebie and the Bean."
From March 2: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bound for Glory."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Last Tycoon."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Network."
Theatre 2: "A Star Is Born."
Theatre 3: Feb. 23: "The Cassandra Crossing." From Feb. 24 (tentative): "Voyage of the Damned."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"King of Hearts."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 1: "The Enforcer" and "Fighting Mad."
From March 2: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 23: "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Feb. 24: "The Story of Adèle H." (†); and "The Wild Child."
Feb. 25: "Day for Night" (†) and "The Story of Adèle H." (†)
Feb. 26: "Chinatown" (†) and "Day for Night." (†)
Feb. 27: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "Chinatown." (†)
Feb. 28: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
March 1: A program of avant-garde films by Robert Breer; and "Our Hospitality." (†)
March 2: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
March 3: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "A Clockwork Orange." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave., at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 23: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Feb. 24: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni.
Feb. 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Alex in Wonderland." (†)
Feb. 26: "The Rose Tattoo" (†) and "Summer and Smoke." (†)
Feb. 27: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 28: "Moi Pierre Rivière Ayant Egorgé Ma Mère, Ma Soeur, Mon Frère" (1976), in French, directed by René Allio, with Claude Hébert and Jacqueline Millière; and "Juliette et l'Air du Temps" (1976), in French, directed by René Gilson, with Agnès Chateau and Jacques Zanetti.
March 1: "Nuit d'Or" (1976), in French, directed by Serge Moati, with Bernand Blier and Klaus Kinski; and "Demain les Momes" (1976), in French, directed by Jean Pourtalé, with Niels Arestrup and Brigitte Rouan.
March 2: "Un Type Comme Moi Ne Devrait Jamais Mourir" (1976), in French, directed by Michel Vianey, with Jean-Michel Folon and Francine Racette; and "Sept Morts sur Ordonnance" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Rouffio, with Michel Piccoli and Gérard Depardieu.
March 3: "Le Petit Marcel" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Fansten, with Jacques Spiesser and Isabelle Huppert; and "Noroit" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Geraldine Chaplin and Bernadette Lafont.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 24: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Feb. 25-26: "The Ritz" (1976), directed by Richard Lester, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "The Queen." (†)
Feb. 27-28: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." (†)
March 1: "I Am Curious–Yellow" (†) and "I Am Curious–Blue." (†)
March 2-3: "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 23: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa.
Feb. 24: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961),

directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

Feb. 25: "Goldfinger" (†), "Dr. No" (†), and "You Only Live Twice." (†)

Feb. 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Night Porter." (†)

Feb. 27-March 1: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Ludwig." (†)

March 2-3: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 23: "Golden Boy" (1939), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou; and "My Sister Eileen" (1942), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair.

Feb. 24-26: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

Feb. 27-March 2: "Only Angels Have Wings" (†) and "Dirigible." (†)

From March 3: "Platinum Blonde" (†) and "The Lady from Shanghai." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 1: "The Thief of Paris" (†); and "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais.

From March 2: "The Children's Hour" (1962), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner; and "Pit of Loneliness." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 23: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet; and "Panic in the Streets" (1950), directed by Elia Kazan, with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Feb. 24-26: "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard; and "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.

Feb. 27-28: "The Rains Came" (1939), directed by Clarence Brown, with Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, and George Brent; and "Suez" (1938), directed by Allan Dwan, with Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, and Annabella.

March 1: "Rain" (†) and "Of Human Bondage." (†)

March 2-3: "Murder" (†) and "Young and Innocent." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "The Ingmarssons" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 8:30: "Karin, Daughter of Ingmar" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "People of Hemso" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Carl Barcklind; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "Alexander Nevsky." . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "The Little Colonel" (1935), directed by David Butler, with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "People of Hemso." . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 5: "Synnove Solbakken" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by John W. Brunius; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at noon: "The Little Colonel." . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: "The Monastery of Sendomir" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5: "A Crazy Page" (1926), a Japanese silent film, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa; made without inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Synnove Solbakken." . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "I Am an Antistar—The Scandalous Life of Evelyn Kuenneke" (1976), in German, directed by Rosa von Praunheim; no English subtitles, some simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "The Monastery of Sendomir." . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "Hotel du Nord" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Annabella, Arletty, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Louis Jouvet; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 3 at 6: "Erotikon" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 3 at 8:30: "Masterman" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 23: A program of video films by Acconci, Baldessari, Benglis, and Campus. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 24: A program of video films by Connell, Fox, and Fried. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by von Praunheim, Baillie, Brakhage, Anger, and others. Showings Feb. 23 at 7 and 9; Feb. 24 at 7 and 8:30; Feb. 25 at 7 and 9; Feb. 26 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Feb. 27 at 8; March 1-2 at 7 and 9; and March 3 at 7 and 8:30.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Yesterday's Witness: A Tribute to the American Newsreel" (1975), directed by Christian Blackwood; and three short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALEX IN WONDERLAND (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted the prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence, Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and, as themselves, Jeanne Moreau and Federico Fellini. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Little Carnegie.)

THE CASSANDRA CROSSING—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O.J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; Feb. 23. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 3, tentative.)

CHINATOWN (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26-27.)

CLAIRE'S KNEE (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2-3.)

THE COOKIES—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Joel Seria. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 24.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

DAY FOR NIGHT (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25-26.)

DIRIGIBLE (1931)—Popular, handsomely produced action film starring a team of he-man heroes—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. This team appeared in "Submarine," "Flight," and, finally, "Dirigible"—all three directed by Frank Capra, and all three featuring enormous, photogenic disasters. The heroine of this one was the most disaster-prone of all the movie ladies—the screamer, Fay Wray. With Hobart Bosworth, Clarence Muse, and Roscoe Karns. (Regency; Feb. 27-March 2.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

THE ENFORCER—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors; it's just limp. With Tyne Daly. (1/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through March 1.)

FACE TO FACE—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Fine Arts.)

FELLINI'S CASANOVA—With Donald Sutherland as Casanova, directed by Federico Fellini. (Cinema I.)

F FOR FAKE—Directed by, and with, Orson Welles. (D.W. Griffith; starting Feb. 25.)

FIGHTING MAD—With Peter Fonda, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Olympia; through March 1.)

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN (1974)—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. The heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as a transvestite. (Playboy; through March 1.)

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE—With George Segal and Jane Fonda, directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

GOLDFINGER (1964)—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

HARLAN COUNTY, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

I Am Curious—Yellow (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; March 1.)

I Am Curious—Blue (1970)—This is the second of two films that Vilgot Sjöman made out of material he amassed about an angry young girl's loves and hates. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; March 1.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (New Yorker.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Regency; starting March 3.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/20/76) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 24.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Elgin; Feb. 27-March 1.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 24.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people, not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring), who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-3.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 24.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Regency; Feb. 27-March 2.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

Pit of Loneliness (1951)—Called "Olivia" in France; the American title for this study of lesbianism was an obvious attempt to connect it to the popular novel "The Well of Loneliness." Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon play teachers who try to win more than their share of affection from their students. The film is serious, not exploitative, but it doesn't compare with that other study of lesbianism at school, "Mädchen in Uniform." Born in 1908, the director, Jacqueline Audry, worked her way up from script girl and made a series of popular films, such as "Mitsou" and the French non-musical version of "Gigi;" she was more deft at light comedy than at this sort of earnest sensitivity. Colette did the script, from the English novel "Olivia." In French. (Thalia; starting March 2.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Regency; starting March 3.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

Pumping Iron—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Cinema Village; Feb. 25-26.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection, a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (Columbia II, and 86th St. East.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Art, and Beekman; through Feb. 24.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Silver Streak—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. (1/17/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Guild.)

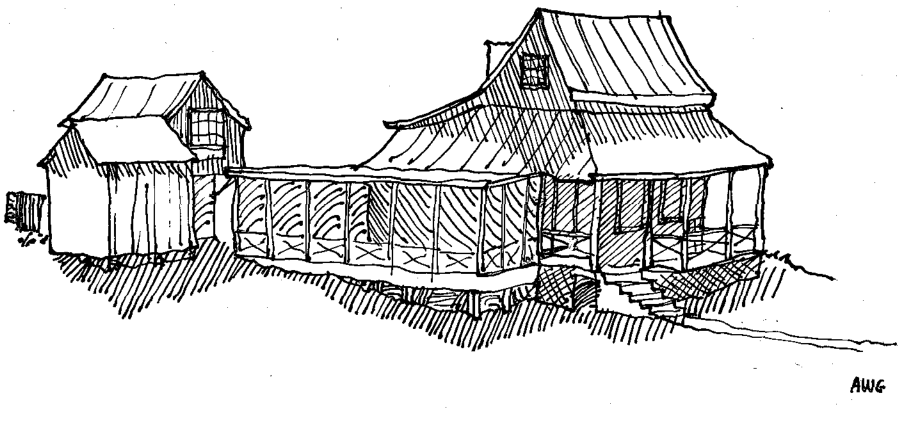
Slap Shot—With Paul Newman and Michael Ontkean, directed by George Roy Hill. (Murray Hill, and Beekman; starting Feb. 25.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. (10/4/76) (In French, with subtitles, at the St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 2. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting March 2.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, U.A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. (10/27/75) (In French, with subtitles, at the Bleecker St. Cinema, Feb. 24-25; and at the St. Marks Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 2. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting March 2.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance



and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (Cinema Village; Feb. 27-28.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Thalia; through March 1.)

Thieves—With Marlo Thomas and Charles Grodin, directed by John Berry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

The Town That Dreaded Sundown—With Ben Johnson and Andrew Prine, directed by Charles B. Pierce. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 1.)

Twilight's Last Gleaming—With Burt Lancaster, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Feb. 24, tentative.)

The Wonderful Crook—With Gérard Depardieu and Marlene Jobert, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 25, tentative.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-3.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

Knit Knacks

You know Florence Eiseman styles when you see them. The look, the color, the detail . . . Get to know the feel of Florence Eiseman clothes. The feel of quality knits. Bright, happy, durable knit dresses for little girls, in stripes, solids and patterns. All styled with that special Florence Eiseman touch. Dresses in sizes 4-6x from $13, sizes 7-14 from $15. Florence Eiseman does have a way with knits. Available at Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin and other fine stores.

knick knacks available just about everywhere.

Nights seem to sweep by
when I'm caught up in chiffon.

And the pulse quickens.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Contrast is excitement, for me. Take the shirt and skirt. Sporty, casual, tailored. True? Now, see it in pinky swirls of chiffon.

Printed rainbow of color on polyester chiffon, with an accent on pink. By Muney, exclusively for SFA, sizes 6 to 12, $160. The Fifth Avenue shop.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have long been interested in the process of endorsement—the means by which the appeal of a product is enhanced through mercenary association with a figure of commanding authority. In fact, certain endorsements have stayed in our mind. We remember, for instance, that Chesterfields were preferred by the patrons of Chasen's restaurant in Hollywood by more than two to one over other brands. And we remember that Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, included Pond's Cold Cream in her beauty regimen. From endorsements like these we had concluded that an endorsed product was meant to have some reality of its own—as a cold cream or, say, a sports car—while the authority of the endorsing figure was used principally to throw the reality of the product (as a cold cream or a sports car) into more attractive relief. ("Why, look," we imagined the consuming public to whisper to itself. "The youngest horseshow judge in America favors the smart, trim lines of the new Studebaker Champion. And I thought low-priced cars were *only good for hauling refuse*.") But recently we came to sense that reality had begun to seep out of everyday experience and everyday products and collect in mass-market catch basins controlled by celebrities, and that the endorsing equation had changed. And now we have before us some evidence that the endorsing process as it exists at the moment involves a highly unequal contest between the product, whose reality has diminished, and the current crop of celebrities, all of whom have had their reality certified, insured, and deposited in reliable banks overseas. What we have before us is a picture of Telly Savalas, the actor, with a bolt of cloth. "TELLY SAVALAS LOOKS OVER FABRICS," a caption reads, "for some of the new men's fashions which are being designed under the 'Telly Apparel for the Man' label. While he notes that he's not a designer himself, the fashion industry generally credits him with helping popularize the three-piece vested suit, reflecting his own specific tastes in clothing." Not only is Telly not a designer but in this picture he is looking at his bolt of cloth as though it were about to unfold an unpleasant surprise, like a dishonorable discharge. Yet if Telly pretends to no experience in the matter of clothing, he could hardly deny that he has access to an enormous reality catch basin. Telly has accumulated an enormous reality fortune on television. He has gathered reality to himself by appearing on a "Celebrity Roast," by appearing on talk programs, and (most important) by appearing week after week as Kojak, the policeman who takes *no* backchat. Telly has so much reality that recently he was very nearly able to rescue a live Evel Knievel special on which Evel Knievel (after an accident) was not able to perform. On that program, Telly had the help of a man named Orval, who exploded a chair he was sitting in, and the help of Jill St. John ("You know, Orval told me he's lost fifty per cent of his hearing doing this," Miss St. John said) and of several others, but it was Telly who supplied the reality.

Not long ago, drawn by Telly's reality, we attended the inaugural presentation of the Telly Apparel for the Man line of clothing. The première of the Telly-inspired wardrobe was held at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, a room that lost its reality some time ago and had to be recast as a Venetian biscuit box. There was a stage covered in blue carpeting, and there was a podium constructed of that interesting wood-grained material that the manufacturers of inexpensive Oriental sound systems use. The audience included buyers and retailers. The presentation was a Total Experience, in the sense that there were models, three screens—one large and central, two small and flanking—and a steady supply of music with a discothèque flavor. As the show began, the left-hand flanking screen showed the name "Telly" and the right-hand flanking screen showed the phrase "The Man," while the large central screen showed different views of Telly the Man. Then all three screens showed views of Telly the Man. Telly was shown with Mike Douglas and with the Queen of England on the flanking screens. (Later, on the central screen, he was shown with Sammy Davis, Jr., and Lucille Ball.) "People like Telly because they know that Telly likes people," a Voice said. Then the left-hand screen showed the name "Telly" while the right-hand screen showed the word "Appeal." "Now the Telly appeal can work for you," the Voice said. After a while, some models came out in some clothes. The clothes were in the "Kojak" manner. The models danced, in a way, to the discothèque music. Then the screens came on again, and the Voice told how many people watched Telly on television (a lot) and how many people read about Telly in "print" (not nearly so many), and how Telly was sure to attract people to any store displaying the Telly Apparel for the Man line of Telly-inspired fashions. On the left screen came the name "Telly." On the right came the phrase "The

R. MacMillan

Brand." The Voice grew very warm and very insistent in its discussion of the Telly brand. "Telly fashions for the man are real, because Telly wouldn't have them any other way," the Voice said. "Telly's not a model or a designer, but your customers are not models or designers, either." The Voice seemed to imply that Telly, who had supplied the crucial reality to his line of fashions, had had it up to here with models and designers, who, after all, are known to be people of limited appeal, excessively preoccupied with clothes.

ANOTHER genre of endorsement we have studied lately involves the authority inherent in Pretty People. For years, this authority was tapped in a superficial way. Pretty People were used to decorate or to entice or, sometimes, to convince, but, since they were frequently identified with the concept of Good Taste, they were usually not allowed to raise their voice. In perfume advertisements, for instance, Pretty People have only rarely been allowed to speak at all. Recently, however, there has emerged an interest in strip-mining the authority inherent in Pretty People, and there is now in Grand Central Terminal an articulate little display set up in an articulate little glass booth (which we like to think of as an articulate little museum), and this display shows the new technique at work. The display consists of important advertisements for one of the Salem family of cigarettes, which, more than any other advertisements, have given voice to the new, more assertive Pretty Person. Some of the Pretty People on display are men, some are women, some are black, one speaks a sort of Spanish, but all of them sit on the grass and, with one exception, all of them wear expensive shirts with at least two buttons open at the top. All these Pretty People are at home in Sausalito and Aspen; all of them look the viewer straight in the eye. All of them are in touch with their bodies. These Pretty People have seen the sixties close up, and from time to time take a meal that is all wine and cheese. They spend more money on their soft, shiny hair in one week than a Portuguese peasant earns in a year. Most important, they smoke one of the Salem family of cigarettes and would rather button their shirts right up to the top than stop smoking Salems. "If I'm smoking it, you know I'm enjoying it," a black man says, in a caption. "Incredible," exclaims a formidable girl with hair so long and lustrous it makes you weep with pleasure. "Some people smoke and don't enjoy it." A girl with brown hair (and crossed legs and an expensive shirt with two buttons open) implies that she is equally contemptuous of *some people.* "We all smoke for enjoyment. Remember?" she asks. How low one feels not to remember that. But the Pretty Person one is most reluctant to face is the authoritarian man with becoming gray hair who asks "How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?" We've tried to be tough back to this guy. "How come we enjoy Pointillism and you don't?" we have murmured to him. "How come we enjoy the sprung rhythm of Gerard Manley Hopkins and you don't? How come we enjoy 'The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas' and you can't spell your stupid name?" But nothing wipes the smug smoker's smile off his face.

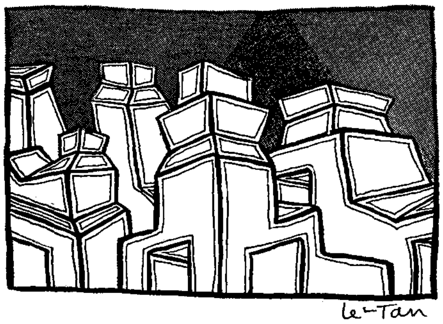
* * *

Extensions Downtown

W.P.A.: In a number of places below Fourteenth Street, certain aesthetics (old and only partly occupied) have been claimed and inhabited by people who have an interest in their surfaces. The aesthetics involved have been extended to encompass ideas they had not encompassed before. At W.P.A., the sleek new SoHo restaurant, the aesthetic of the New Deal has been extended to encompass the idea of luxury. Harry Gottlieb, David Margolis, Augustus Goertz, and Sarah Berman Beach were there the other day, sitting around a table with a black tablecloth. Sarah Beach looked at the murals at W.P.A. Some of these murals showed muscular men at work; others showed dancers in a night-club setting. Sarah Beach, who had worked on the W.P.A. mural project during the Depression, ignored the night-club scene but nodded politely toward the muscular men. "That looks a little like the W.P.A.," she said.

"Well," said Harry Gottlieb, who did lithographs and silk-screen prints for the W.P.A. during the Depression, "it's what you call saloon art."

"Remember, we all used to go to that bar, George's?" Augustus Goertz, who had also been a W.P.A. artist, said. "At Seventh Avenue and Bleecker? There were some murals there with a kind of *Egyptian* quality. I think the guy used house paint."



"I remember the Kavkaz, on Fourteenth Street," Sarah Beach said.

"That wasn't a bar," Mr. Goertz said.

"No, but you could get a meal for sixty-five cents, with seven-layer cake for dessert," Sarah Beach said.

Now there was music at W.P.A. A tape played first "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," then "Thou Swell." Two of the proprietors of the restaurant—Stephen Chambers, who is a real-estate broker with Douglas-Elliman-Hollyday & Ives, and Ron Doud, who is an interior designer for fashionable stores—sat down at the table.

"Did you paint these murals yourself?" Harry Gottlieb asked.

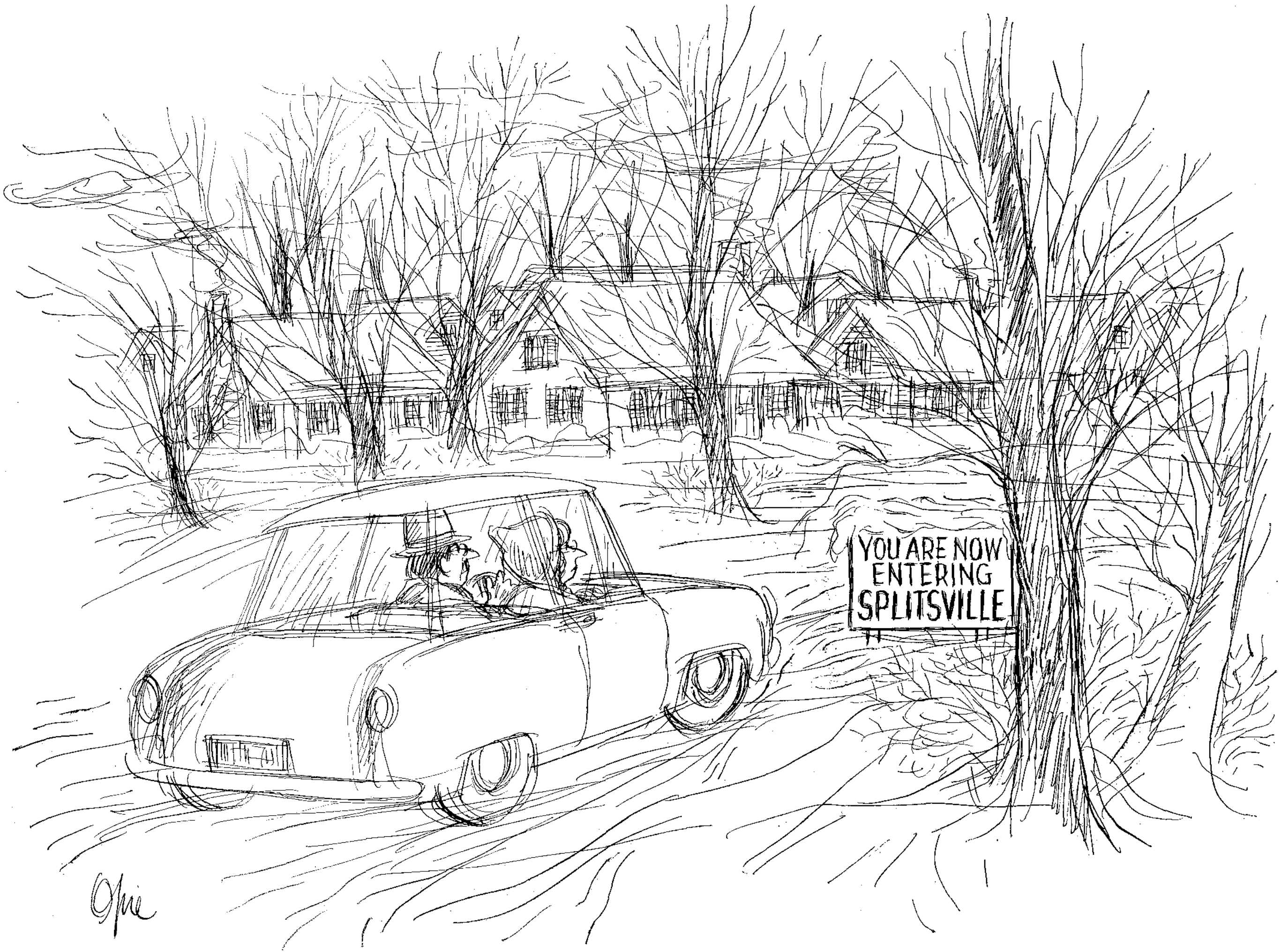
Ron Doud said that the murals had been designed by George Stavrinos, an artist who often has work in the *Times Magazine* and *Book Review*, and executed by one of the painters at Artkraft Strauss who did the "King Kong" poster in Times Square.

"Mmm," Harry Gottlieb said.

"When we opened here, we wanted to do something in keeping with the tone of the surroundings—the industrial buildings," said Mr. Doud.

"The real W.P.A. must have been incredible," said Mr. Chambers.

"Would you like to hear what I contributed to the W.P.A. from 1934 to Pearl Harbor?" David Margolis, a W.P.A. muralist, asked. "First, I did a mural of the history of costume for the Straubenmuller Textile High School, on West Eighteenth Street. That's still there. Then I did a mural on the history of music for the music room at Samuel J. Tilden High School. That mural was destroyed. Then for three and a half years I worked on a big mural for the administration building at Bellevue Hospital—'The Evolution of Man in an Industrial Age.' I showed modern agriculture and modern recreation and modern medicine. The central panel had the theme of the citizen-family in the industrial age. It was very, very large. My largest work. It was done in fresco secco. I worked on it from 1937 to 1941. It was painted over just after the Second World War. It's still there, but painted over. I had another sketch approved, to paint another section of Bellevue, but then it was Pearl Harbor. Still, I didn't stop working. They requested me to teach camouflage up in Harlem to black Army recruits. It was recognized that I was radical, so I was assigned to teach in Harlem. I got twenty-seven fifty a week. I got altogether maybe


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING SPLITSVILLE
Opie

eighty-five hundred dollars for all those years of work."

"And you were getting paid as a supervisor," Augustus Goertz said. "The regular artist got only twenty-three eighty-six a week."

"I wonder if we should tell about the job march on Washington," Sarah Beach asked.

"Not all of us were involved in that," Harry Gottlieb said. "We should talk about the sit-in. I was president of the Artists Union in 1936. We were a very militant organization. We fought like hell to stop layoffs of artists. We realized that the only thing to do was to sit in. This may have been the first sit-in in New York City. It was at the W.P.A. Regional Director's office, on King Street. Two hundred and nineteen artists sat in."

"Harry stayed at the union offices, on Eighteenth Street," Augustus Goertz said.

"They told me, 'Someone has to stay to notify people'—parents and loved ones who called up—so I agreed to stay in the office," Harry Gottlieb said.

"Of course, this has nothing to do with what is happening today. It's a bit of vivid historical background," Augustus Goertz said. "But it was very exciting. It is a fragment of the mosaic of American history. What we did was, some of us went down to the Regional Director's office on phony errands and we let the others in. We all linked arms and we wouldn't let them take us out. The cops came, but they could only take one or two down at a time in the elevator. I remember I had my arms linked to two people, and two cops were pulling at my legs and the buttons on my overcoat almost popped off. We all ended up in jail, and when we were arraigned we all gave the names of Old Masters—Mr. van Gogh, Mr. Rembrandt, et cetera. When our case came before the judge, the cops couldn't identify any of us, so they let us go."

"Vito Marcantonio was the lawyer for the artists," Mr. Gottlieb said.

"We had no photographer, so I made a very realistic painting of it," Sarah Beach said. "I'm planning to give it to the exhibition."

Harry Gottlieb explained that next fall there was to be an exhibition mounted of the past and present work of two hundred W.P.A. artists who are still painting in New York, and that he was vice-chairman of the committee in charge.

"There is a big interest now in W.P.A. artists," Ron Doud said. "A W.P.A. piano player and a W.P.A. violinist recently played at a club in the Village."

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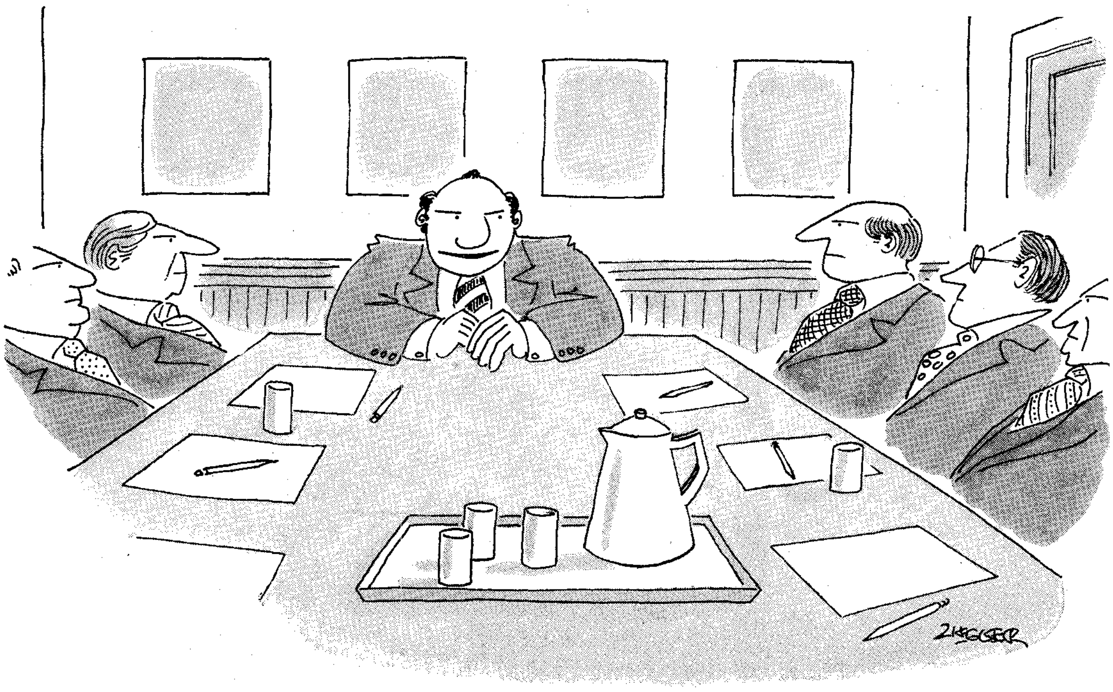
SPECIAL WHEN LIT: Joe Misiti, one of the young proprietors of Special When Lit, which is a store that sells new and reconditioned pinball machines, gave a party the other night on his premises, on Greenwich Avenue. Early in the evening, there were more machines in the room than people. Among the machines were Buckaroo and Flipper Cowboy, both of which have animated back-glasses; Captain Fantastic, which Joe Misiti's partner, a young girl who calls herself Pinball Patty, obtained from a man who won it in an Elton John promotion; and Four Million B.C., a German machine. Pinball Patty introduced her guests to the machines, all of which were set up to play unlimited free games.

"Where did you get this German one?" we asked her.

"Germany," she said.

Four Million B.C. has a very eccentric board, which allows the player to



"Of course what we're doing is wrong, but that doesn't make it indefensible."

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keep as many as three balls in play at the same time. When the machine is tilted, the word "*Gekippt*" shows on the back-glass.

"See?" said Pinball Patty. "I like all the German words. Look at the kicker buttons." The kicker buttons were in German, too. "I've played pinball all over Europe, and all over the Jersey shore," Pinball Patty said.

Joe Misiti and Pinball Patty think of themselves as running a high-priced gift shop, where the items range from about three hundred dollars to thirteen hundred. New pinball machines are not usually bought outright. An operator places a machine in a "location" without charge and then collects half the revenue. Reconditioned machines, however, are available for outright sale, and cost only half as much as the new ones.

Later in the evening, there were more people than machines, and people had to wait for a chance to play. We saw Gasper Ingui, the proprietor of Artistic Neon, of Glendale, Long Island. Mr. Ingui began in the business of making neon signs more than twenty-five years ago. During his apprenticeship, he worked at making Ballantine-beer signs; he made the letters "B" and "E." A few years ago, he was drawn into the new neon-art movement. He was at the pinball party because, at a certain level, the new neon-art movement has intersected the new pinball movement. There are neon-art works by Gasper Ingui on display at Special When Lit.

"You must have heard of Sri Chinmoy, the guru," Mr. Ingui said to us. "I did a piece for Sri Chinmoy—a rose. He must be pretty thrilled with it, because he has it in his home."

We also met a very young girl named Hillary Richards and a very young man named Kerry Kollmar. They told us they were involved in a cable-television program that used pinball machines. "It's called 'The Game Show,'" Kerry told us. "We have a pinball machine, and we've attached a device to the flippers so viewers can call in and activate the flippers with their touch-tone phones."

A FEW days later, Kerry, wearing jeans, earth shoes, and suspenders that were a promotional device for *Rolling Stone*, faced two color-television cameras in the studios of the Experimental Television Coöperative, which feeds Manhattan Cable Television (from 110 East Twenty-third Street, second floor), on the occasion of the first live telecast of "The Game Show." Hillary, dressed in a red shirt and a black velvet skirt, stood stock-still beside him. Behind Hillary and Kerry was a gray curtain. To Kerry's left was a pinball machine—an Airport from Special When Lit—whose flipper buttons had been fitted with small metal plungers designed to respond (with a brisk in-out movement) to the sound impulses generated by touch-tone telephone.

For a time, Hillary and Kerry and Airport were silent together in a stiff tableau, waiting for the show to go on the air. There was clearly an aura of extension about this tableau: the second-generation hip ethic that Kerry and Hillary seemed to inhabit had been extended to encompass running a game show; the notion of playing a pinball game had been extended to encompass an unexpected aspect of remote control; the idea of calling in to a television program had been extended to encompass communication with a machine. Extension and juxtaposition are essential to novelty (although not to originality), and we looked forward to seeing something new. Also, as the tableau held, it was impossible not to notice that there were three levels of sophistication evident in "The Game Show": the modest level represented by the immediate human effort involved; a middle ground occupied by the pinball machine Airport; and the very high level on which the cable-television/touch-tone-telephone interface was operating.

When "The Game Show" went on the air, Kerry explained to the television public that the left-hand flipper button of Airport could be worked by pressing the digit 1 on a touch-tone telephone, that the right-hand button would respond to the digit 3, but that it was not possible to activate both flippers at once. "This is a concept that has never been used in the history of the world before," Kerry said.

"This pinball machine is Airport, made in the year 1969," Hillary said.

A young woman named Linda called on the telephone. One of the color cameras went into a closeup of the board of Airport while the other stayed on Kerry, who put a ball in action. The ball, rolling down the board, nearly went into one of the side alleys that make Airport such a difficult machine to play, but the ball missed the alley and came within range of the left-hand flipper. Linda, seeing her opportunity (on her television screen), pressed the digit 1 on her touch-tone telephone and, activating the left-hand flipper at just the right moment, sent the ball back to the top of the board.

"She's got it back up there," Kerry said.

"Come *on*, Linda," Hillary said.

Linda scored two thousand two hundred and seventy-seven points on Airport, with two balls. The next player, a young man named Tom, scored nine hundred and ninety-eight. The player after that, who was named Ron, asked if he might see his score as he played. Since "The Game Show" also had two black-and-white cameras, this was possible. One of them (the other was transmitting the studio's telephone number) picked up the score on the back-glass of the machine, and the engineer cut in the image of the score over the image of the board, so that both were visible to Ron and others in the audience. Ron did very badly on his first ball—it just rolled down the middle, leaving him with a score of one hundred and fifty-one. "I don't know," Ron said. "I think maybe the score is a little distracting." The board alone appeared on the television screen for Ron's second ball, and he did better, ending up with a score of one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine.

By this point, it was obvious that "The Game Show" was going to be successful as novelty. Kerry, for one, was pleased, and became slightly more aggressive in his manner. When Ron's first ball flopped, Kerry was candid. "Well, you got dumped on with a mere one hundred and fifty-one," Kerry said.

"Can we say another special thanks to Special When Lit, who furnished the pinball game?" said Hillary to Kerry, off microphone.

"No, let's not do that," said Kerry.

When "The Game Show" went off the air, Kerry ran to the control booth. "It's a hit, and you didn't tape it!" he shouted to Dan Fodor, the show's producer and engineer. Then he went to a telephone and called a friend at *Rolling Stone*. "Did Joe watch it?" Kerry asked, referring to Joe Armstrong, the publisher of *Rolling Stone*. "Joe watched it!" Kerry shouted to others in the control room. "Did Jann watch it?" he asked, referring to Jann Wenner, the editor and founder of *Rolling Stone*. "Well, maybe he'll watch it next week," Kerry said.

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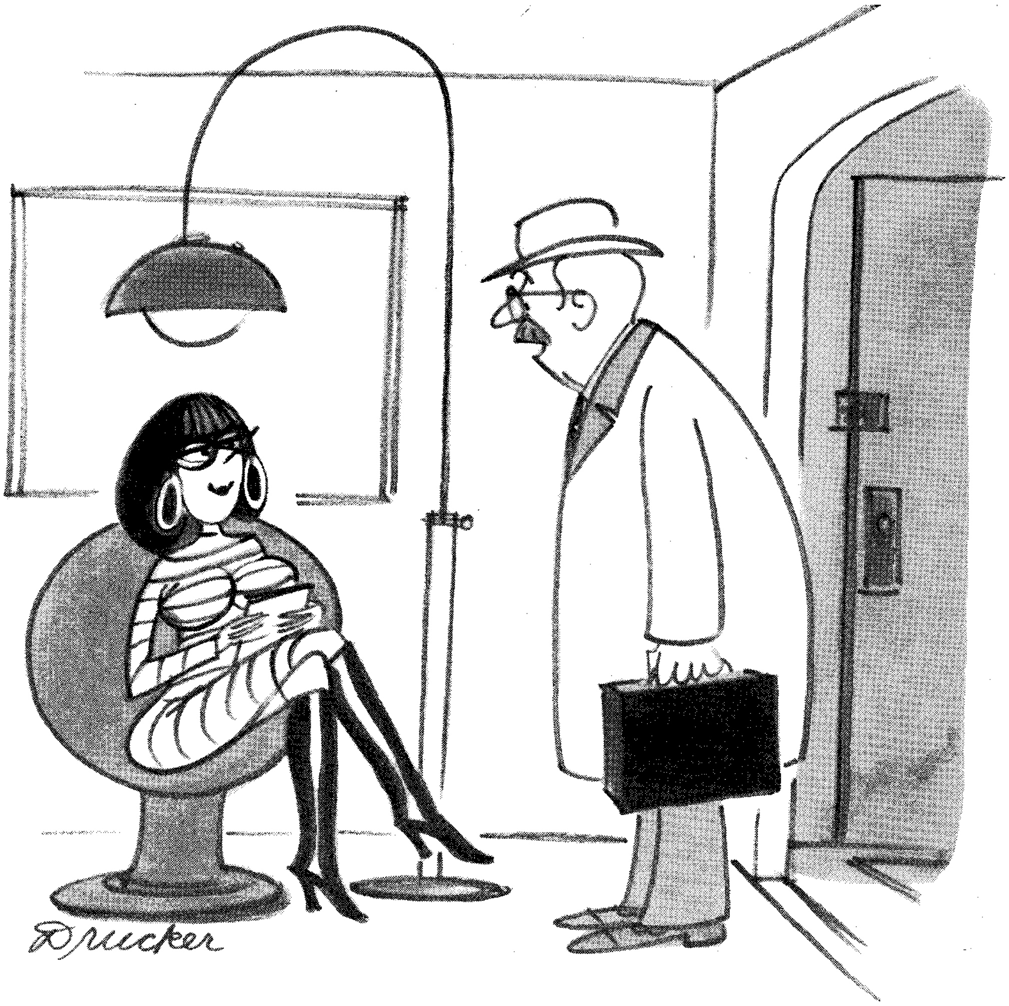
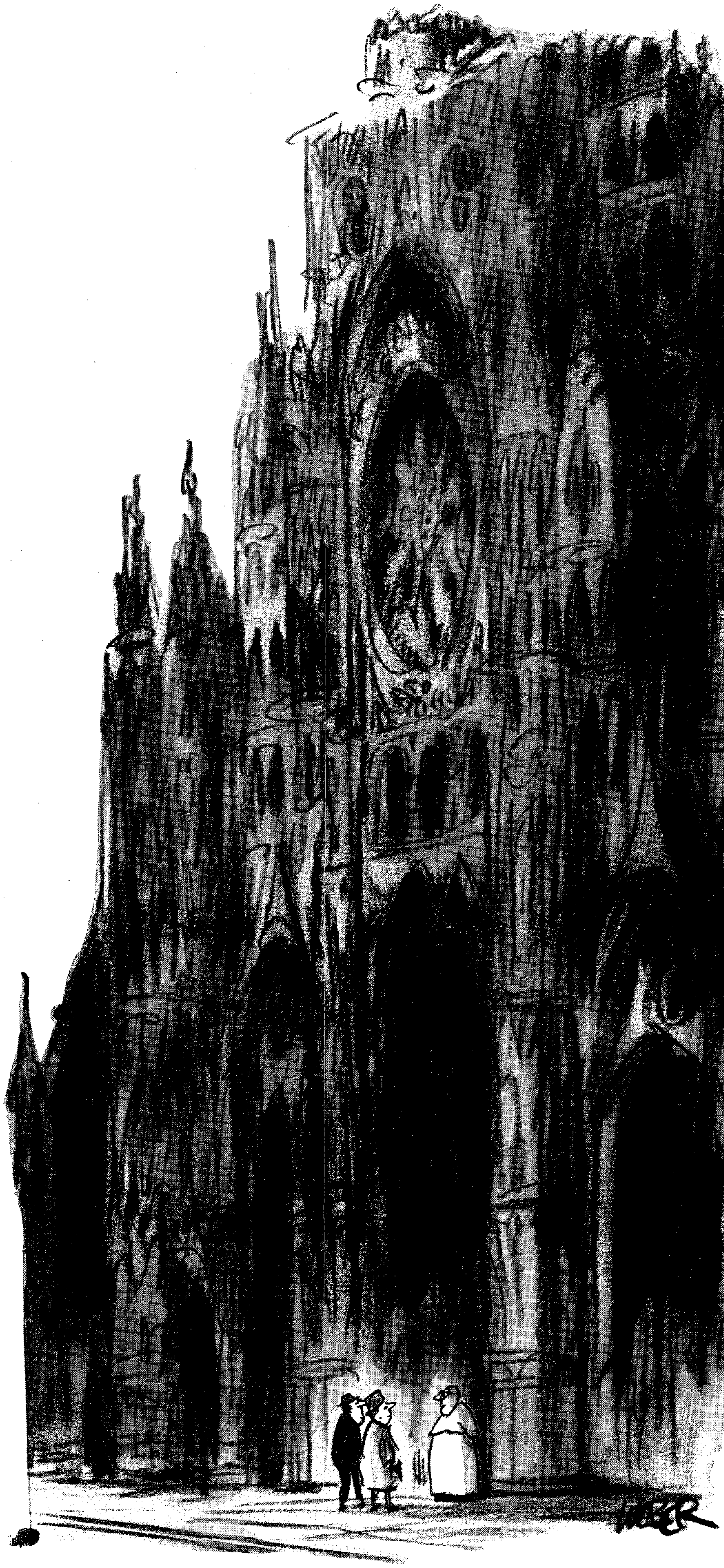
PUNK: Events at C.B.G.B.& O.M.F.U.G., the Bowery night club (where there is in operation a coherent social and musical aesthetic), possess the qualities of low-level threat, low-level claustrophobia, and that sense of free time we can associate—thinking of telephones—with the telephone "hold" button. Many other, mandatory urban experiences possess these qualities, but at C.B.G.B.'s there is intention as well, and the right amount of irony for this moment—an amount that is just enough to be noticed. The prevalent ratio of wit to toughness is nicely indicated by some wall-writing near the back of the room which reads "Nancy is *so* ugly." A young man called Legs, who is often there, was there the other night with the new issue of the magazine *Punk*—the one with the English group the Sex Pistols on the cover—and so were three girls in dark lipstick. (There were many girls in dark lipstick there, but these three hung out together.) One of the three was called Roxy and had a significant run in her antique stockings. Another had sent away to England for two packets of special hair dye—one pink, one blue, and one for Roxy, one for herself—and she was in a fury because the post office had sent them back to England. The third was a good listener. There used to be a number of girls who wore dark lipstick at Max's Kansas City, but they all looked as though they had been to a great many places and had *ended up* at Max's. At C.B.G.B.'s, the girls in dark lipstick look as though they were taking their first step out of the Outer Boroughs.

Danny Fields, the editor of the magazine *Sixteen*, was there, because the Ramones were playing and he manages the Ramones. The Ramones are four young men from Forest Hills, none of whom are named Ramone. "I refused to see them for a long time, because I thought it was a cha-cha band," Danny Fields said. "I thought they did Salsa." In reality, what the Ramones do is very hard rock-and-roll. "Until the Ramones, I never heard a band that was hard enough for me," Danny Fields said. "Either it wasn't hard enough or it had blues in it. This had no blues in it. I was so delighted." The Ramones began to play, and we sat at a small table with Danny Fields to listen. In front of us were a number of crowded tables and the stage; in back of us were a few more tables and a lot of people standing up at the bar. There was not much incandescent light. At C.B.G.B.'s, neon beer signs—



"Estelle? Is that you? You didn't even look like that when we were married."



"Welcome aboard."

Miller High Life, Budweiser, Ballantine—are hung over the narrow aisle next to the bar, and these signs provide most of the available light. C.B.G.B.'s neon has been given back the job of illumination, which is one of the things that people interested in the neon movement want for the medium.

"Isn't Suicide going to play?" a girl asked Danny Fields.

"They've already played."

"God damn," said the girl. "I like to watch two groups."

The Ramones sang "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment," which is a cut from their new album, "Leave Home":

> Gimme gimme shock treatment.
> Peace and love is here to stay.
> And now I can wake up and
> face the day.

Joey Ramone sang the lead. Joey is very tall and very thin. He wore bluejeans with a rip in them and a leather jacket with a rip in the right sleeve. He kept his left hand on the top of the microphone, and he kept his right hand halfway down the microphone stand. Quite often, he brought his right hand (and the microphone stand it gripped) down firmly to his left leg. All this was intentional. Joey Ramone seemed to imply that this ripped sleeve, and no other, and this microphone gesture, and no other, and this lyric, and no other, were appropriate to the moment.

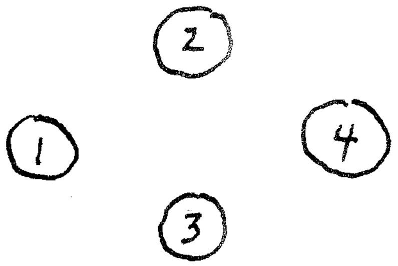
Later in the evening, we talked with Joey, and he showed us the little plastic hospital identification bracelet he is wearing, intentionally. "I got a foot infection in this little dinky town and I had to go to the hospital and they gave it to me and I liked it *so much*," he said.

During "Suzy Is a Headbanger," the Ramones took off their leather jackets, revealing T-shirts. "Look," said a girl. "They're taking off their jackets. I didn't think they *ever* took off their jackets."

Then the Ramones sang "California Sun," which is not a song of their own composition. The Ramones like songs that are frenzied within the framework of catatonia, and there are a number of songs (including "California Sun" and "Let's Dance") that, although they were composed by others, meet their strict requirements.

After "California Sun," the young man called Legs brought the new copy of *Punk* over to Danny Fields. There was a spread on the Ramones. "Just pictures," Danny Fields said. "That's nice." We noticed an announcement under the table of contents that next month in *Punk* there will be an article entitled "The Death . . . of Punk Rock!"

VEMLER'S ELM STREET GROUP



Schematic diagram of "The Elm Street Group."
(overhead view)

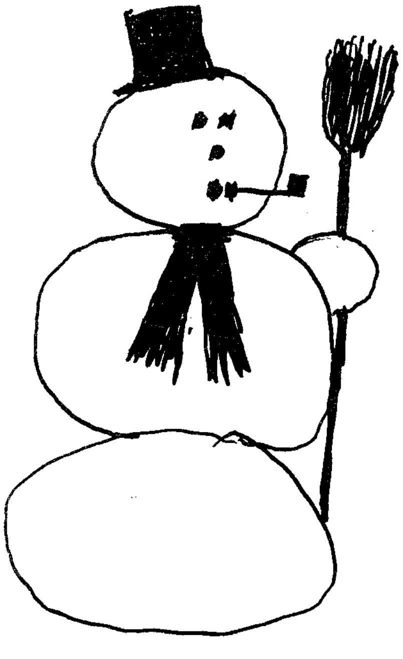
CARL VEMLER is a legendary, troublesome figure in American art. His work is difficult to classify, and he has been called variously an "assembler," an "expressionist-collagist," and a "fruitcake." Vemler first attracted attention when, working with the W.P.A. in Oklahoma in the thirties, he made a series of sculptures out of dust. This was the beginning of the Catch-As-Catch-Can School, of which Vemler was founder, leader, and sole member. The chief characteristic of the school is that it scorns what Vemler calls "art-supply-store stuff" and employs only materials that are readily available—preferably ephemeral or thrown-out ones. "Things that disintegrate, fall down, die, run away, rot and stink—that is art for me," Vemler wrote in his famous manifesto, "Use It!"

With his "Borrowings" series in the fifties, Vemler's work took a controversial turn, and eventually such pieces as "29 Borrowed Chickens" and "Borrowed De Soto" led to his arrest and imprisonment. "I found the range of materials severely restricted in jail," Vemler has said. "I was forced to think in a completely new way about art. My only successful work during this time was a performance piece—just me and my shaving mirror. It caused the guards to give me a wide berth." When he was paroled, Vemler continued to use himself and his personal life as material for his art, and works like "Danse Macabre" (1962), which incorporated his dog Herb and his wife's bridge partners, brought him wide acclaim, at least in taxidermic circles.

In recent years, Vemler has restlessly continued to seek out new forms, subjects, media; and now, at eighty-four, he shows no signs of slowing up. Even this severe winter has served to stimulate his imagination. "The Elm Street Group" (1977), which Vemler finished just last week in the back yard of his suburban New Jersey home, may well be his masterwork, and is one more tribute to his unflagging resourcefulness—it marks the first time a major American artist has worked in snow.

VEMLER says that the inspiration for his *Schneekunst* came to him while he slept. "I dreamed I was a little boy again," he explains, "walking with my parents on a winter day. They were holding my hands. We were all happy and laughing. Suddenly my father's hand felt icy cold, and I turned and saw that he was wearing a top hat and carrying a broom. When I woke up, my bedroom floor was covered with snow. I had left the window open. After breakfast, I was taking my usual stroll around the yard, when all at once it hit me—here was my quarry, my Pietrasanta! My medium was all around me! I was possessed by the whiteness—the *snow*ness—of this snow. I ran some through my fingers, and, as luck would have it, it was perfect packing snow—not too wet, not too dry, light but substantial. I fell to work. After what could have been no more than half an hour, I stepped back, full of awe. Before me stood Father, just as he looked in my dream!"

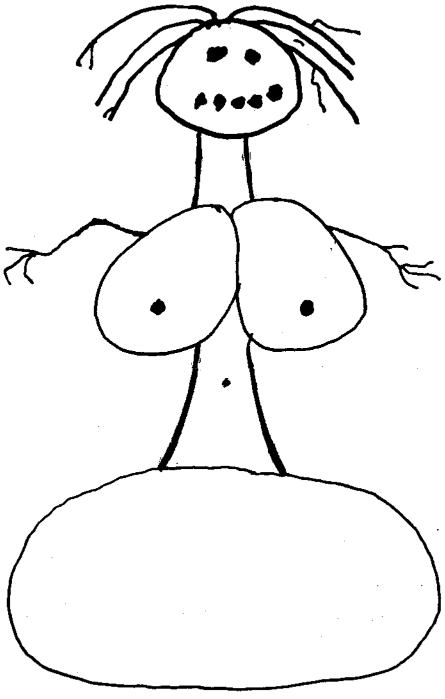
"Father, Father," the first figure in the group, is deceptively simple, in the way, perhaps, of a Klee painting. It seems to be a traditional child's snowman, and yet it is somehow much more, or much less.



"Father, Father." Mixed media. 78 inches tall.

"I wanted to combine the universally known signals that say 'snowman' with a portrait of a particular man," Vemler says. "I hoped to create a dialectic—a tension. For example, in real life Father's legs were not round and squat like this, and yet he had a way of standing *just* so. And the set of the mouth, the way the figure is smoking the pipe—really, it's extraordinary, a talking likeness. I can almost hear him saying, 'Pick up your room, Carl.' "

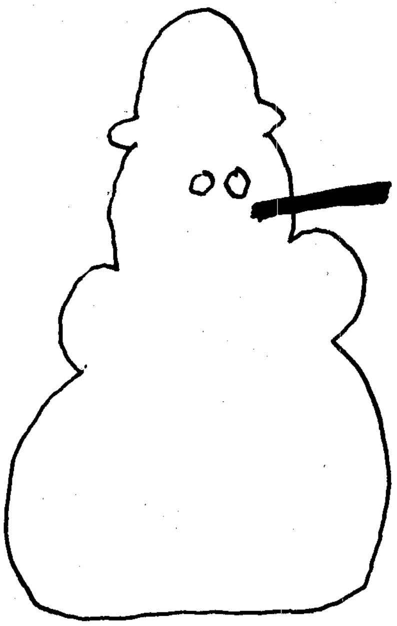
THE second figure presents greater interpretive difficulties.



"Ambiguous Figure." Snow, coal, twigs, raisin. 94 inches tall.

"You can take this any way you want," Vemler says. "Of course, in one sense it is Woman, but in another sense it's not that at all. The more I look at it, the more I see. As I was heaping the snow onto this piece, I worried, What is this becoming? It looked so grotesque to me. Then I saw that this was good. I decided, Let it *be* grotesque. It is—just a bit, don't you think? My old anatomy teacher, Von Klepp, must be twirling in his grave! But then, the figure also has mystery. It poses questions, like the Sphinx. That's really all I wish to say about it right now—except that, as you can imagine, the main problems here were architectural."

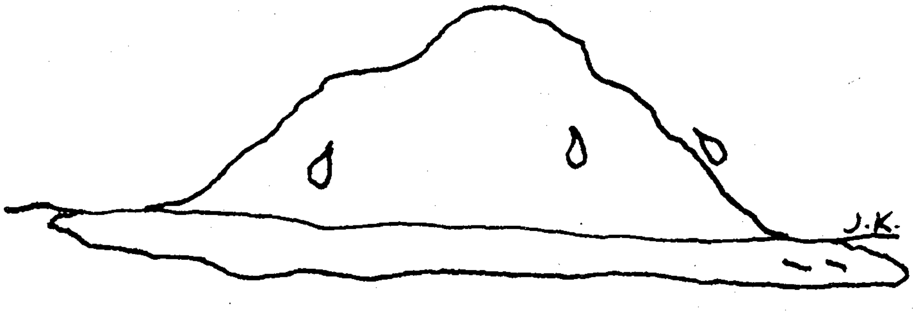
THE third statue, "Uncle Morris," is directly across from "Ambiguous Figure" and adjacent to "Father, Father." Standing less than five feet high, it represents a radical shift in scale. While the first two figures depend for their effect on a certain feeling of grandeur, "Uncle Morris" is short, even dumpy. Nonetheless, it is a powerful piece.



"Uncle Morris." Snow and cigar.
59 inches tall.

"I began this one after lunch," the artist explains. "I'm always a bit logy then, and I had no sooner started a little pile of snow than I was seized by an almost indescribable feeling of ennui. I was on the verge of giving up, when suddenly I saw a figure there, struggling to escape. It was Morris, my favorite uncle. He never grew above four foot eleven, but he was formidable, formidable. What a character! He had a voice like a foghorn; he used to roar at me, 'Art is for fairies and Communists!' He was never without a cigar, and you'll notice I've incorporated a real cigar into the piece—a Macanudo, Morris's actual favorite. And see how I've put him in direct confrontation with statue No. 2. To me, this represents Morris calmly smoking his cigar in the face of ambiguity. Notice that my father, statue No. 1, is staring, oblivious, past statues Nos. 2 and 3. He never paid much attention to the eternal mysteries. He also never spoke to Morris."

Vemler says that by the time he had finished "Uncle Morris" he sensed that he was on the verge of a new discovery. "I knew I was on to something. 'Morris' was more economical, less explicit, than the first two statues. It had led me to a place I'd never been before. There could be no looking back. I had a strong urge to continue, but the effort of creating three masterpieces in a single day had so exhausted me that, after a light supper, I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep and did not wake until the next afternoon. Then I put on my boots and went out to the back yard. The sun was out, the weather was warming up, and the statues were beginning to melt. I cannot express the excitement I felt then. I had a vision of incipient slushiness, of *snow-in-deprocess*. Quickly, before the integrity of the group could be lost, I set about making the fourth and final component. This is it—'Going . . . Gone,' my first pure abstraction. A minimal work that gradually becomes conceptual! In time, the art object itself is no more; all that is left is a rumor."



"Going . . . Gone." Snow. 12 inches tall.

"The Elm Street Group" has received almost universal critical acclaim, and yet Vemler himself is no longer happy with it. "Just as I had finished 'Going . . . Gone,' " he says, "an awful thing happened. The sun clouded over, a wind blew up, and it was terribly cold again. The statues stopped melting. This was wrong, all wrong! And then I heard the clunking of car doors in my driveway. It was a gray Mercedes, full of collectors. They were waving fistfuls of money at me! Collectors—they are the bane of my existence! How I loathe them. They want to *preserve* everything. I stalled them by selling them a couple of bags of garbage. But I'm afraid they will be back. I can only pray for warm weather. If this keeps up, I may have to go to work with a blowtorch."

—James Kaplan

FOR THE WANDERING JEWS

This room is reserved for wandering Jews.
Around me, in other rooms, suitcases whine
like animals shut up for the night.

My guardian angel, Stein, fears sleeping twice
in the same bed. Constancy brings Cossacks in the dark, he thinks.
You don't explain fear to fear. Despair has no ears, but teeth.

In the next room I hear a woman's laughter
& press my hand to the wall. Car lights burn
my flesh to a glass transparency.

My father was born in Novo-Nikolayevka, Ekaterinoslav Guberniya.
Like him, I wear my forehead high, have quick eyes, a belly laugh.
Miles unfold in the palm of my hand.

Across some thousand back yards his stone
roots him to the earth like a stake. Alone in bed,
I feel his blood wander through my veins.

As a boy I would spend whole nights at the fair
running up the fun house's spinning barrel toward its magical top,
where I believed I would be beyond harm, at last.

How I would break my body to be free of it,
night after night, all summer long, this boy climbing
the sky's turning side, against all odds,

as though to be one with time,
going always somewhere where no one had been before,
my arms banging at my sides like wings.

—Philip Schultz

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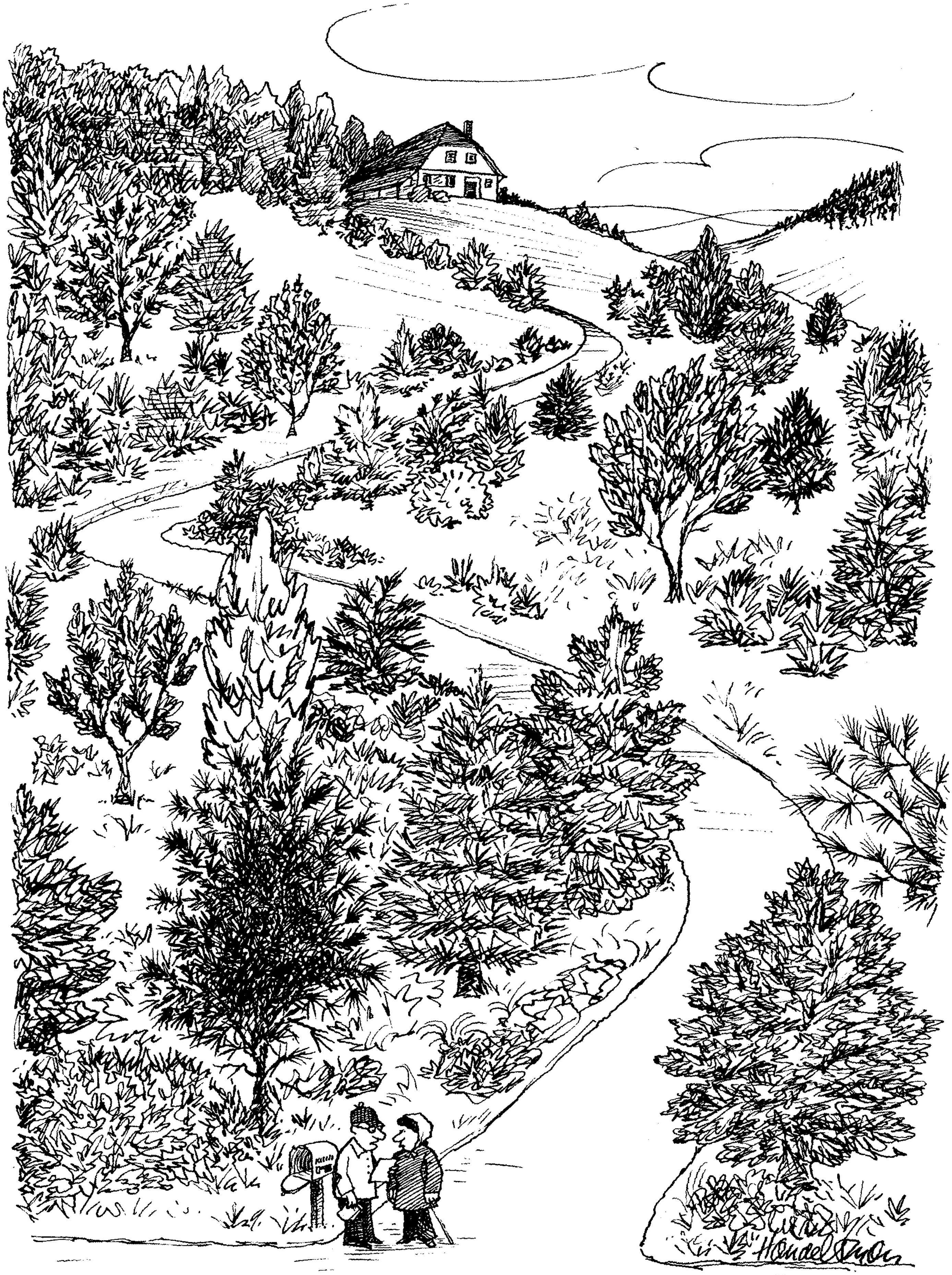

Handelsman

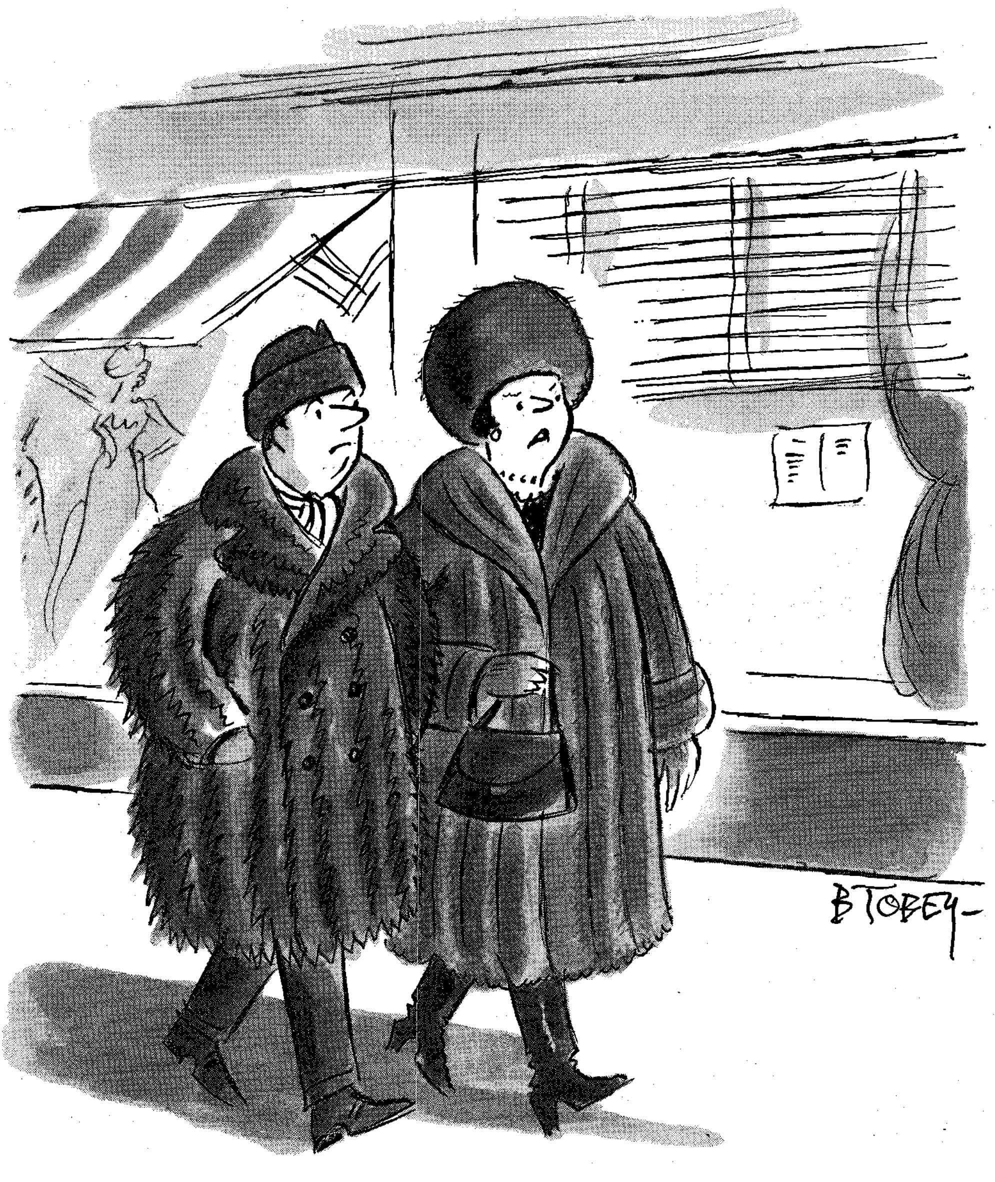
"The Arnsteins can't come to our 'Far from the Madding Crowd' housewarming, either. It's too far."

AVERAGE WAVES IN UNPROTECTED WATERS

As soon as it got light, Bet woke him and dressed him, and then she walked him over to the table and tried to make him eat a little cereal. He wouldn't, though. He could tell something was up. She pressed the edge of the spoon against his lips till she heard it click on his teeth, but he just looked off at a corner of the ceiling—a knobby child with great glassy eyes and her own fair hair. Like any other nine-year-old, he wore a striped shirt and jeans, but the shirt was too neat and the jeans too blue, unpatched and unfaded, and would stay that way till he outgrew them. And his face was elderly—pinched, strained, tired—though it should have looked as unused as his jeans. He hardly ever changed his expression.

She left him in his chair and went to make the beds. Then she raised the yellowed shade, rinsed a few spoons in the bathroom sink, picked up some bits of magazines he'd torn the night before. This was a rented room in an ancient, crumbling house, and nothing you could do to it would lighten its cluttered look. There was always that feeling of too many lives layered over other lives, like the layers of brownish wallpaper her child had peeled away in the corner by his bed.

She slipped her feet into flat-heeled loafers and absently patted the front of her dress, a worn beige knit she usually saved for Sundays. Maybe she should take it in a little; it hung from her shoulders like a sack. She felt too slight and frail, too wispy for all she had to do today. But she reached for her coat anyhow, and put it on and tied a blue kerchief under her chin. Then she went over to the table and slowly spun, modelling the coat. "See, Arnold?" she said. "We're going out."



"Alfred, I'm beginning to think two fur coats in one family is just too much."

Arnold went on looking at the ceiling, but his gaze turned wild and she knew he'd heard.

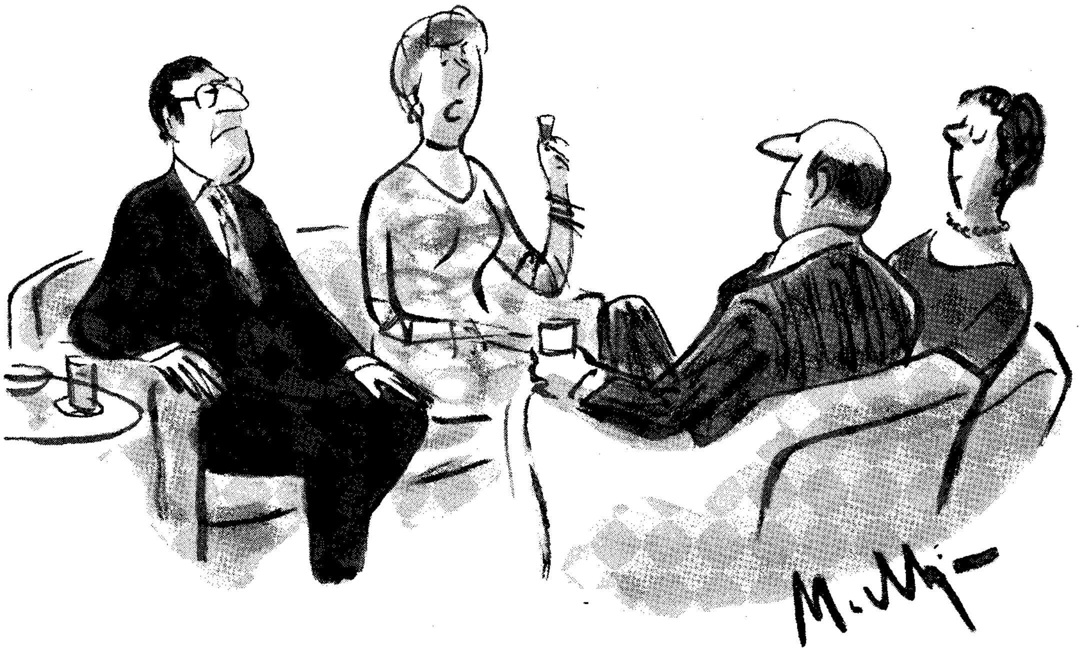
She fetched his jacket from the closet—brown corduroy, with a hood. It had set her back half a week's salary. But Arnold didn't like it; he always wanted his old one, a little red duffel coat he'd long ago outgrown. When she came toward him, he started moaning and rocking and shaking his head. She had to struggle to stuff his arms in the sleeves. Small though he was, he was strong, wiry; he was getting to be too much for her. He shook free of her hands and ran over to his bed. The jacket was on, though. It wasn't buttoned, the collar was askew, but never mind; that just made him look more real. She always felt bad at how he stood inside his clothes, separate from them, passive, unaware of all the buttons and snaps she'd fastened as carefully as she would a doll's.

She gave a last look around the room, checked to make sure the hot plate was off, and then picked up her purse and Arnold's suitcase. "Come along, Arnold," she said.

He came, dragging out every step. He looked at the suitcase suspiciously, but only because it was new. It didn't have any meaning for him. "See?" she said. "It's yours. It's Arnold's. It's going on the train with us."

But her voice was all wrong. He would pick it up, for sure. She paused in the middle of locking the door and glanced over at him fearfully. Anything could set him off nowadays. He hadn't noticed, though. He was too busy staring around the hallway, goggling at a freckled, walnut-framed mirror as if he'd never seen it before. She touched his shoulder. "Come, Arnold," she said.

They went down the stairs slowly, both of them clinging to the sticky mahogany railing. The suitcase banged against her shins. In the entrance hall, old Mrs. Puckett stood waiting outside her door—a huge, soft lady in a black crêpe dress and orthopedic shoes. She was holding a plastic bag of peanut-butter cookies, Arnold's favorites. There were tears in her eyes. "Here, Arnold," she said, quavering. Maybe she felt to blame that he was going. But she'd done the best she could: babysat him all these years and only given up when he'd grown too strong and wild to manage. Bet wished Arnold would give the old lady some sign—



"Harrison sat down and wrote—as the President requested, mind you—a long letter itemizing in detail what he felt was wrong with the country and outlining possible remedies for said wrongs. Ten pages, if you please. And to this date no response."

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hug her, make his little crowing noise, just take the cookies, even. But he was too excited. He raced on out the front door, and it was Bet who had to take them. "Well, thank you, Mrs. Puckett," she said. "I know he'll enjoy them later."

"Oh, no . . ." said Mrs. Puckett, and she flapped her large hands and gave up, sobbing.

They were lucky and caught a bus first thing. Arnold sat by the window. He must have thought he was going to work with her; when they passed the red-and-gold Kresge's sign, he jabbered and tried to stand up. "No, honey," she said, and took hold of his arm. He settled down then and let his hand stay curled in hers awhile. He had very small, cool fingers, and nails as smooth as thumbtack heads.

At the train station, she bought the tickets and then a pack of Wrigley's spearmint gum. Arnold stood gaping at the vaulted ceiling, with his head flopped back and his arms hanging limp at his sides. People stared at him. She would have liked to push their faces in. "Over here, honey," she said, and she nudged him toward the gate, straightening his collar as they walked.

HE hadn't been on a train before and acted a little nervous, bouncing up and down in his seat and flipping the lid of his ashtray and craning forward to see the man ahead of them. When the train started moving, he crowed and pulled at her sleeve. "That's right, Arnold. Train. We're taking a trip," Bet said. She unwrapped a stick of chewing gum and gave it to him. He loved gum. If she didn't watch him closely, he sometimes swallowed it—which worried her a little because she'd heard it clogged your kidneys; but at least it would keep him busy. She looked down at the top of his head. Through the blond prickles of his hair, cut short for practical reasons, she could see his skull bones moving as he chewed. He was so thin-skinned, almost transparent; sometimes she imagined she could see the blood travelling in his veins.

When the train reached a steady speed, he grew calmer, and after a while he nodded over against her and let his hands sag on his knees. She watched his eyelashes slowly drooping—two colorless, fringed crescents, heavier and heavier, every now and then flying up as he tried to fight off sleep. He had never slept well, not ever, not even as a baby. Even before they'd noticed anything wrong, they'd wondered at his jittery, jerky catnaps, his tiny hands clutching tight and springing open, his strange single wail sailing out while he went right on sleeping. Avery said it gave him the chills. And after the doctor talked to them Avery wouldn't have anything to do with Arnold anymore—just walked in wide circles around the crib, looking stunned and sick. A few weeks later, he left. She wasn't surprised. She even knew how he felt, more or less. Halfway, he blamed her; halfway, he blamed himself. You can't believe a thing like this will just fall on you out of nowhere.

She'd had moments herself of picturing some kind of evil gene in her husband's ordinary, stocky body—a dark little egg like a black jelly bean, she imagined it. All his fault. But other times she was sure the gene was hers. It seemed so natural; she never could do anything as well as most people. And then other times she blamed their marriage. They'd married too young, against her parents' wishes. All she'd wanted was to get away from home. Now she couldn't remember why. What was wrong with home? She thought of her parents' humped green trailer, perched on cinder blocks near a forest of masts in Salt Spray, Maryland. At this distance (parents dead, trailer rusted to bits, even Salt Spray changed past recognition), it seemed to her that her old life had been beautifully free and spacious. She closed her eyes and saw wide gray skies. Everything had been ruled by the sea. Her father (who'd run a fishing boat for tourists) couldn't arrange his day till he'd heard the marine forecast—the wind, the tides, the small-craft warnings, the height of average waves in unprotected waters. He loved to fish, offshore and on, and he swam every chance he could get. He'd tried to teach her to bodysurf, but it hadn't worked out. There was something about the breakers: she just gritted her teeth and stood staunch and let them slam into her. As if standing staunch were a virtue, really. She couldn't explain it. Her father thought she was scared, but it wasn't that at all.

She'd married Avery against their wishes and been sorry ever since—sorry to move so far from home, sorrier when her parents died within a year of each other, sorriest of all when the marriage turned grim and cranky. But she never would have thought of leaving him. It was Avery who left; she would have stayed forever. In fact, she did stay on in their apartment for months after he'd gone, though the rent was far too high. It wasn't that she expected him back. She just took some comfort from enduring.

Arnold's head snapped up. He looked around him and made a gurgling sound. His chewing gum fell onto the front of his jacket. "Here, honey," she told him. She put the gum in her ashtray. "Look out the window. See the cows?"

He wouldn't look. He began bouncing in his seat, rubbing his hands together rapidly.

"Arnold? Want a cookie?"

If only she'd brought a picture book. She'd meant to and then forgot. She wondered if the train people sold magazines. If she let him get too bored, he'd go into one of his tantrums, and then she wouldn't be able to handle him. The doctor had given her pills just in case, but she was always afraid that while he was screaming he would choke on them. She looked around the car. "Arnold," she said, "see the . . . see the hat with feathers on? Isn't it pretty? See the red suitcase? See the, um . . ."

The car door opened with a rush of clattering wheels and the conductor burst in, singing "Girl of my dreams, I love you." He lurched down the aisle, plucking pink tickets from the back of each seat. Just across from Bet and Arnold, he stopped. He was looking down at a tiny black lady in a purple coat, with a fox fur piece biting its own tail around her neck. "You!" he said.

The lady stared straight ahead.

"You, I saw you. You're the one in the washroom."

A little muscle twitched in her cheek.

"You got on this train in Beulah, didn't you. Snuck in the washroom. Darted back like you thought you could put something over on me. I saw that bit of purple! Where's your ticket gone to?"

She started fumbling in a blue cloth purse. The fumbling went on and on. The conductor shifted his weight.

"Why!" she said finally. "I must've left it back in my other seat."

"What other seat?"

"Oh, the one back . . ." She waved a spidery hand.

The conductor sighed. "Lady," he said, "you owe me money."

"I do no such thing!" she said. "Viper! Monger! Hitler!" Her voice screeched up all at once; she sounded like a parrot. Bet winced and felt herself flushing, as if *she* were the one. But then at her shoulder she heard a sudden, rusty clang, and she turned and saw that Arnold was laughing. He had his mouth wide open and his tongue curled, the way he did when he watched "Sesame Street." Even after the scene had worn itself out, and the lady had paid and the conductor had moved on, Arnold went on chortling and la-la-ing, and Bet looked gratefully at the little black lady, who was settling her fur piece fussily and muttering under her breath.

FROM the Parkinsville Railroad Station, which they seemed to be tearing down or else remodelling—she couldn't tell which—they took a taxicab to Parkins State Hospital. "Oh, I been out there many and many a time," said the driver. "Went out there just the other—"

But she couldn't stop herself; she had to tell him before she forgot. "Listen," she said, "I want you to *wait for me right in the driveway.* I don't want you to go on away."

"Well, fine," he said.

"Can you do that? I want you to be sitting right by the porch or the steps or whatever, right where I come out of, ready to take me back to the station. Don't just go off and—"

"I *got* you, I got you," he said.

She sank back. She hoped he understood.

Arnold wanted a peanut-butter cookie. He was reaching and whimpering. She didn't know what to do. She wanted to give him anything he asked for, anything; but he'd get it all over his face and arrive not looking his best. She couldn't stand it if they thought he was just ordinary and unattractive. She wanted them to see how small and neat he was, how somebody cherished him. But it would be awful if he went into one of his rages. She broke off a little piece of cookie from

TWO HUNGARIAN POEMS

CHAIRS ABOVE THE DANUBE

Those two chairs were not really
all that ugly. Too bad the springs
protruded from them and the upholstery
was so hopelessly filthy.

But chairs they were, all the same. And right for that apartment.
So we carried them, mostly on our heads,
from Orlay Street across the former
Francis Joseph, now Liberty, Bridge,
to No. 2 Ráday Street where P. lived
at the time (as some of his poems will show).

A chair, not to say two, has
many uses. "Two Poets on a Bridge
with Chairs on Their Heads"—one can imagine
a painting so entitled. I hope it would be
a down-to-earth painting and not one of those
transfigurations. Those two chairs—
and it's important to make this clear—were by no means
just halos around our heads. About halfway across the bridge—
and not for the purpose of proving anything—
we sat down on them. The springs protruded more prominently from
one—I don't recall which of us
got it. Doesn't matter since what happened later
can hardly be explained by that. It was a pleasant
summer evening. We lit cigarettes,
enjoying this one might say
unusual form of coziness.
                                        The chairs later served
nicely for a while: at the P.s' they
were *the* chairs. But man wants something better
than what is: the chairs were sent to an upholsterer. Then the P.s
moved also, the first time because they had to, the second
because they hated their apartment. Nowadays
we meet less often at their place. Several things
brought this about: G. left A.
(P.'s wife) and then M. (B.'s wife)
broke off with me, and the other M. (G.'s wife)

• •

divorced G. and married me (while the B.s
also separated) and P. attempted suicide and
has been living more or less in a sanatorium ever since,
not to mention the changes in the world situation,
so anyway: there's nothing left to sit on.

—SZABOLCS VÁRADY

(*Translated, from the Hungarian, by William Jay Smith.*)

MR. T. S. ELIOT COOKING PASTA

That crackle is well worth hearing.
He breaks in two the macaroni tubes
so as to make them fit the pot,
then casts them with both hands into the water
above the white electric range.
The water bubbles, seethes, the pasta
sinks to the bottom of the pot.
Mr. Eliot casts a glance
through the wide kitchen window toward the park:
it is raining there, and water
pours down the trunks of trees in substantial quantity,
tousling the lawn into a poison-green
Sargasso Sea.
Which reminds him of the pot.
Just so much contemplation has sufficed
for the rising of the pasta
to the water's surface.
He fishes out the bouncing ropes
with a colander, American-made,
and runs cold water on them from the tap.
"One is obliged to do so; otherwise
they will stick together." So Mr. Eliot writes
to a friend, later that evening.
"Still, the most gripping moment
comes when the macaroni
are broken in two with a dry crackle:
in that, somehow,
one recognizes oneself."

—JÓZSEF TORNAI

(*Translated, from the Hungarian, by Richard Wilbur.*)

• •

the bag. "Here," she told him. "Don't mess, now."

He flung himself back in the corner and ate it, keeping one hand flattened across his mouth while he chewed.

The hospital looked like someone's great, pillared mansion, with square brick buildings all around it. "Here we are," the driver said.

"Thank you," she said. "Now you wait here, please. Just wait till I get—"

"*Lady*," he said. "I'll wait."

She opened the door and nudged Arnold out ahead of her. Lugging the suitcase, she started toward the steps. "Come on, Arnold," she said.

He hung back.

"Arnold?"

Maybe he wouldn't allow it, and they would go on home and never think of this again.

But he came, finally, climbing the steps in his little hobbled way. His face was clean, but there were a few cookie crumbs on his jacket. She set down the suitcase to brush them off. Then she buttoned all his buttons and smoothed his shirt collar over his jacket collar before she pushed open the door.

In the admitting office, a lady behind a wooden counter showed her what papers to sign. Secretaries were clacketing typewriters all around. Bet thought Arnold might like that, but instead he got lost in the lights—chilly, hanging ice-cube-tray lights with a little flicker to them. He gazed upward, looking astonished. Finally a flat-fronted nurse came in and touched his elbow. "Come along, Arnold. Come, Mommy. We'll show you where Arnold is staying," she said.

They walked back across the entrance hall, then up wide marble steps with hollows worn in them. Arnold clung to the bannister. There was a smell Bet hated, pine-oil disinfectant, but Arnold didn't seem to notice. You never knew; sometimes smells could just put him in a state.

The nurse unlocked a double door that had chicken-wired windows. They walked through a corridor, passing several fat, ugly women in shapeless gray dresses and ankle socks. "Ha!" one of the women said, and fell giggling into the arms of a friend. The nurse said, "*Here* we are." She led them into an enormous hallway lined with little white cots. Nobody else was in it; there wasn't a sign that children lived here except for a tiny cardboard clown picture hanging on one vacant wall. "This one is your bed, Arnold," said the nurse. Bet laid the suitcase on it. It was made up so neatly, the sheets might have been painted on. A steely-gray blanket was folded across the foot. She looked over at Arnold, but he was pivoting back and forth to hear how his new sneakers squeaked on the linoleum.

"Usually," said the nurse, "we like to give new residents six months before the family visits. That way they settle in quicker, don't you see." She turned away and adjusted the clown picture, though as far as Bet could tell it was fine the way it was. Over her shoulder, the nurse said, "You can tell him goodbye now, if you like."

"Oh," Bet said. "All right." She set her hands on Arnold's shoulders. Then she laid her face against his hair, which felt warm and fuzzy. "Honey," she said. But he went on pivoting. She straightened and told the nurse, "I brought his special blanket."

"Oh, fine," said the nurse, turning toward her again. "We'll see that he gets it."

"He always likes to sleep with it; he has ever since he was little."

"All right."

"Don't wash it. He hates if you wash it."

"Yes. Say goodbye to Mommy now, Arnold."

"A lot of times he'll surprise you. I mean there's a whole lot to him. He's not just—"

"We'll take very good care of him, Mrs. Blevins, don't worry."

"Well," she said. " 'Bye, Arnold."

She left the ward with the nurse and went down the corridor. As the nurse was unlocking the doors for her, she heard a single, terrible scream, but the nurse only patted her shoulder and pushed her gently on through.

In the taxi, Bet said, "Now, I've just got fifteen minutes to get to the station. I wonder if you could hurry?"

"Sure thing," the driver said.

She folded her hands and looked straight ahead. Tears seemed to be coming down her face in sheets.

ONCE she'd reached the station, she went to the ticket window. "Am I in time for the twelve-thirty-two?" she asked.

"Easily," said the man. "It's twenty minutes late."

"What?"

"Got held up in Norton somehow."

"But you can't!" she said. The man looked startled. She must be a sight, all swollen-eyed and wet-cheeked. "Look," she said, in a lower voice. "I figured this on purpose. I chose the one train from Beulah that would let me catch another one back without waiting. I do not want to sit and wait in this station."

"Twenty *minutes*, lady. That's all it is."

"What am I going to do?" she asked him.

He turned back to his ledgers.

She went over to a bench and sat down. Ladders and scaffolding towered above her, and only ten or twelve passengers were dotted through the rest of the station. The place looked bombed out—nothing but a shell. "Twenty minutes!" she said aloud. "What am I going to do?"

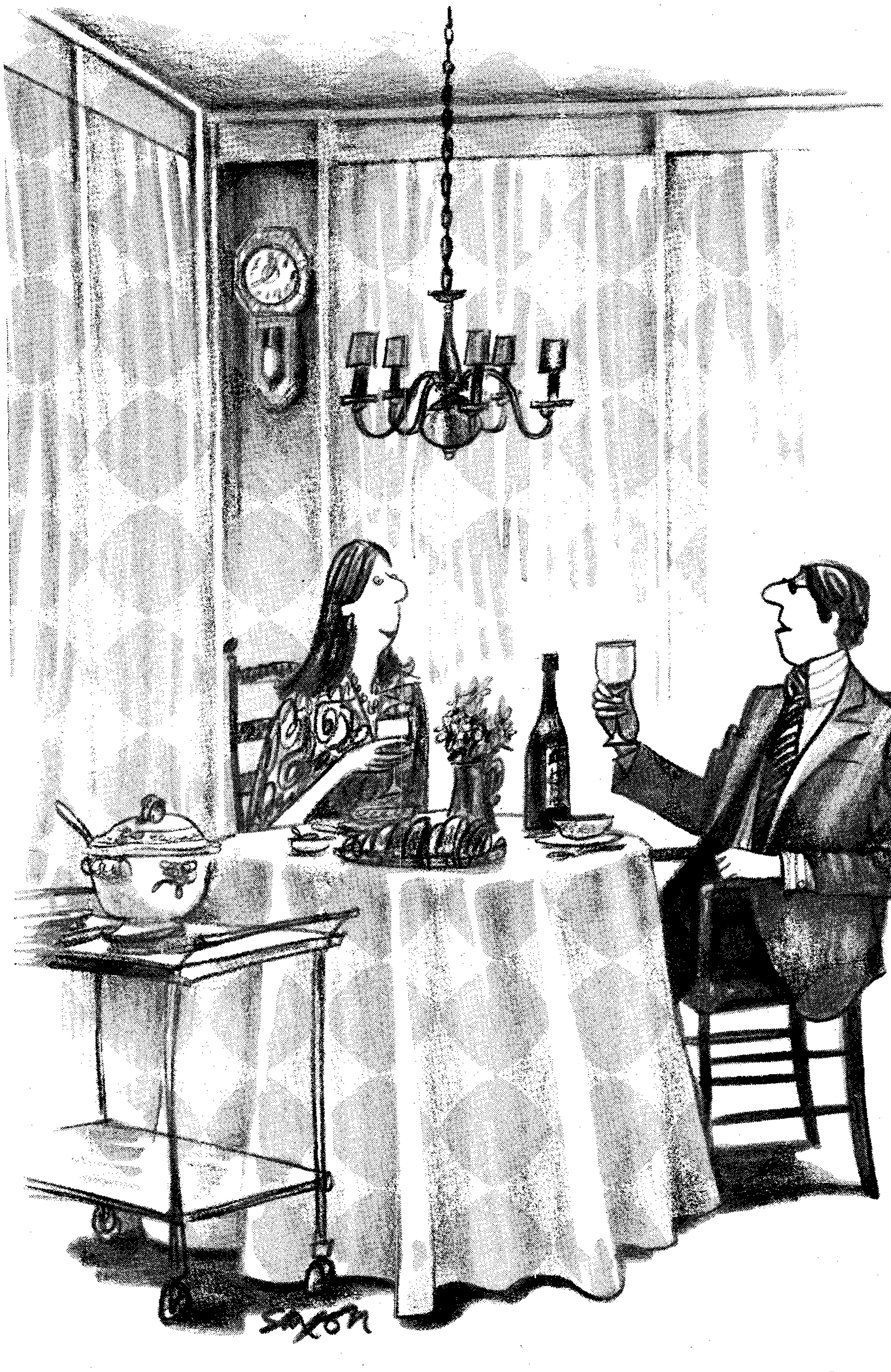
Through the double glass doors at the far end of the station, a procession of gray-suited men arrived with briefcases. More men came behind them, dressed in work clothes, carrying folding chairs, black trunklike boxes with silver hinges, microphones, a wooden lectern, and an armload of bunting. They set the lectern down in the center of the floor, not six feet from Bet. They draped the bunting across it—an arc of red, white, and blue. Wires were connected, floodlights were lit. A microphone screeched. One of the workmen said, "Try her, Mayor." He held the microphone out to a fat man in a suit, who cleared his throat and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, on the occasion of the expansion of this fine old railway station—"

"Sure do get an echo here," the workman said. "Keep on going."

The Mayor cleared his throat again. "If I may," he said, "I'd like to take about twenty minutes of your time, friends."

He straightened his tie. Bet blew her nose, and then she wiped her eyes and smiled. They had come just for her sake, you might think. They were putting on a sort of private play. From now on, all the world was going to be like that—just something on a stage, for her to sit back and watch.

—ANNE TYLER



"I said I like it. I like it. Period. I no longer feel the need to lie to spare your feelings."

•

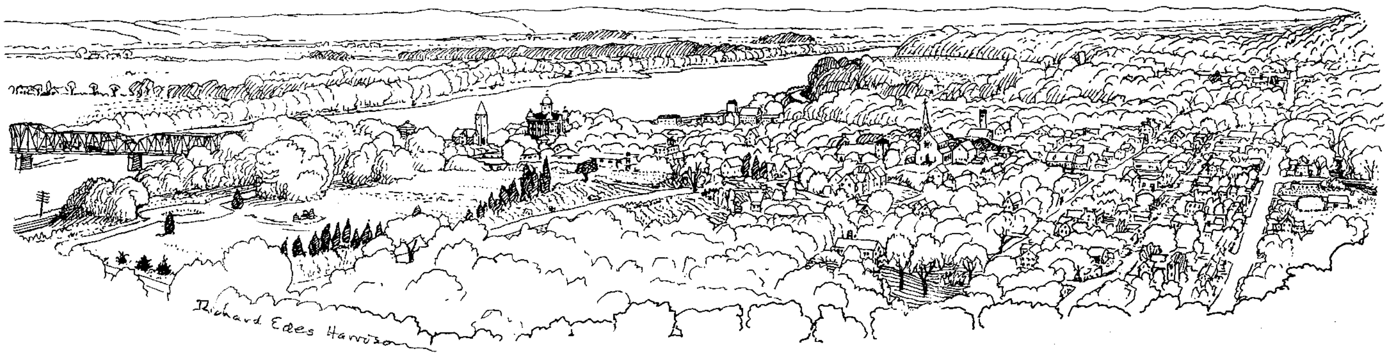
To try to avoid being stung, you should:

- Have all wasp nests around the house and yard destroyed.
- Do not wear bright, flowery clothing. Bright colors attract bees especially.
- Do not wear floppy clothing to entangle and madden insects.
- Wear long pants, long-sleeved shirts, and gloves if working among flowers or fruits.
- Avoid wearing anything bright, such as jewelry or buckles.
- Do not use scented lotions, soaps, shampoos or perfumes.
- Wear light colors such as white, light green, tan, and khaki.
- If a bee or wasp comes near, do not swat. Retreat slowly. If retreat is impossible, lie face down and cover your head with your arms.
- Be sure to remove rocks and other debris it could hurl.—*Miami Herald.*

Pish-posh! The only wasp on our place is a rotten shot.

PROFILES

SCHÖNHEIT MUSS LEIDEN



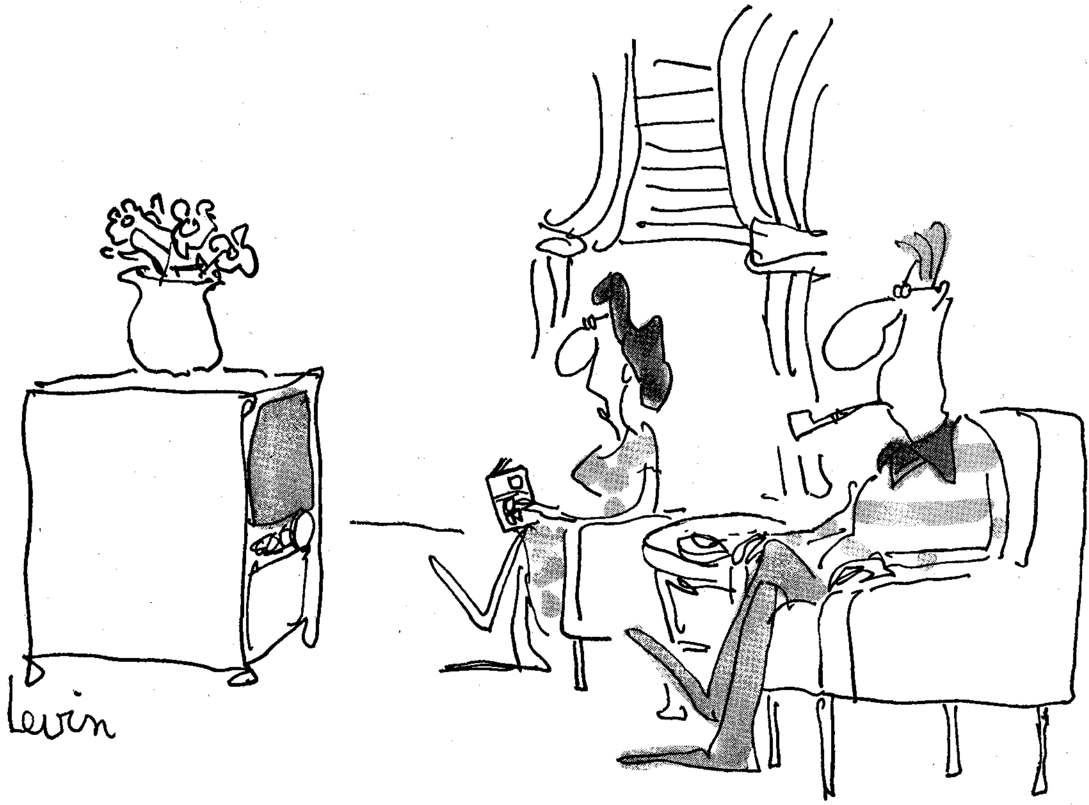
I RECENTLY gave myself the pleasure of a leisurely stay in Hermann, Missouri (pop. 2,658), an old German town on the rolling south bank of the Missouri River, some eighty miles west of St. Louis. Hermann takes its name from a Germanic hero of the first century and was founded in 1837, on a site chosen for its reputed resemblance to the Fatherland, by the Deutsche Ansiedlungs Gesellschaft zu Philadelphia (German Settlement Society of Philadelphia), an organization created in 1836 by a group of Pennsylvania German-Americans for the purpose of establishing a settlement that would perpetuate German culture and the German language on the free American frontier—a settlement that would be "characteristically German in every particular." By 1839, the settlement had grown from a huddle of log cabins to a town—a flourishing town, laid out on a formal urban plan, with ninety houses, five stores, two hotels, and a post office, and with a population of almost five hundred. Three years later, in 1842, Hermann was designated ("for certain material returns," according to the chief local historian) the seat of Gasconade County. It became a thriving river port ("During those days," a contemporary memoirist has noted, "we were never out of sight of steamboat smoke"), a center of viticulture (for several decades it had the second-largest winery in the United States), and, in 1854, a regular stop on the infant railroad that grew into the Missouri Pacific. There was talk that Hermann might come to rival St. Louis as the trans-Mississippi metropolis. It remained a town. It has never even been more of a town than it is today. It has, in fact, scarcely changed at all from the town of its original eminence. Much of Hermann still looks as it did around the time of the Civil War, and it is still almost as solidly and determinedly German.

THE municipal street-corner trash cans in Hermann are labelled "SCHUND," and customers leaving Hillebrand's, the largest restaurant in town, are confronted by a valediction inscribed on the vestibule wall: "*Auf Wiedersehen. Kommen Sie Bald Wieder.*" The former mayor of Hermann (until last year) still carries business cards reading "C. M. (Cap) Bassman. Herr Burgermeister."

HERMANN sits sheltered in a small, semicircular valley, whose half-encircling slopes were once dense with terraced vineyards. It consists of twenty or thirty crowded, tree-lined blocks of well-scrubbed stoops and old brick sidewalks, and a wide main street called Market Street. Market Street begins at the river, at a narrow iron-truss bridge (built in 1929 to replace an 1880 ferry), and it extends southward perhaps a mile to the first rise of the enclosing hills, where it shrinks to a two-lane road. Market Street has always been the main street of Hermann. It was named, by the founding Philadelphia Gesellschaft, for its Philadelphia counterpart, and it was designed by them on a scale of considerable grandeur. They stipulated that Hermann's principal street be one hundred and twenty feet wide from curb to curb—or ten feet wider than the Philadelphia original. I never got around to pacing it off, but it looks at least that wide. Parking on Market Street is angle parking, and there is still ample room for four lanes of traffic. Near the southern end of Market Street, there was at one time, around the turn of the century, a big square market building, called the Markt Haus, with two rows of produce stalls and a wagon lane between, in the middle of the street; there is now a park two blocks long—with a bandstand, lawns and benches, and an imposing two-story building (until recently the only firehouse and now also the town marshal's office and the municipal jail)—islanded at the northern end of it. The other streets in Hermann are less aggressively proportioned, but they, too, bear the mark of its Philadelphia founders. The distant Gesellschaft required that the streets intersecting Market Street be identified (in the then popular American innovation) by numbers. They elected, however, to give names to the streets running parallel to Market Street. The names they chose suggest some careful thought—Gellert, Franklin, Gutenberg, Schiller, Washington, Mozart, Jefferson, and Goethe. The only street that the original settlers managed to name themselves is Wharf Street.

"THAT isn't exactly right," J. J. Graf, editor and publisher of the weekly Hermann *Advertiser-Courier* (an offshoot of the *Hermanner Volksblatt*), told me, "although nobody seems to know it. I mean about those street names. Back in the old Prohibition days, the federal agents arrested a fellow here who had a place on First Street. But they had to let him go. The warrant naturally gave his address as First Street. So his lawyer got out the town charter and showed the court there was no such street. The Gesellschaft had named it Front Street."

HERMANN is a substantial town for a town of twenty-six hundred people. It has amenities not often found in towns two or three times as large. It has a ten-acre City Park, with tennis courts, playing fields, picnic grounds, a swimming pool, and a handsome oc-



"There doesn't seem to be anything on that begins and ends tonight."

tagonal theatre, used for amateur entertainments. It has a modern hospital—the Hermann Area District Hospital—with forty-six beds. It has two medical doctors, two osteopathic doctors (Missouri is the birthplace of osteopathy), two chiropractors, two optometrists, four dentists, and a podiatrist. It has two funeral homes (Toedtmann & Grosse and Herman Blumer) and the Frene Valley Nursing Home. It has five lawyers, a tax accountant, and the Kallmeyer-Schroff Auctioneering Service. It has a well-stocked public library (among the bumper stickers that I saw around town was one that read "Follow Me to the Library") and a movie theatre, the Showboat, with screenings four nights a week. It has the Stone Hill Winery, a recent revival of the relished past, with an average annual production of around forty-five thousand gallons. It has Van Kamp's Boutique & Antiques, the Sound Shoppe, and Klott's Blacksmith Shop. It has a Ford agency, a Chevrolet agency, a Chrysler-Plymouth agency, a Buick agency, a Dodge agency, and a John Deere agency. It has Rohlfing's Greenhouse and the Noelke Jewelry Store. It has the Hermann Cleaners and two laundries—the Helpee-Selfee and the Schillerstrasse. It has a Florsheim Shoe Company factory, a toy factory, and the Hermann Boat Works, home of the Dixie Devil. It has a pool hall (Snake's) and a bowling alley. It has the Sausage Shoppe ("50 Different Types of Cheeses and Sausages") and Schulte's Bakery: *lebkuchen, springerli, stollen, pfeffernüsse, schnitzbrot, streusel.* It has ten beauty parlors, four barbershops, seven bars and the Levee House Cocktail Lounge, and two liquor stores. It also has a resident celebrity—Ken Boyer, the former St. Louis Cardinals star.

"ONE thing we haven't got," former Mayor (or Burgermeister) Bassman told me, "is an Alcoholics Anonymous. We may be the only town of our size that hasn't. We just don't have that many drunks. Our people are used to Old World gracious living. They grew up drinking beer or wine with their meals. We don't have any kind of extremes. We've got very few people on welfare, and we don't have what I'd call real wealth. I'll admit old Bill Schlender gave us a surprise. Bill was a widower here who died a couple of years ago. He had a shoe store on Schiller Street for as long as I can remember, and he lived upstairs. He wore the same overcoat for forty years, and he used to sit out front of his store in the evening and read the paper by the light of a street lamp to save electricity. Well, he died and left an estate of seven hundred thousand dollars. Including eighty thousand dollars in a checking account."

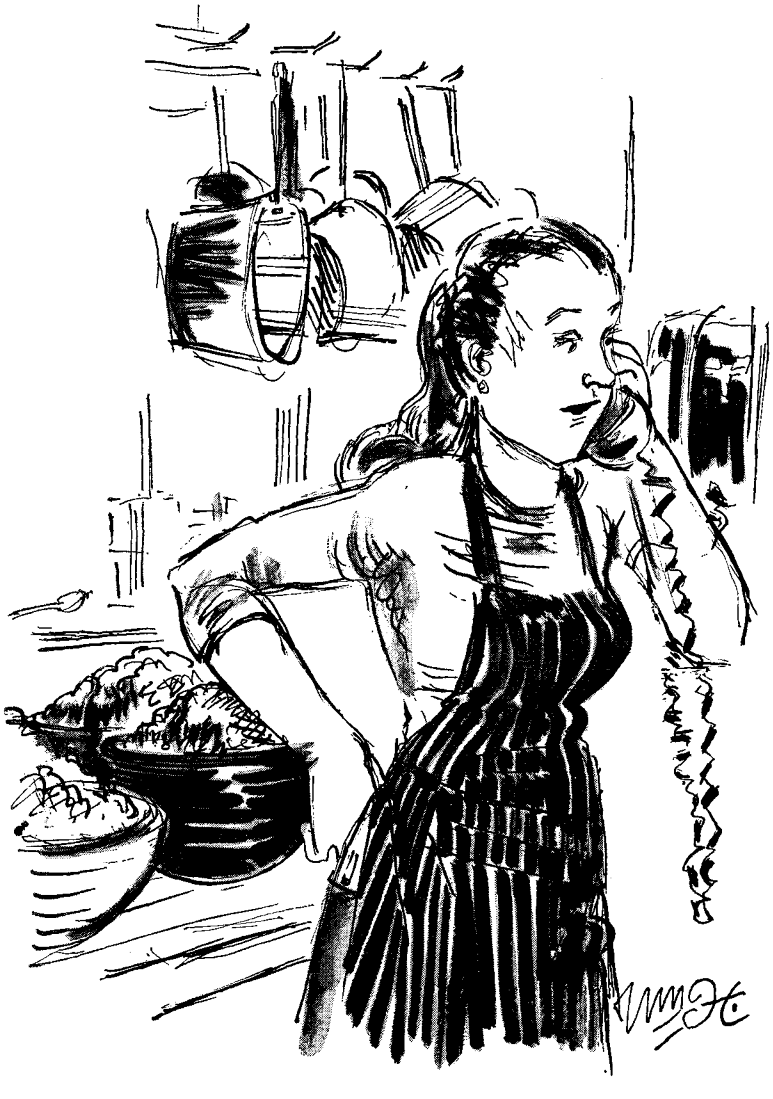
HERMANN, small as it is, has two distinct (to local eyes) business districts. One of these is the two blocks on Market Street between Third Street and Fifth, with an extension along East Fourth Street between Market and Schiller. The other is East First (or Front) Street between Schiller and Gutenberg. The First Street block is known to Hermannites as Downtown. Market Street and the East Fourth Street block are Uptown. Uptown has Jay's IGA Food Liner, the Sharp Corner Tavern (where at ten o'clock one morning, a day or two after my talk with Bassman, I saw through the open door three gracious livers standing at the bar), the S & S Variety Store, and Schulte's Bakery. Downtown has the Riverfront Bi-Rite Market, the Concert Hall Bar & Barrell, Berlener's Rexall Drugs, and the Sausage Shoppe. The First Missouri Bank of Gasconade County, the only bank in the area, occupies a classically columned limestone building on East First Street, but it also has a branch office in a recently restored brick residence (dating from 1871) on Market Street at Third. "We have a strong feeling about Old Hermann," Robert C. Kirchhofer, the president of the First Missouri, told me. "But we don't believe in shrines and monuments. We believe in preservation for use. This is largely why the bank took over the old Reiff House. That was in 1972, and I think it's turned out well." He laughed. "I dropped in a few weeks after our opening to see how things were going, and on the way out I met an old lady I've known all my life, and she grabbed me by the hand. 'Oh, Robert,' she said. 'I'm just thrilled about your new bank. Now I don't have to go all the way downtown anymore.' "

Some people are inclined to think of Schiller Street between East Fourth and East First as a kind of midtown. Most of Hermann's beauty parlors are concentrated there—the Beauty Bar, Jane's Beauty Salon, Ruthie's Salon of Beauty, Marilyn's Beauty Salon, and Gloria's Beauty Salon. Gloria is Mrs. Gloria Bruckerhoff. Her shop is situated in a low, unrestored brick building (circa 1856) that is also her home. "I guess there *are* a lot of us girls," she told me, "but we get along together real fine. There's plenty of customers to go round. The ladies here in Hermann care about the way they look. They're conservative. They still like to wear it teased. I try to keep up with things at the shows in St. Louis, but we're always about two years behind. Another funny thing is the way all of us girls have started doing boy haircuts. I mean for boys. I've got boy customers from two to ninety. The barbers don't like it, but it's their own fool fault. The boys come to me because I'll style their hair the way they want it styled. They say the barbers won't listen—they just keep cutting it in the regular barber way. If you ask me, the boys around here are even more particular than the ladies. I'm even beginning to do those his-and-hers permanents."

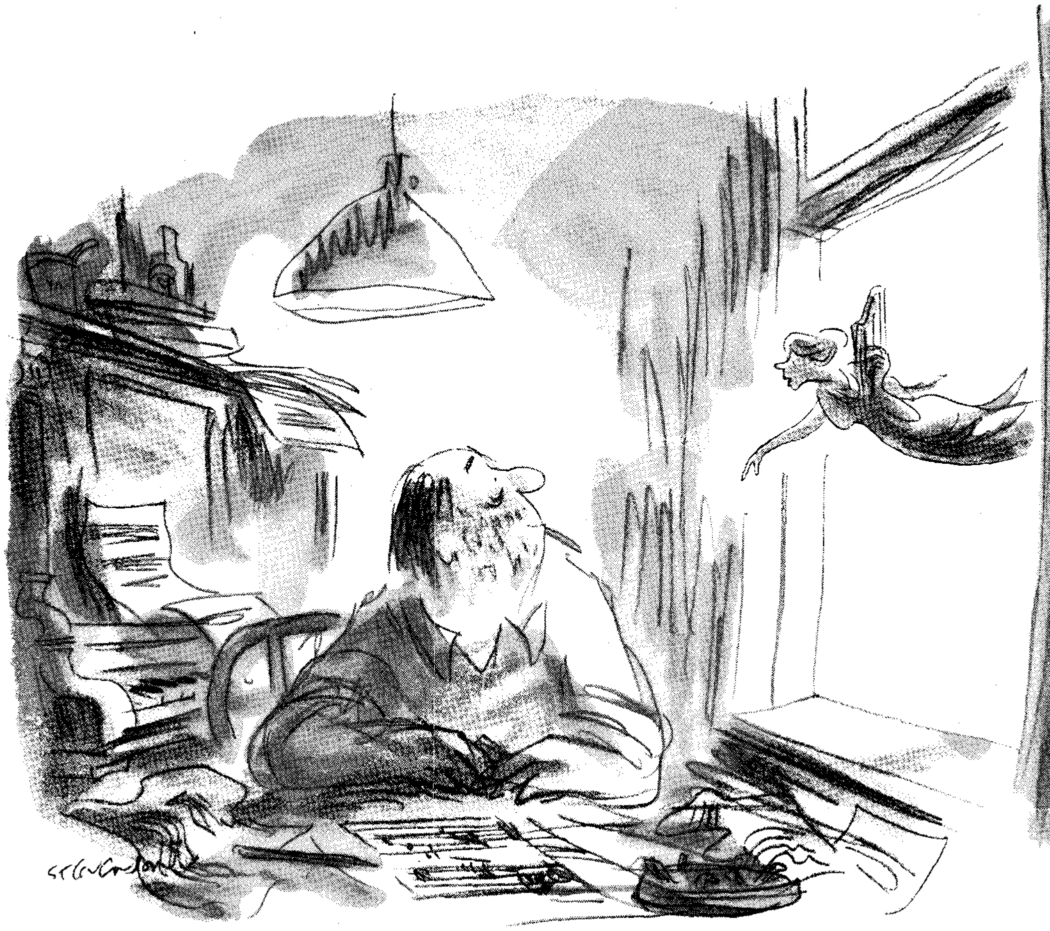
THE architectural antiquity of much of Hermann is formally and officially acknowledged. In 1972, some twenty square blocks of the town, including all its business streets, were accepted for inclusion in the National Register of Historic Places, Office of Archeology and Historic Preservation, of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, in Washington. This recognition was largely brought about by the concerted efforts of a number of local groups—the Brush and Palette Club, Historic Hermann, Inc., the Hermann Chamber of Commerce, the First Missouri Bank. "I'm sure it was worth it," Mrs. Anna Hesse, an art teacher and the founder of the Brush and Palette Club, told me. I was sitting with Mrs. Hesse—and with Mrs. William Coe and Mrs. Laura Graf (a cousin of the newspaper publisher), both founding members of Historic Hermann—on the terrace of Mrs. Hesse's home on a slope overlooking the red and green and gray pitched roofs of Hermann. "But, oh, my Lord, the miles and miles of correspondence!" she went on. "I guess you could say that it all began when we organized our first annual Maifest. That was way back in 1952. As you may know, the Maifest is one of the oldest of the German spring festivals. Well, we wanted to try to raise some money to save the Rotunda. That's the octagonal theatre in City Park. Of course, the Maifest goes back to the very beginning of Hermann. But it was originally a children's affair—a close-of-school celebration. I remember—and this was back in the twenties—we'd march from the old German School, on Schiller Street, out to the park, and there would be the town band and sack races and a maypole. And then we'd have the picnic."

"The *treat*," Mrs. Coe said. "We always called it the treat. But everything was very disciplined. Hermann was totally German in those days, and all of us children spoke German before we learned English. I'm only a Coe by marriage—my maiden name was Dietzel. But about the treat. We would all line up and the bugler would blow a special call and we would march—very correctly—over to the table, and they would give each of us a big slice of knockwurst on a bun. Delicious! Then we'd march away, and in a few minutes the bugle would blow again, and off we'd go to the table once more. This time, they would give us a glass of pink lemonade. And the pink was *wine!* Oh, my! Then one more bugle call, and we'd each get an orange. We really looked forward to the Maifest. But they dropped it twenty years or more ago. It got so the children didn't think it was much of a treat anymore."

"I know," Mrs. Hesse said. "I know. But the Maifest that Hermann is so famous for now is a total community effort. It lasts only two days—a Saturday and Sunday toward the end of May—but it takes months of preparation, and almost everybody in town participates. We usually put on an original historical musical at the Rotunda—usually written by Mimi Schmidt. We have a walking tour of Old Hermann, and a tour of several of our most historic homes, and various arts-and-crafts exhibitions, and a parade, and a tasting tour of the Stone Hill Winery, and we set up beer gardens, and there are concerts of old German folk songs, and so on. We've been a great success from the start. Our first Maifest was so successful it was almost a disaster. We did just too good a job promoting it around the state. I don't know what we expected in the way of attendance, but forty thousand people showed up. *Forty thousand!* And something like twenty thousand cars. There was



"Eliza? Oh, please say you two haven't eaten. I've just had the most horrendous Cuisinart overrun."



“No ideas for you at the moment, but I have mentioned your name to somebody at the National Endowment for the Arts.”

no traffic control. Our police force is only three officers and the marshal. People drove into town from all directions and parked just any old where. Nobody could move. There were cars backed up for miles across the bridge. Market Street was a solid mass of pushing and shoving humanity. I know—I got stranded there. And everybody was starving. Every eating place in town ran out of food by early Saturday afternoon. We didn’t know whether to call the Red Cross or the Highway Patrol. I called the Highway Patrol, and at first they wouldn’t believe me. They just laughed. I understand that all the way to St. Louis people were taking in strangers and giving them something to eat. It was awful, but we made money—enough to restore the Rotunda, and more. And the next year we were prepared. Everybody in town made sandwiches and set up stands. And practically everybody who came that year brought their own food.”

“It’s different now,” Mrs. Coe said. “We know what to expect. We import enough extra policemen. Everything is organized and controlled. Everybody has a wonderful time. It’s been a great thing for Hermann.”

“I think it’s been our salvation,” Mrs. Hesse said. “Hermann would be very different now if we hadn’t called attention to our historical treasures. They’re what bring so many visitors to the Maifest—our beautiful old homes, our unique living past. And we got started in the very nick of time. The war was just over and prosperity was beginning. The bulldozer was looming. But most of our best architecture was still here, and it could still be saved. What had preserved it for so long, of course, was the Depression. *Our* Depression. We had the longest and the worst of anybody. You might say it began with the First World War. A lot of people don’t realize it, but that was the *really* anti-German war. I remember my parents talking. We Hermannites were practically ostracized. We weren’t considered German-Americans—we were Germans. We were the enemy. You may have heard of a village near here called Pershing. Well, its original name was Potsdam. Then, after the war, came Prohibition. And the principal economy of Hermann was wine! Almost everybody here grew grapes for either Stone Hill or Sohns. And we also had two distilleries and a big brewery. Then came the general Depression. I don’t know how we survived. Those were terrible years for Hermann. But they did have a kind of silver lining. Hard times kept Hermann a nineteenth-century town. They kept it from going modern, like so many American towns. In a way, they preserved our heritage.”

“*Schönheit muss leiden,*” Mrs. Graf said.

Mrs. Hesse laughed. “Yes,” she said. “ ‘To be beautiful one must suffer.’ ”

“Anna’s right about those years,” Dr. Joseph F. Schmidt, one of the town’s two optometrists, told me. “I came here in the late thirties from Washington, Missouri, which has a big German community itself, but I could see the difference: Nothing had changed in Hermann for at least twenty years. I remember a conversation I overheard on the street one day. I’ll never forget it. It was two old women talking. It went like this:

“First woman: ‘Call me up. I have now the telephone.’

“Second woman: ‘*Ja? Was ist deine Nummer?*’

“First woman: ‘*Lass mal denken.* Is it 238? Or is it 382? You got to get it just right, you know, or it don’t work.’ ”

Hermann has two motels, one at each end of town, and two hotels: the Central Hotel (a second-floor hotel next door to the Sharp Corner Tavern) and the German Haus. I stayed at the German Haus. It occupies a building (put up in 1847) that was first a store and warehouse and then a private residence. It was remodelled into a hostelry in 1962. It is a rectangular building, two good stories in height, and built of the warm, salmony brick that distinguishes most pre-Civil War architecture in Hermann. Its windows are long and gently arched and hung with dark-green shutters, and it has the steeply pitched standing-seam iron roof of the period, painted barn red. A gallery, reached by an outside

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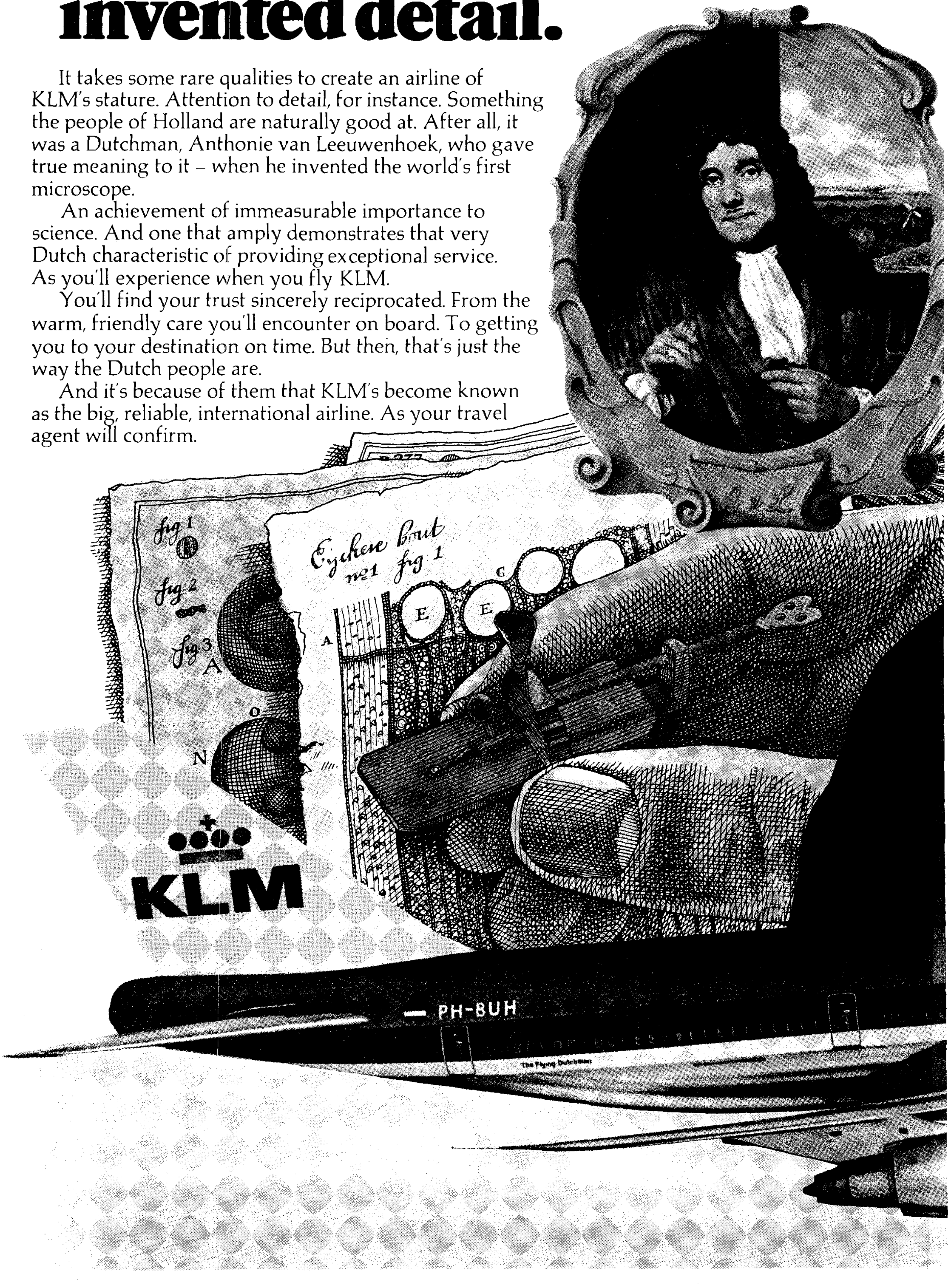

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back to it, and the people."

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staircase, runs along the front and one side of the building. The office of the German Haus, and the living quarters of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Van Moore, are in an adjacent building, across a gravelled parking lot. This building (1841) was the first *Erholungshalle*, or theatre, in Hermann. The office is a comfortable room, always open to guests, with a big round table, a circle of chairs, an electric coffee urn, and three freshly home-baked cakes (usually a pound cake, a crumb cake, and a chocolate layer cake) to choose from every day. On the wall above the coffee urn is an elaborately framed poem, hand-lettered in gold foil on black glass and headed "*Göttlichen Haussegen*." It reads:

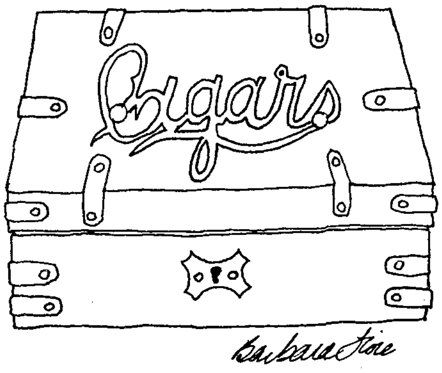
Wo Glaube da Liebe,
Wo Liebe da Friede,
Wo Friede da Segen,
Wo Segen da Gott—
Wo Gott keine Not.

Mrs. Moore (née Gellhausen) provided me with a translation:

Where there is belief, there is love,
Where there is love, there is peace,
Where there is peace, there is joy,
Where there is joy, there is God—
Where there is God, there is no want.

The German Haus is conveniently and attractively situated. It stands on a knoll on East Second Street, a block up from the bridge and the river, and it faces down the boulevard sweep of Market Street. I had a big, high-ceilinged corner room that opened on the front gallery, and I liked to sit out there on an old slatted bench in the late afternoon, with much of Hermann spread out around me.

Off to the right, to the south and west, rose the red brick battlements of the two oldest churches—the Gothic spired and dormered St. George Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant St. Paul United Church of Christ, with its seven-story campanile—each on its own imposing hilltop. ("That was no accident," the Reverend Mr. Armin Klemme, pastor of the United Church, told me. "Our two denominations were quite competitive in the early days, and the founding fathers planned with that unfortunate fact in mind. They went to infinite trouble to choose for our churches two sites that had practically the same elevation.") Off to the left, on a bluff above the river, rose the red brick bulk of the Gasconade County Courthouse (the gift, in 1897, of a Hermannite named Charles D. Eitzen), with its colonnaded porch, its four corner domes, and its great central silvery dome ablaze in the setting sun. I could even see, if I stood and craned my neck, the little green bronze cannon (a six-pounder cast in Boston) on its limestone mounting on the courthouse lawn. ("Cannons had names in those old days," Arthur A. Schweighauser, a retired vice-president of the Laclede Steel Company, in St. Louis, and president of Historic Hermann, told me. "Ours is named Ever True. Ever True fired three shots in the Civil War. This is ultra-Republican country, as I suppose you know, and it has been since the beginning. Gasconade County and St. Louis County were the only two counties in Missouri that voted for Lincoln in 1860. So we were on the Union side, and Ever True has the distinction of having stopped the advance of General Sterling Price's Confederate Army for almost half an hour. That was in October of 1864. There was nobody living in Hermann then but women and children and a few old men—the rest of the men were off fighting for the Union. Price's cavalry commander, General Marmaduke, knew that. So he came riding up the river toward what turned out to be the terrible Battle of Westport, near Kansas City, feeling nice and relaxed. Then, all of a sudden, there was a cannon shot from somewhere up in town. Marmaduke thought he was being bushwhacked. He stopped and waited, and a few minutes later there was another shot, this time from a different point in town. Then came another shot, from still another point. But after that, no more. Marmaduke sent out a party of scouts. They brought back the answer: a few old men had been carrying Ever True from hill to hill and pretending to be an army. Well, Marmaduke had his men throw Ever True into the river. But after he left we fished it out. We don't claim a victory, of course. I think Price would probably have been defeated at Westport even without our help.") I could also see, around one end of the gallery, the superstructure of the bridge and a stretch of muddy river and, once in a while, a little white towboat creeping along with its acreage of barges thrusting out ahead.



But the other view is the view I usually see when I remember my stay in Hermann. That was the view, framed in sweet gums and maples, down the peaceful length of Market Street, across the little bridge that spans a wandering stream called Frene Creek, and beyond—to the cupolaed Stone Hill Winery (built in 1869), massive on its distant hill, and the long green slope and sheltering cedars of the Protestant Cemetery lifting to the opposite far horizon. And I always remember it with the scent of lilacs in the early-evening air and the sound across the rooftops of the bell in the tower of the old German School (now the City Hall) ringing the hours.

I HAD been in Hermann almost a week before I crossed the Frene Creek bridge and climbed the slope of the Protestant Cemetery. I went, that first time, at the suggestion of Arthur Schweighauser. "I'm sure you've come across the name of George F. Bayer," he told me. "You might call him the founder of Hermann. Bayer was general agent for the Gesellschaft. The Gesellschaft selected the site of Hermann, and Bayer bought the land it was built on. But unless you've read pretty deep, you wouldn't know the rest of the story. The first settlers here had a very hard time for a year or two. They didn't like the land or anything about it, and they blamed it all on Bayer. They made him the scapegoat; they hated him. And Bayer took it to heart. He came down with the fever and died, in 1839. You'll find his grave in the far southeastern corner of the cemetery. It's up there all by itself. When they buried him, the people decided that there would never be another grave within fifty feet of his. Go up and see for yourself."

I found Bayer's grave without any trouble. It is in the highest, most commanding corner of the cemetery, but it is conspicuous only in its pariah isolation. It is marked by a limestone slab, darkly weathered and slumped askew, with his name, the dates of his birth and death, and a carving in relief of two clasped hands. It was eerie in its reticence. And, in the circumstances, it was hard to imagine what the handclasp signified. I moved away, and was stopped by Bayer's nearest neighbor—a three-foot column surmounted by a sundial. It commemorated a more familiar tragedy: "In memory of the early pioneers who perished in the explosion of the steamboat 'Big Hatchie' at the wharf at Hermann in 1842, the thirty-five dead that lie buried here in unmarked graves and the many whose bodies were never recovered from the waters of the Missouri River."

I started back down the slope to the street below, where I had left my car. It took me almost an hour to get there; I had forgotten the strange enchantment of an old cemetery. Death was taken seriously in America in the nineteenth century. Its presence was accepted and respected, and, with their stylized conjurations of redemption, the placatory memorials it inspired are works of dignity and art. The Protestant Cemetery in Hermann is more enchanting than most. Hermann in the years before and long after the Civil War was blessed with a succession of gifted stone-carvers. Examples of their work are everywhere on the upper, older slopes of the cemetery—a dove in flight toward a heavenly crown, an angel kneeling in prayer, a woman bowed and weeping, a lamb beneath a weeping-willow tree, a skull and crossed bones, a finger (with the legend "*Im Himmel*") pointing upward, an urn draped with a fringed and tasselled cloth, a ten-foot column rising to a pinnacle cone wreathed in an elaboration, in full relief, of ferns and primroses and lilies. Most of the most richly sculptured stones are also inscribed with richly fervent sentiments. I made a note of one:

Hier
ruhen die irdischen Überreste
von
WILH. DORNER
Geboren
zu Langenwinkel in Baden
Dec. 25, 1807
Gestorben
April 27, 1859
als treuer Jugendlehrer
verband er mit grossem
Lehrertalent, Freiheitsstreben, Redlichkeit
und Biedersein, Friede seiner Asche
I H S

Just below a path that divides the oldest graves from the rest of the cemetery, I came across the plot of a family named Heck. It contained three headstones, two of them placed side by side. The first of these was inscribed

Vater
KARL HECK
geb. 25 Dec., 1821
gest. 20 April, 1915

The second read

Mutter
HENRIETTE HECK
geb. GUENTHER
geb. 28 Juni 1828
gest. 1 Aug. 1901

At the bottom of each stone was inscribed "*In Leben und Tod vereint.*" But what interested me was the third stone. It was inscribed

BERTHA HECK
Born Aug. 29, 1851
Died Jan. 31, 1927
Gone but not Forgotten

It seemed to mark the end of an era. I remembered that the *Hermanner Volksblatt*, yielding to the *Advertiser-Courier*, had discontinued publication in 1928.

St. George Cemetery, the Roman Catholic cemetery of Hermann, is on a high and rolling slope on the other outskirt of town, just off Goethe Street. It is a pleasant retreat, with a long *allée* overhung with spreading cedars, and it, too, is rich in sculptured sentiment, but the grave that caught and held my attention there was a new one. It was marked by a small bronze plaque, bright and shining in a glance of sunlight. The inscription read:

FLOYD H. ELSENRAAT
A1C U.S. Air Force
Vietnam
Dec. 24, 1949
Sept. 24, 1971

Hermann (perhaps because of its European roots) is plentifully provided with places to eat. I counted (and visited) eight of them. All were crowded at lunchtime, and two or three were filled at night. They are the A & W Drive-In, at the far south end of town; Imo's Pizza, across the Frene Creek bridge; the Sausage Shoppe (sandwiches and coffee); Schulte's Bakery (doughnuts and coffee); a bar-and-grill on First Street called Mr. R's; and three Market Street restaurants—Hillebrand's, the Central Hotel Café, and the Rockhouse. The Central Hotel Café keeps farmers' hours. It opens in the morning at six o'clock and closes at six in the evening. Hillebrand's and the Rockhouse keep hours more conveniently urban, and I ate most of my meals at one or the other of them. The food of Hermann includes some contributions from the traditional Missouri kitchen (country-cured ham, batter-fried chicken, catfish, cornbread, grits), but otherwise, except for the standard American fast food available at the A & W and at Imo's Pizza, it is wholly German. (A bumper sticker I often saw around town urged "Eat More Possum," but possum was never on any menu during my stay.) I dined at Hillebrand's on my first night in Hermann, and I ordered the evening special. It was a solid, and a satisfying, introduction to the local cuisine—sauerbraten with potato pancakes, apple sauce, and sauerkraut salad. My last meal in Hermann was a home-cooked dinner at the home of the Schweighausers. Mrs. Schweighauser (née Bezold) did the cooking, and the meal she gave us (in a house built in 1846 by her great-grandmother) was an even more satisfying valediction. The entrée was bratwurst with German potato salad. The vegetable was green beans cooked with bacon. There were side dishes of apple sauce and *Schmierkäse*. The bread was home-baked *Schnitzbrot*. The dessert was *Bundkuchen*. With the main course we drank a bottle of dry red wine from the Stone Hill Winery called Virginia Seedling.

I usually had my breakfast at the Rockhouse. It was just down the street from the German Haus—past a dark house in a deep lawn, with a broken bottle and a couple of beer cans under a forsythia bush (the only litter I ever saw anywhere in Hermann), past the Twin Trails liquor store, past Gosen's Gift Shop and Sporting Goods, past Jim's Barber Shop, past a Sears, Roebuck catalogue store, past Van Kamp's Boutique—with the sidewalk roofed or awninged almost all the way. The Rockhouse occupies the ground floors of two small adjoining buildings, the older of which (1842) is built of stone (a rarity in Hermann); hence its name. It is a comfortable place, with a low, beamed ceiling and a portion of the original two-foot-thick stone walls exposed, and the day's special chalked on a slate near the door (ham hock and beans, pot roast and dumplings, Wiener schnitzel), and it was nice to be able to look at the slate at breakfast and decide whether I wanted to come back that night for dinner. And the prices, too, were right. One night I finished dinner (spareribs) and was still hungry. I ordered a chocolate sundae. The waitress brought it, and added the charge to my bill. It was sixteen cents.

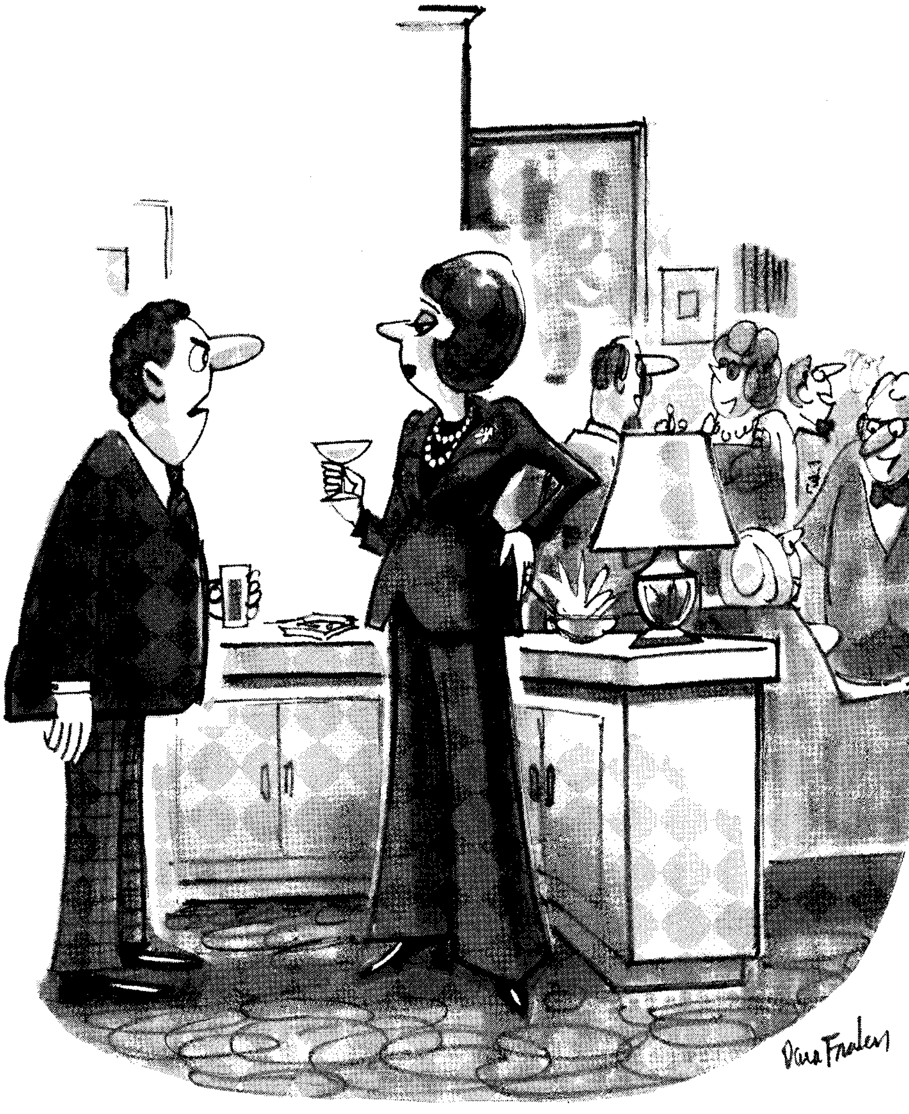
Dr. Schmidt, the optometrist, joined me for coffee at the Rockhouse one morning. "No," he said. "I don't mean that. Of course Hermann is a small town. And I hope it will stay that way. What I mean is, it isn't as small-town as it used to be. It's grown up a little bit. I remember when I first came here from Washington, Missouri, and before Mimi and I were married, I had a birthday, and Mimi baked me a cake. There was a woman down the street who used to let me practice on her piano in the evening, and when I went over that night, I took her a slice of my cake. She told me later what happened. She was working at the shoe factory then, and she packed her slice of cake in her lunchbox the next day. At lunchtime, she and her girl friend got to wondering who had baked the cake for me. My friend said maybe my mother, over in Washington. But the other woman said no. She said, 'I saw Doc when he got off the Washington bus yesterday, and he didn't have any packages with him.' ”

THERE are three real-estate firms in Hermann. One of them, whose red-white-and-blue sign I often saw around town on vacant lots and empty buildings, is the Rathert Agency Realtors. It is owned and operated by Merlin T. Rathert and his wife, Judith. Rathert is a vigorous man of fifty-two. “Exactly, my friend,” he told me. “We have a great heritage here, and it needs to be preserved. But with it we must be progressive. We can't be stymied by what is already here. I don't say tear down what we've got. I say maintain it, but plan for the future. I don't want big buildings. Anything over three or four stories is a no-no to me. What I'm saying, my friend, is we've got something here that a lot of communities would like to have. We must keep it, but we must also look ahead. People say don't change this quaint little town. I say grow, my friend. I say don't sit on your laurels.”

A day or two later, I talked to Robert Kirchhofer, the president of the First Missouri Bank. Kirchhofer is thirty-five years old, and the youngest president in the history of the bank. “I don't know the answers,” he told me. “I think I can say we want to stay small. We certainly don't want to see Hermann spread and sprawl. Take the shopping-center people. They turn up here from time to time, and they want to talk business. We always discourage them. The bank isn't interested in that kind of thing. But we have a very real problem here—a job problem. There are jobs to be had. There are offerings every week in the *Advertiser-Courier*. But they don't pay much more than unemployment compensation. It's the familiar small-town problem. How do you keep your young people? I was born and raised here. I love Hermann. I want it to stay Hermann. But I'm one of the lucky ones. I graduated from Hermann High School in 1959, and there were sixty of us in that class. I was one of five who went on to college, but only two of us came back to Hermann to stay. The other guy is a farmer. The three others couldn't find any college-graduate jobs here. There aren't even that many high-school-graduate jobs. And I say that ain't good.”

Arlie Scharnhorst, the chairman of the board, joined Kirchhofer and me. It was he whom Kirchhofer succeeded as president of the bank. “I think we can survive,” Scharnhorst told me. “I think we can keep the kind of Hermann we want. We've always had industry here—the shoe factory and one or two others. I hope we can solve the job problem without becoming really industrialized. And I hope we can avoid becoming a bedroom suburb for St. Louis. I think we can continue to stand on our own two feet. Our economy is sound. I don't know a farm in the area that's in any kind of trouble. Our people are savers. Always have been. There's a tradition here of thrift. That's one of our German virtues. These are ultra-conservative people. Especially when it comes to money. You may have heard what they say around here: 'Never bet on a sure thing unless you can afford to lose.' ”

“ONE of the Poeschels built this house in 1869,” Mrs. William Harrison told me. The Harrisons came to Hermann from Columbia, Missouri, the seat of the state university, and are one of the few non-German families in town. “He was a brother of the Poeschel who built the Stone Hill Winery, and he had some rather grand ideas. This is the only Greek Revival house in Hermann with columns of that size. We've had to completely restore it, of course. It was in the most dreadful shape when we bought it, in 1954. A moonshiner had it during Prohibition, and the people who lived here after that were too pitifully poor to keep from letting it



“Just because a person has never been mentioned in 'People' magazine, 'People,' or 'Notes on People' doesn't mean he's not people.”

run all the way down. We've tried to restore it to exactly what it was when Poeschel built it. The only real change we made, we added the fireplace in what we call the family room. Which brings up an interesting note. The Scharnhorsts, as you probably know, have the old Charles Eitzen house, which was built around 1850, and I'm sure you've noticed those beautiful white marble fireplaces. And Laura Graf, whose house was built in 1892, has that exquisite Victorian fireplace in her parlor. But our house belongs to a period somewhere in between. It was built at a time when the fireplace was considered old-fashioned, and the latest thing was the parlor stove."

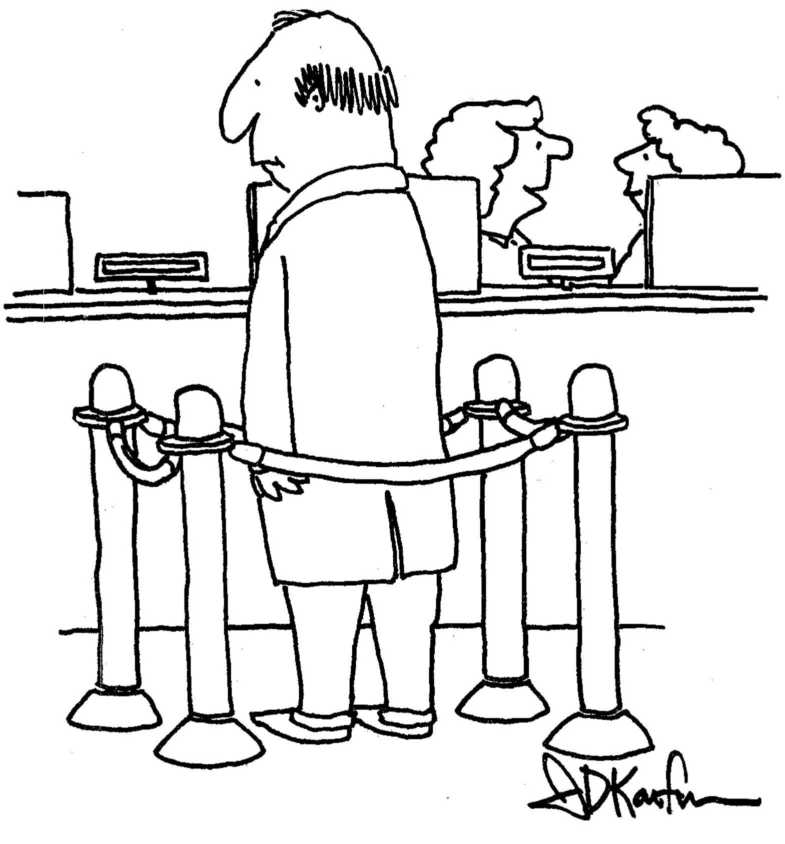
THE superintendent of schools in Hermann is a big, bald, sparkling, blue-eyed man named Ross Boeger. "I'm not a Hermannite," he told me. "I've only been here since 1973. But Hermann fits right into my background—I'm a native Missourian, and my ancestry is totally German. I admire these people. They're house-proud and they're self-disciplined and they're responsible. When we first moved here, I saw my neighbor out sweeping the street in front of his house, and I was amazed. But I soon found out that he was only doing what everybody does in Hermann. So now I do the same. Well, our pupils seem to have inherited that Old World respect for property. You won't find a mark of any kind on any wall in any rest room in any of our schools. No graffiti—none. And we don't have any locks on our lockers. We don't need them. Our people don't steal. Another thing is, the parents here believe that the school is authority, and they give the school the right to teach *and* to discipline. And this is on top of some very strict home discipline. We do a real job of teaching here, too. Our grading is rigid. I have two children who were still in school when we came to Hermann. They'd always been better-than-average students, but when they started in here they had to work harder than ever before in their lives. I'll tell you something that bugs me. We're told that the young people now can't read or do math as well as the youngsters did thirty or forty years ago. Well, I don't believe it. The difference is this: In the old days, a whole lot of young people dropped out of school very early. They were the poor students, mostly. But now they stay in school, and they naturally pull the average down. I'm really enthusiastic about this town. Did I tell you we start teaching German here in the third grade? It's not a real course at that level. It's just offered, like passing around a box of candy. The German teacher comes into the class one day a week or so, and she starts by saying something like '*Guten Tag.*' Then she tells the kids what it means, and writes the words on the board. The next week, she starts them on '*ein, zwei, drei.*' The kids can pay attention or not. But German is a real course in high school, with an average enrollment in German 1 of around thirty. Now let's move into the shadows. We have our problems here. We have the rumor of drugs. If I were to ask one of our youngsters could he get his hands on some pot this afternoon, the answer would probably be yes. If you ask me is there any in the school, the answer is no. We had a marijuana dog up here a while ago. He was paraded through the halls and past the lockers. Nothing. But by four o'clock this afternoon there'll be a lot of our young people sitting somewhere and smoking their pot. I think we have a little drinking problem, too. But not in the school—not in this building or on any school grounds. School is for schooling."

THE *Advertiser-Courier* had had a story, with pictures, headed "TOP RANKING HHS SENIORS." There were thirteen of them—twelve girls and one boy. In the hall outside Boeger's office, I recognized one of the girls. She was Mary Jo Pohlman, a pretty girl with long blond hair and a wide, confident smile. She ranked tenth in the group of thirteen, just ahead of the one boy. "Oh, I'm a feminist," she told me. "I really believe in liberation. I want a career. I'm going to study nursing. But I want to marry, too. The only thing is, I guess I'm also a little old-fashioned. I mean, I like those opened doors."

"Those what?" I said.

"You know," she said. "I like a guy to open the door for me."

I MET the Reverend Mr. Klemme, pastor of the United Church of Christ, by appointment, in his office overlooking the river. He is a tall, gray man, with an air of troubled severity. He sat with his back to the view. "I like small towns," he told me. "I feel they represent the best of America. I particularly like Hermann. I'm only sorry that the morals of the city are beginning to reach us here. We had eight pregnancies among our high-school girls last year. But I attribute that to more than moral laxity. By that I mean the problem is complex. Our economy here is very importantly to blame. There seems to be plenty of work, but the wages in all of the ordinary jobs are low. They are often so low that both husband and wife must go out to work. Moral laxity is a direct result of a lack of parental control. There is nobody at home when the children come home from school. And in the evening the parents are both too tired and don't want to be both-



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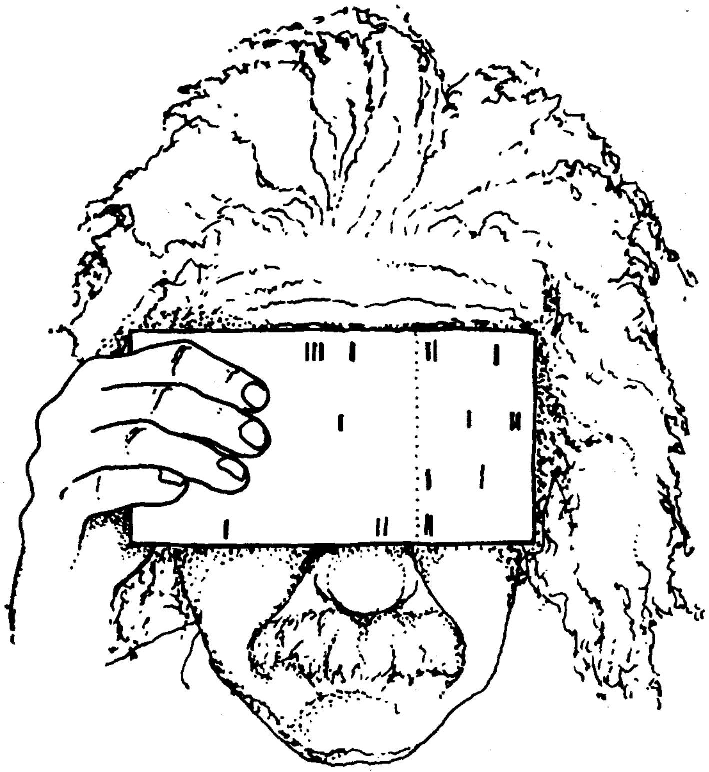
You don't have to be a nuclear physicist to understand an electric bill.



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ered. Our confirmation classes used to be obligatory. Now the parents consult the children. The *parents* consult the *children!*"

The Scharnhorsts are members of the United Church, and Mrs. Scharnhorst (née Heck) is an active volunteer there. She seemed to share some of the Reverend Mr. Klemme's concerns. "Abortion is unheard-of here," she told me. "It isn't even discussed. So the poor girls just go ahead and have their illegitimate babies. And they're only children themselves—fifteen or sixteen years old. Even fourteen! Half the time, they don't even know who the father is. But the strange thing—the thing that is so hard for my generation to understand—is this: It's no disgrace. They're not ostracized. Nobody even seems to mind. Not even when the baby turns out to be half black. Or half white. Or whatever. What worries me is when the father isn't known. Some of those babies are going to grow up and maybe marry their half brother or half sister. And never even know it."

IT is generally agreed, though often deplored, that Hermann is a growing town. For all its isolation, its limited economy, the drift away of its young people, its population increases every year. Most of the newcomers are city people—fugitives, for the most part, from St. Louis. Most of them also seem to have arrived by chance and to have settled down on impulse. "It's really almost eerie," Mrs. Bessie Moore, my landlady at the German Haus, told me one afternoon over coffee and a slice of crumb cake still warm from the oven. "People come through here, and something seems to happen, and they decide to stay. I can't explain it. Van and I were born and raised in St. Louis, and we had a successful printing business. I suppose we were getting a little restless. I suppose it's those big-city blues. Anyway, we were out driving through the country one weekend, and we turned off the Interstate at New Florence and wandered along and came over the bridge, and there we were in Hermann. I don't think I'd ever even heard of Hermann. But halfway down Market Street I had this feeling. It felt like an electric charge. I said to Van, 'Here it is—I've finally made it home!' I said, 'Nothing but good can happen to us here.' "

"I'D call it an accident," Ken Boyer, the former Cardinals star, told me. "I sure didn't plan it that way. Porter Tumy, who has that big farm across the river, brought me down to Hermann in the fall of 1961 for some quail shooting, and I liked it here. I thought it was a real fine place. I still do. It has something. I mean besides the shooting. Because there isn't a whole lot of quail shooting left. Too much cow and plow."

THE newest newcomers to Hermann whom I got to know were a couple named Tucker—Frank and Phyllis Tucker. Both are in their forties. Tucker is a teacher by profession. Before coming to Hermann, he taught for fifteen years in a suburban St. Louis high school. He works now as a housepainter and paperhanger. His wife is an artist. "We've been here just over a year," she told me. "We had made up our minds to leave St. Louis, and we had heard about this farm near Gerald, down in Franklin County, and we got on the wrong road and ended up here in Hermann. We'd been here before, for a Maifest, and the only impression we had of Hermann was a lot of people rushing around. But this was a beautiful spring day. We really saw the town. And we decided we'd like to see more, so we checked into the German Haus. Then we went out to look around. We came down Third Street and saw this house with Merlin Rathert's sign out front, and we liked everything about it—the lovely block, the lovely pink brick, and the way it's built close to the street, so there's plenty of room in back for a big garden. Frank said, 'Let's not think about it—let's just do it.' So we bought it. I don't know exactly when it was built, but we have a copy of the original abstract for the land. It was a federal grant to a man named Hensley in 1832, and Mr. Bayer, the Gesellschaft agent, bought it from Hensley in 1837. That kind of continuity pleases me. We bought the house from the estate of an old man named Henry Bohl. Mr. Bohl died a few years ago from a stomach obstruction. The obstruction turned out to be a mass of wood splinters. Mr. Bohl was one of those men who are always chewing on a toothpick. There's a story that he had thirty thousand dollars in cash hidden somewhere in this house. We keep hoping, but we haven't found it yet."

"We could use it," Tucker said. "But the important thing is just being here in this wonderful, friendly town. Phyllis didn't mention why we wanted to leave St. Louis. The high school where I taught was a joy when I first started there. Then something began to change. The community began to go down. We began to get a whole new kind of student. Nobody seemed to want to learn. I'd look at those sullen, resentful faces. It got so I was spending half of every hour on discipline. We had security guards patrolling the halls. And this was a community that had once been the flower of St. Louis County. I went on teaching the way I'd always taught, and when the first set of grades came out last year, there was an uproar. I had failed fifty-two per cent of my classes. The uproar came from the students. The principal just sat in his office, trying to hang on till retirement. My classes were impossible. There was always some kid jumping up and threatening he was going to get me. I never actually had a knife pulled on me, but the knives were there. I'll tell you something. If you've never had a girl stand up in class and cuss you out in language so vile you've hardly even heard a man use it—well, if you haven't had that experience, you can't imagine what it does to your insides. I'd go home at night and I wouldn't know whether to cry or get drunk. I decided I didn't have to stay there anymore. And nobody asked me to stay. None of the administrators cared. They thought I was crazy. Quality education isn't the point anymore. The point is fill a slot and keep order. I'm not worried about making a living. I might try teaching again, here in Hermann. It's a whole different system. But I've always been handy with my hands. And I'm beginning to get a reputation for good, honest workmanship. I feel I've saved my soul."

"There's something *Frank* didn't mention," Mrs. Tucker said. "He's probably the only paperhanger or housepainter in Gasconade County with a master's degree in education."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

• •

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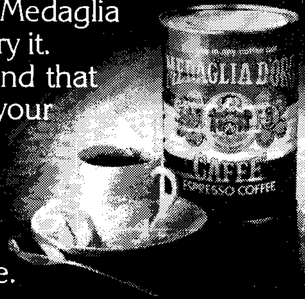

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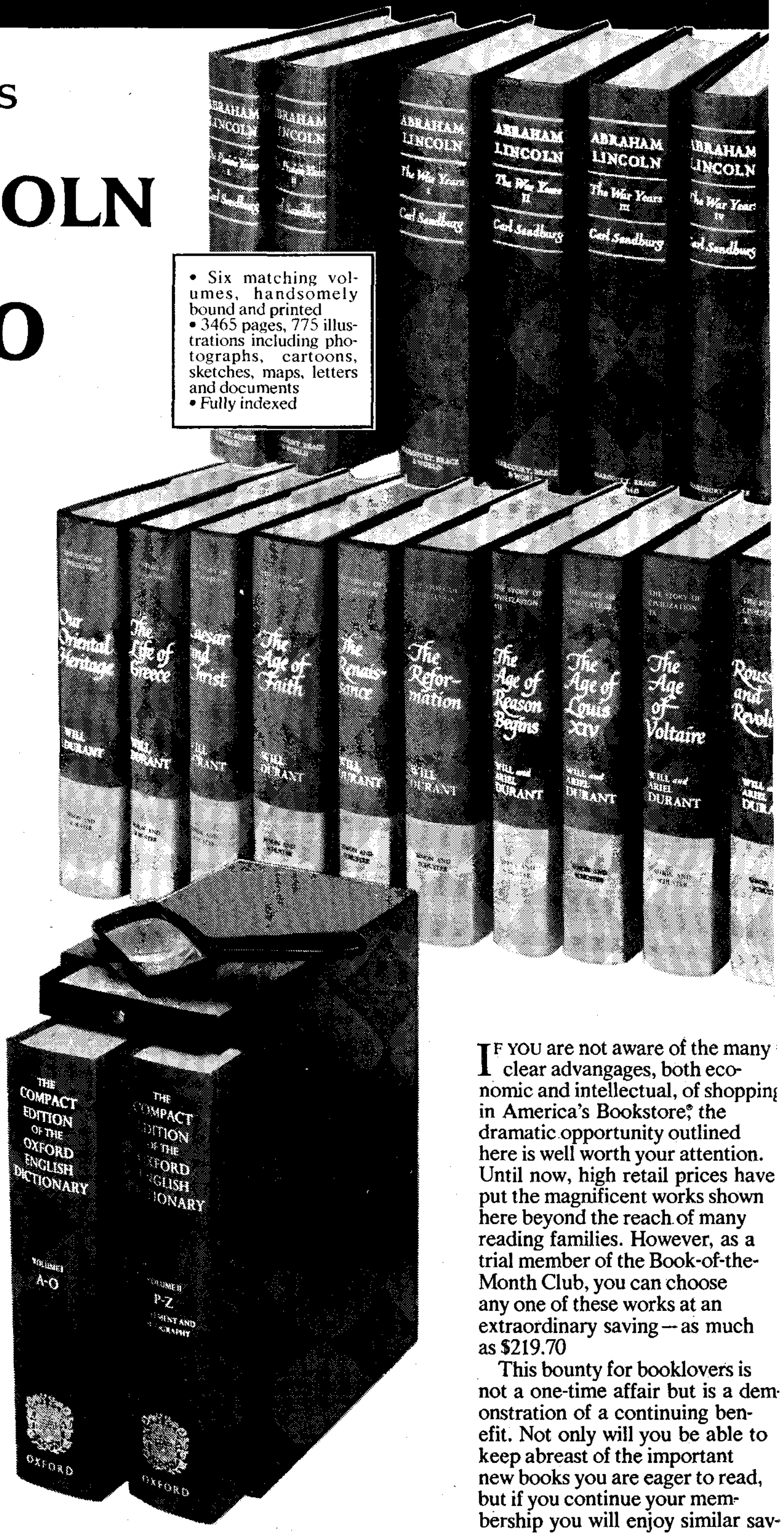

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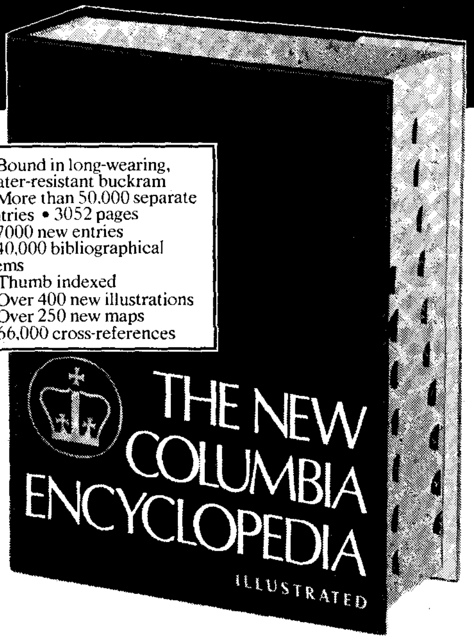

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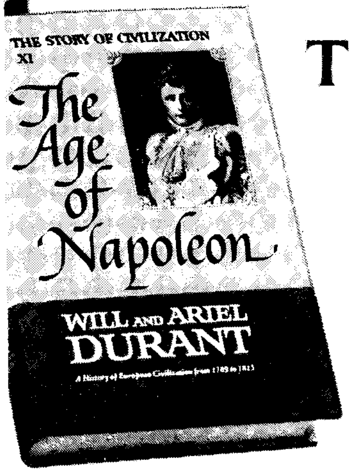
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THE THEATRE

NO NEWS FROM LAKE MICHIGAN

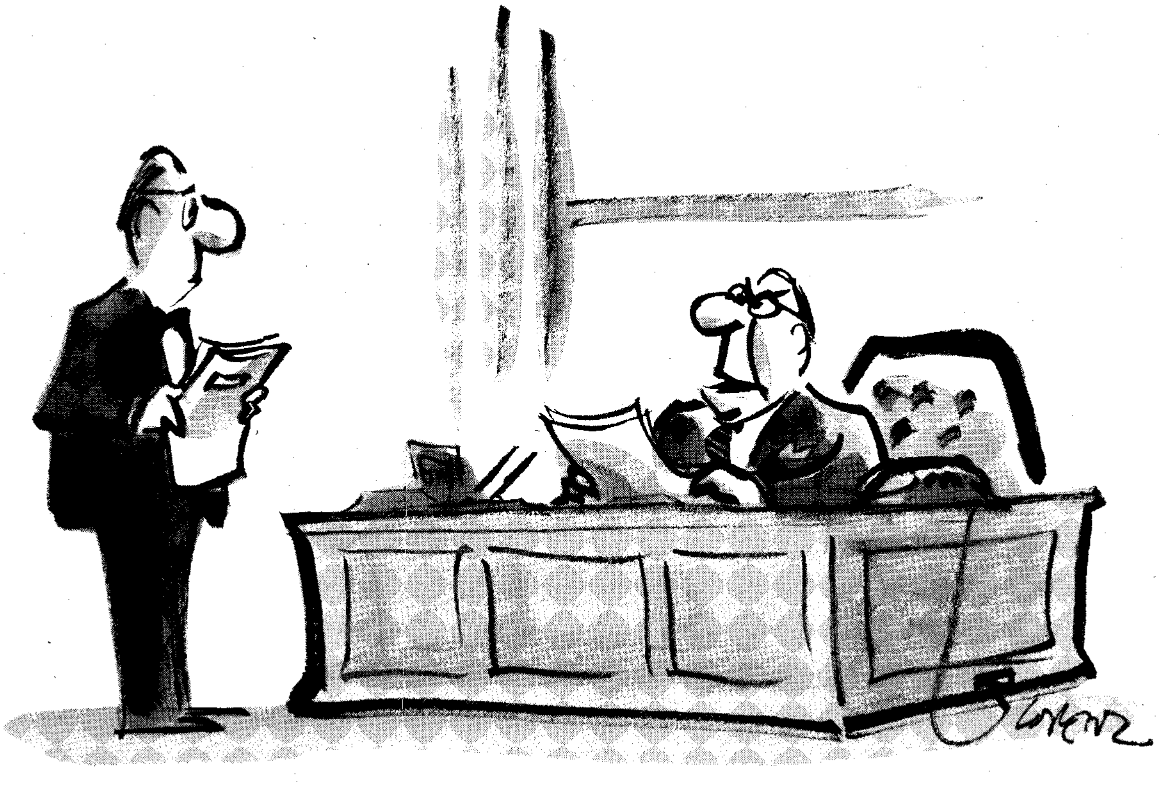
THE mood in which I attend a theatre opening is not unlike that of a child hastening to open the largest of the brightly colored boxes bearing his name under the tree on Christmas morning, and I was in an especially optimistic frame of mind as I made my way, one evening last week, to the première, at the Ethel Barrymore, of David Mamet's new play, "American Buffalo." I had been delighted by Mr. Mamet's earlier work, "Sexual Perversity in Chicago" (still playing at the Cherry Lane), which consists of a series of loosely linked and almost always raunchy blackout skits about the feints of accommodation by which young people come to know each other, and even, with luck, find themselves feeling some reciprocal affection. Here, thought I, is a young man—Mr. Mamet is twenty-nine—fresh from the fabled Second City and bringing to us its authentic voice of coarsely uttered hope and satiric protest. I assumed that once Mr. Mamet had mastered the art of making his skits accumulate into a true play, we would be in for an exceptional treat.

Alas, "American Buffalo" is so far from being a treat that my disappointment may have led me to dislike it more than it deserves. (The brightly colored box proves to contain not an electric train but a bathrobe.) It is a curiously offensive piece of writing, less because of the language of which it is composed—every third word is either scatological or obscene: street language attempting in vain to perform the office of eloquence, as it does in so many black plays—than because it is presumptuous. The playwright, having dared to ask for our attention, provides only the most meagre crumbs of nourishment for our minds. Three characters of low intelligence and alley-cat morals exchange tiresome small talk for a couple of hours, and the play stumbles to a halt in a monosyllabic colloquy intended to convey the message that life, rotten as it is, is all we have. Well, yes; no news there. And no news even on the level of information, for the characters onstage appear to know no more about their squalid means of survival—burglary, cheating at cards, and the like—than we in the audience have long since learned from reading the papers and watching TV.

Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall play with more feeling than I would have thought possible the three sleazy misfits whose hapless lives, at once empty and vicious, we have been invited to share. The place we share it in is a junk shop, designed by Santo Loquasto in the vein of Julia Trevelyan Oman's memorable setting for Aubrey's "Brief Lives." The lighting has been designed by Jules Fisher, and the direction, which is of a calculated monotony, is by Ulu Grosbard.

THE new production of Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," at the Vivian Beaumont, is the most beautiful I've ever seen, thanks to the settings and costumes designed by Santo Loquasto. Few of his colleagues can have designed shows that, opening on successive nights on Broadway, have displayed so wide a range of imaginative power: a disgusting twentieth-century junk shop for "American Buffalo" and a lyrical evocation of the nineteenth-century Russian countryside for "The Cherry Orchard." The play is well worth seeing for Mr. Loquasto's inspired handiwork alone; it is also worth seeing for its superb cast, which I take pleasure in listing at length, with wreaths of green laurel figuratively scattered among their names instead of commas: Irene Worth, George Voskovec, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, Max Wright, Michael Cristofer, Dwight Marfield, Marybeth Hurt, Priscilla Smith, Cathryn Damon, C.K. Alexander, and Ben Masters. The director, Andrei Serban, has woven these splendid actors and actresses into a tender and ardent company; they seem truly to be inhabitants of the same time and place, buffeted—and in some cases exhilarated—by the same rude winds of change.

So far, I have been all praise, and I have praise, too, for the welcomely colloquial new English translation of the play that has been prepared by Jean-Claude van Itallie. What I find fault with in this production is



"Confound it, Hawkins, when I said I meant that literally, that was just a figure of speech."

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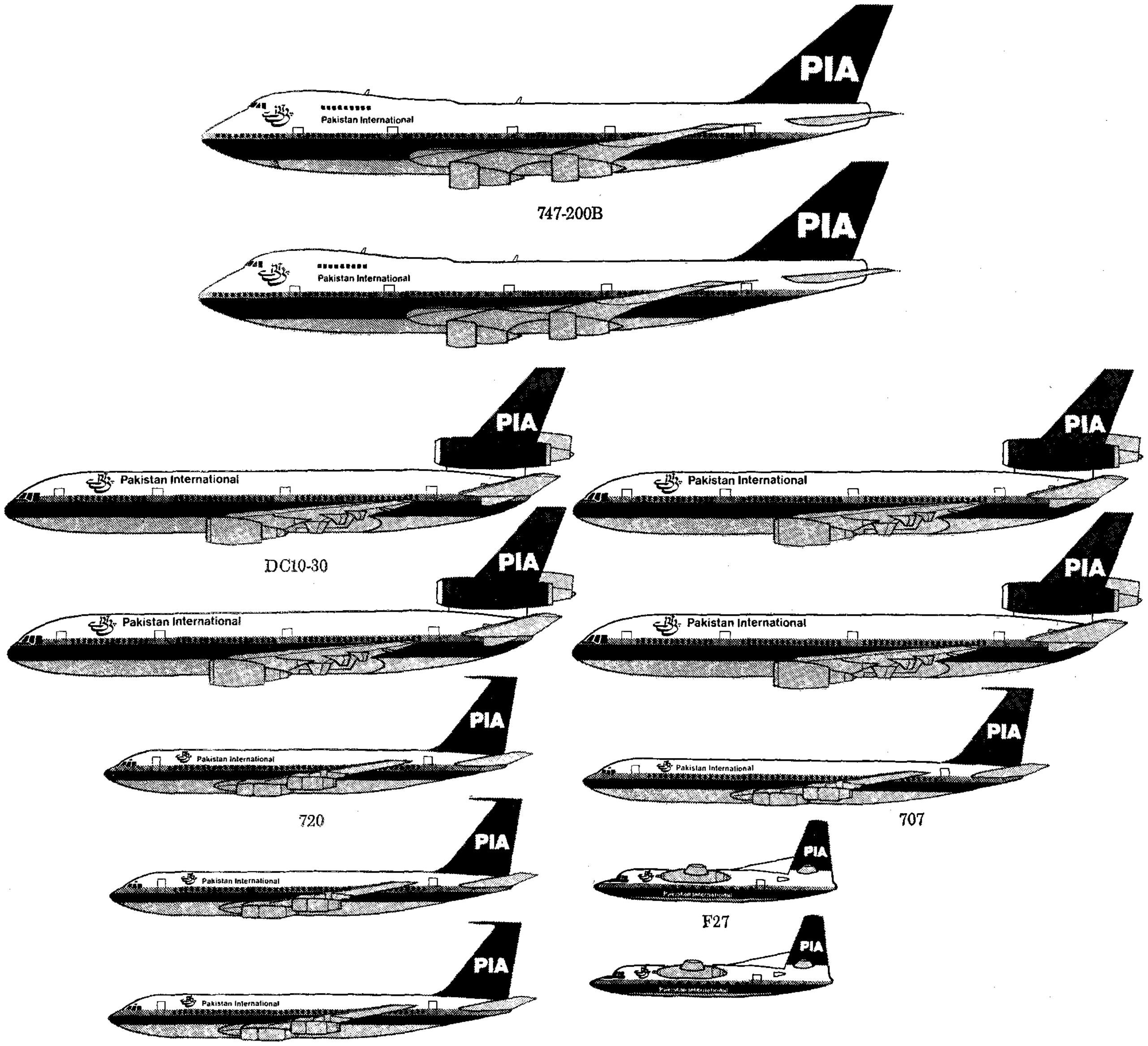

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Mr. Serban's willful, anti-Chekhovian view of how the play is to be staged. During the rehearsals of the first production of the play, Chekhov urged that it be treated "almost" as a farce, but Mr. Serban has staged it *often* as a farce, which is a very different thing. To our dismay, we see Dunyasha, the amorous, "sensitive" maid, somersaulting voluptuously over the valet she is in pursuit of, doing a partial striptease, tripping over her discarded undergarments, and finally tackling the valet and hurling him full length on the ground, as if they were on a football field and it were fourth down and goal to go. That, shall we say, is not Chekhov. Neither is it Chekhov to have the characters address their great lines to us in the audience from the very apron of the stage while the rest of the company remains frozen, unhearing, behind them; the comic and yet heartbreaking point that Chekhov makes is that these lines are being uttered in intimate domestic circumstances, to relatives and friends, and nobody listens to them. Moreover, Chekhov's characters in "The Cherry Orchard," as in so many of his plays and stories, are possessed by their possessions; the very walls, floors, and windows of their houses are precious to them. So Mr. Serban perversely encouraged Mr. Loquasto to remove all the walls, floors, and windows; Irene Worth must make her touching farewell to a house that doesn't exist—that is only a mass of dreamlike white muslin hanging in space. If Mr. Serban is wanton in removing so much that Chekhov has cunningly inserted, he is also, on occasion, gratuitously vulgar: the second act opens with a vast, structurally phony plow being dragged across the rear of the stage like a lost prop out of "Mother Courage;" at the last curtain, a vast factory building glooms against a scrim and a child comes in to kneel with a flowering cherry branch in her arms. These are touches that no doubt please Mr. Serban, as placing his stamp upon the play. The fact is that the play doesn't need his, or any other man's, stamp. It is all simply and sublimely *there*, and not to be tampered with.

—Brendan Gill

•

If there is a handyman
around the house he can build
a deacon's bench for the porch
—perhaps out of an antique
bedspread. This says welcome,
is useful and decorative.
—*Detroit Sunday News.*

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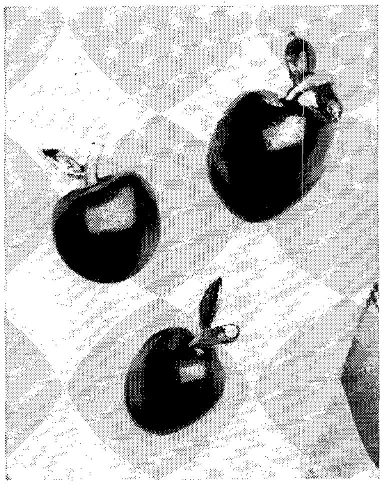

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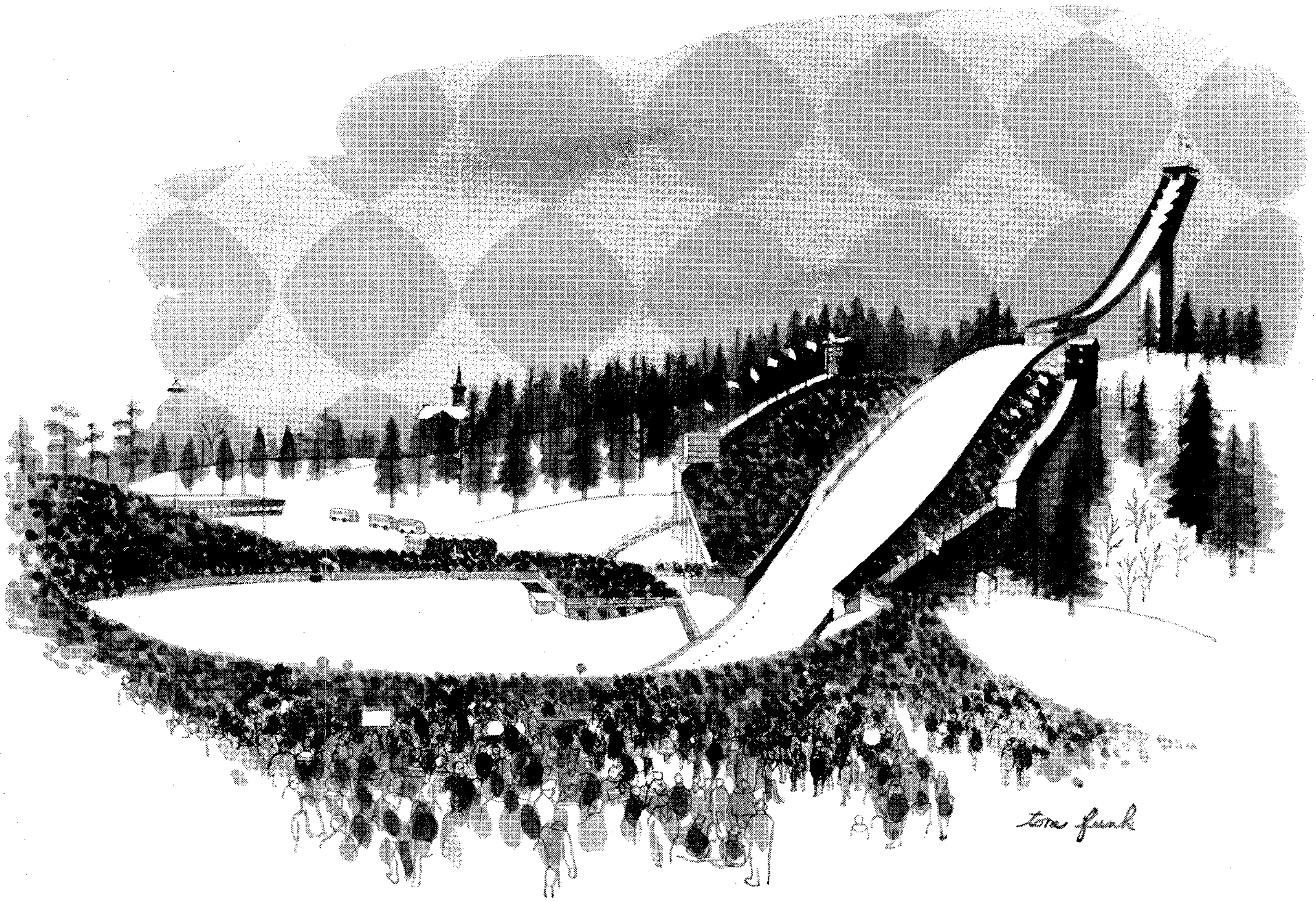
ON HOLMENKOLLEN HILL



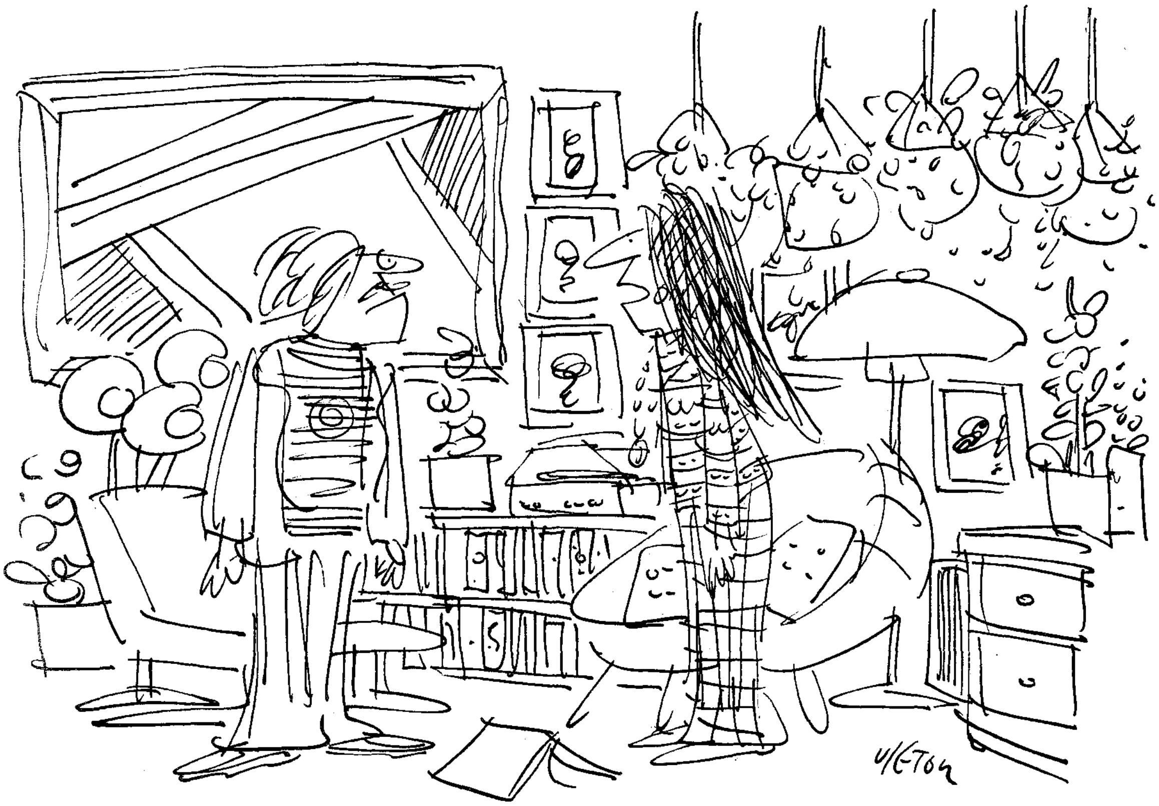
EVER since 1936, when slalom- and downhill-skiing races were added to the then rather modest program of the Winter Olympic Games, the central European nations—Austria, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy—have come to be thought of by most sportsmen the world over as the traditional home of skiing and of winter sports in general. And, more or less as a corollary, it has been almost totally forgotten that skiing was a part of the life of the Scandinavian peoples far back into prehistory, thousands of years before it gained prominence in central Europe. Indeed, when the Winter Olympics were instituted, in 1924, Norway, the true cradle of skiing, held such a monopoly that its representatives not only won all four individual skiing events on the calendar—the eighteen-kilometre cross-country race, the fifty-kilometre cross-country race, the fifty-metre jump, and the Nordic Combined, which is a composite of jumping and cross-country—but swept the second and third places as well in the last three events. Norway did not quite monopolize the 1928 Winter Games, for a Swedish cross-country expert took the fifty-kilometre race, but Norwegians finished first and second in the three other competitions. From the mid-thirties on, however, largely because of the worldwide boom in skiing, no one country has been able even to approach the colossal superiority that the Norwegians held in the twenties. Everything seems to go in cycles, and there is no knowing which countries will produce the new champions. After all, a Spaniard won the men's slalom in the 1972 Olympics, and insiders have been saying for years that the future of ski jumping may well belong to the Japanese.

There is, however, one day each winter when sports enthusiasts are reminded that, historically, Norway's role in skiing is primary, just as Scotland's is in golf, Canada's is in ice hockey, and our own is in basketball. This is usually the second Sunday in March. Six miles northwest of Oslo, the capital of Norway, stands the Holmenkollen ski jump, the most famous in the world, looming high over the city, on Holmenkollen Hill. From 1892 on, the top jumpers have gathered there on that Sunday, often with close to a hundred thousand people in attendance. Holmenkollen Day has, in fact, come to be accepted by Norwegians as a national holiday second in importance only to Constitution Day—May 17th, when the adoption of the national constitution, in 1814, is commemorated. Down through the years, Holmenkollen Day has expanded in two directions. Once limited to a jump for juniors (eighteen to twenty years old) and a Nordic Combined event, it has grown into a six-day ski festival that takes in two weekends and now offers cross-country races of various lengths for women and juniors as well as for the top male skiers; a five-kilometre race for Nordic Parliamentarians (members of the Norwegian Storting and of the national legislative bodies of Denmark, Iceland, Sweden, and Finland); a Nordic Combined event, of course; a day specifically for children, on the Sunday before Holmenkollen Day; and a forty-two-kilometre ski march, in which thousands participate, on the morning of Holmenkollen Day, before the climactic ninety-metre jump—officially, it is called the Special Jump—gets under way on the dramatic hill, where the gleaming superstructure of white concrete at the summit stands thirteen hundred and fifty feet above the Oslo Fjord. This brings us to the second way in which the Holmenkollen competitions have grown. Until 1903, though there was no regulation barring foreigners, none participated, but that year there were forty-two Swedish entries in three events. Shortly afterward, the leading skiers from France, Germany, Switzerland, the United States, Austria, and Finland began to appear. In 1922, the breakthrough finally came: a foreigner won at Holmenkollen—Anton Collin, of Finland, took the fifty-kilometre race. In 1939, the Holmenkollen Jump went to Sven Selånger, of Sweden. Not until 1947, however, did the Nordic Combined go to a non-Norwegian—Sven Israelsson, of Sweden. In 1968, John Bower scored the only victory by an American at Holmenkollen, when he was the surprise winner of the Nordic Combined. It should be remarked that, while Norwegian purists still hold that the Nordic Combined determines the most skillful skier, since he must not only be an accomplished jumper but also be able to handle the problems of a formidable cross-country trail, there is no doubt at all that for the large majority the Holmenkollen Jump is *the* event. Here it should also be noted that, in order to prevent the local jumpers from having an advantage over rivals coming from foreign lands, the jump itself is open only four days a year—Holmenkollen Day and the preceding Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, when the juniors' event and the jumping half of the Nordic Combined are held, and when the contestants in the Holmenkollen Jump are permitted to get in some practice.

THERE are occasions when a man's timing can be pretty badly off. Mine certainly was on my first trip to Norway, eighteen years ago, for I visited Oslo in September, and, while I was duly impressed by the size and the steepness of the jump on Holmenkollen Hill, its grassy slope handsomely set off by a backdrop of dark-green spruce, seeing it then was sort of like visiting the English Lake Country during a severe drought. I kept trying to get back to Norway when conditions were more suitable for appreciating Holmenkollen Hill, and this past year I finally made it. I arrived a week before Holmenkollen Day, which gave me the opportunity not only to take in some of the subsidiary skiing events but to savor the atmosphere of the extensive and largely untouched countryside known as Oslomarka which edges into the capital.

In 1939, in preparation for holding the 1940 world championships, which were cancelled when war broke out, a forty-metre tower had been constructed on Holmenkollen Hill to lengthen the jump. Then in 1951, the summer before the 1952 Winter Olympics were held in Oslo, there was an addition: at a point just beyond the takeoff, a restaurant and a ski museum were built, directly under the top of the concrete structure that constitutes the beginning of the landing slope. On the Monday before Holmenkollen Day, I met the museum's director, Jakob Vaage, who is the leading Norwegian skiing historian, and he was kind enough to show me around. Like most Norwegians, Vaage, a spry, unwrinkled man, who jumped in the Holmenkollen meet in 1924 and 1925, looks a good ten years younger than his age, which is seventy-two. Until five years ago, when he retired from the school system, he had been a biology and mathematics teacher, and directing the museum was merely a sideline. Now he could devote all his time to his first love, and on succeeding days he helped me fill some gaps in my knowledge of skiing.

As a person with a limited background in skiing and none whatever in cross-country skiing, which has come on very strong in the United States in the past decade, I had made it a point before going to Norway to learn something about the sport. John Armstrong, a New York consulting engineer who was one of the cross-country experts I had sought out, told me that the man chiefly responsible for this boom, particularly at the racing level, is John Caldwell, a math teacher at the Putney School, in Vermont, who in 1964 wrote the first American book devoted exclusively to cross-country, and who served as the coach of our national team from 1965 through 1972. "As Caldwell makes clear, the wonderful thing about cross-country is that nearly anyone can do it and enjoy it," Armstrong said. "Nevertheless, once you get into it, there's a lot more to it than just walking on skis. In truth, I don't know of a tougher, more punishing sport than a long cross-country race. So I was amazed when that young Vermonter, Bill Koch, finished second in the thirty-kilometre race in the recent Olympics. An absolutely thrilling performance!" At the end of our talk, I asked Armstrong if it was possible to sum up in



"It's very simple, Eric. Your schema is not my schema. In fact, your schema is beneath contempt."

a few words the qualities demanded of a top-class cross-country skier. He thought for a few moments and then said crisply, "One-third physical condition. One-third technique. And one-third waxing. Learning to select the right wax or combination of waxes for your skis to suit the conditions on any given day—why, that's a career in itself."

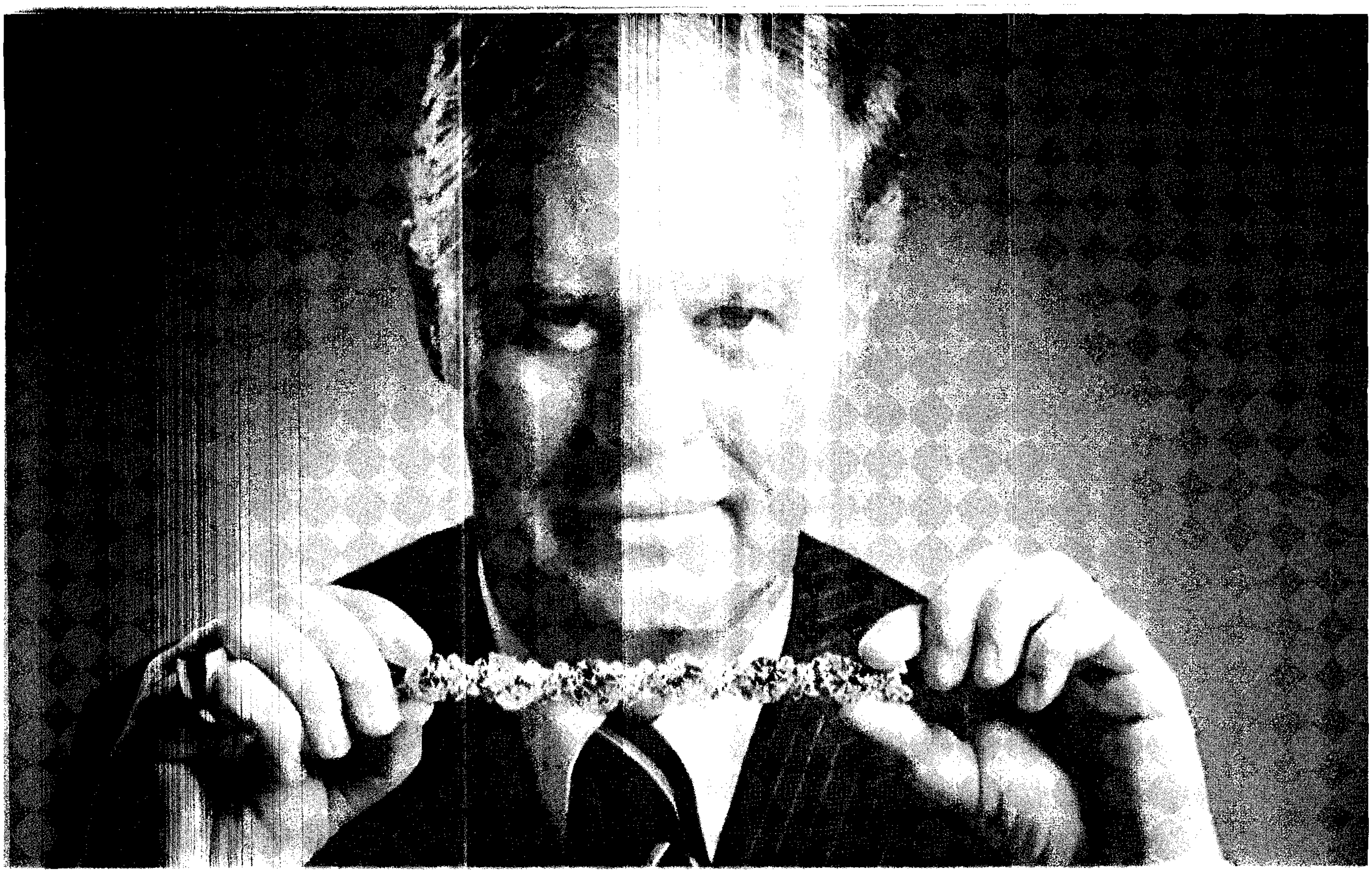
An old friend of Armstrong's, Kjell Torbakken, is a partner in an export-import business in Oslo, and one day I went to call on him in his office, close by the fjord. Torbakken, a man of prodigious energy, has deals going in every corner of the globe—for instance, he has an agent in Mindanao collecting special woods for him—and when he goes fishing in western Norway in the summer, he flies his own plane to the Stryn River, some two hundred miles northwest of Oslo, and then skis over the glacial snow to the part of the stream he prefers. He knows skiing thoroughly, and he left no doubt whatever that, as he saw it, the skiing scene in general in Norway was in far healthier shape in the old days, when it was the ambition of the promising young men to excel in the Nordic Combined—to be competent both as cross-country racers and as jumpers. "After 1952 or '53, interest in the Nordic Combined gradually seemed to fall off, and we entered the age of specialization—either you jumped or you did cross-country," he said. "Look where the world of jumping is today! Everyone in Europe is building bigger and better hills, so that the jumpers will be able to go farther and farther. In some countries, they have even constructed plastic hills to enable their stars to practice during the summer months. In my opinion, this mania for distance has been brought about by the media and the spectators. They want to see a record broken at every competition. It's ridiculous. Where do we stop? Here in Norway today, I'd guess that eighty per cent of our serious young skiers want to be jumpers. Cross-country—that's for the old folks and a few strong-minded individuals."

OSLO, a city of four hundred and sixty-seven thousand, is not the most attractive of the Scandinavian capitals. Copenhagen is much gayer and more "continental," and Stockholm possesses a kind of solemn stateliness. But Oslo has something singular and important going for it: No other city of its size in the world is as close to such vast recreational grounds. On three sides, it merges into the rolling and wooded countryside of Oslomarka, which occupies approximately three hundred square miles. Oslomarka is threaded with twelve hundred miles of ski trails, a hundred miles of them floodlit. On Tuesday evening, I went out with Mrs. Else-Marie Dethloff, of the Norway Travel Association, for a look at some of the trails in the vicinity of the Holmenkollen jump, and, as a pale-silver moon rose behind a cluster of birch trees, watched with great pleasure as a procession of men and women skiers swept by. They all wore the accepted Nordic cross-country skiing outfit: light, low-cut boots; long, over-the-knee stockings, with a pair of regular socks over them; dark-blue poplin ski knickers; a bright woollen sweater under a parka; wool mittens; and a warm hat that protected the ears.

The organization that built and maintains the superb network of trails in Oslomarka is the Association for the Promotion of Skiing, the same group that puts on the Holmenkollen Festival. The association's annual membership fee is forty-five kroner—about eight and a half dollars—which is one of the best buys I have heard of in some time. For more adventurous cross-country skiers, the ski tourists, there is an equally outstanding organization: the Norwegian Mountain Touring Association, over a century old, which has established throughout the high country a large number of lodges, chalets, and self-service cabins, many of them in the cold, desolate north, where Norwegians love to go on their holidays. As I understand it, on arriving at one of the association's self-service cabins a ski tourist finds a bed, wood, food, and utensils provided for him. Before he leaves the next day, he consults a list of prices on the wall, which tells him what he owes—it usually comes to around seven and a half dollars—and when he has deposited that amount in a box near the door he collects his skis and resumes his journey. This is Norway at its most Norwegian, and at its best.

The various cross-country races that are part of the annual ski festival start at the foot of Holmenkollen Hill and, after winding through the ridged forestland, also finish at the foot of the hill, which is where the bulk of the spectators congregate. On Thursday, as some of the cross-country races got under way, I went out to the hill, and there Jakob Vaage took me in hand. If I had been left to my own devices, I wouldn't have had the foggiest notion where to position myself to watch the two main events—the women's five-kilometre race and the men's fifteen-kilometre—but Vaage had the day's schedule nicely worked out. For the women's competition, he led an old friend of his, Fritz Huitfeldt, and me to a spot about three kilometres along the trail, where, despite a sizable number of spectators lining that stretch of the course, we had a clear look at the field as it came churning around a bend among the spruces and hustled up a mild hill. After a short break for lunch (Huitfeldt cooked up some delicious Norwegian hamburgers in a log cabin nearby, called Ull's Hut, which serves as the headquarters for an old-timers' club called Skiklubben Ull, after Ull, the Norse god of skiing), Vaage led us back to that same spot to catch a glimpse of the men's fifteen-kilometre, and then, moving quickly, maneuvered us through the crowds to a fine vantage point three kilometres from the finish, where we were able to observe racers double-poling down a flattish slope and then clambering up a long hillside, using the basic cross-country diagonal stride, in which, as the left leg, say, slides forward, with plenty of knee drive, the right hand supplements this with a strong thrust of its pole.

Some of the same people who champion cross-country as the ideal participant sport grant that as a spectator sport it is almost as dull as yachting. There is something to that. To begin with, it is difficult on these courses in Oslomarka to find a spot where you can take in more than a hundred and fifty yards of action before the racers vanish again into the trees or beyond the crest of a hill. Furthermore, since a staggered start is employed—Racer No. 16 starts thirty seconds after No. 15 and thirty seconds before No. 17—it takes a little work to find out what is happening and which racers have a chance of winning—completing the course in the shortest time. You can get some idea of who is faring well by



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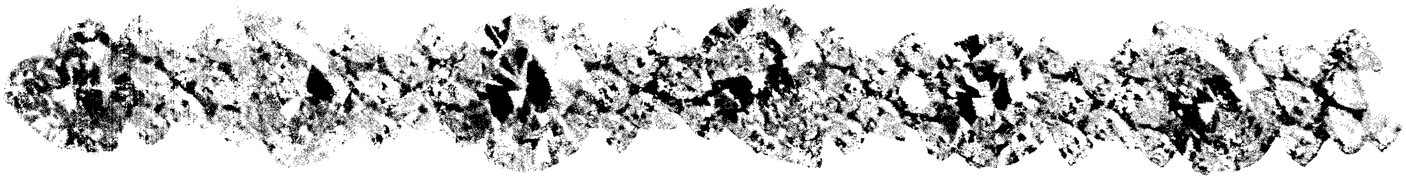

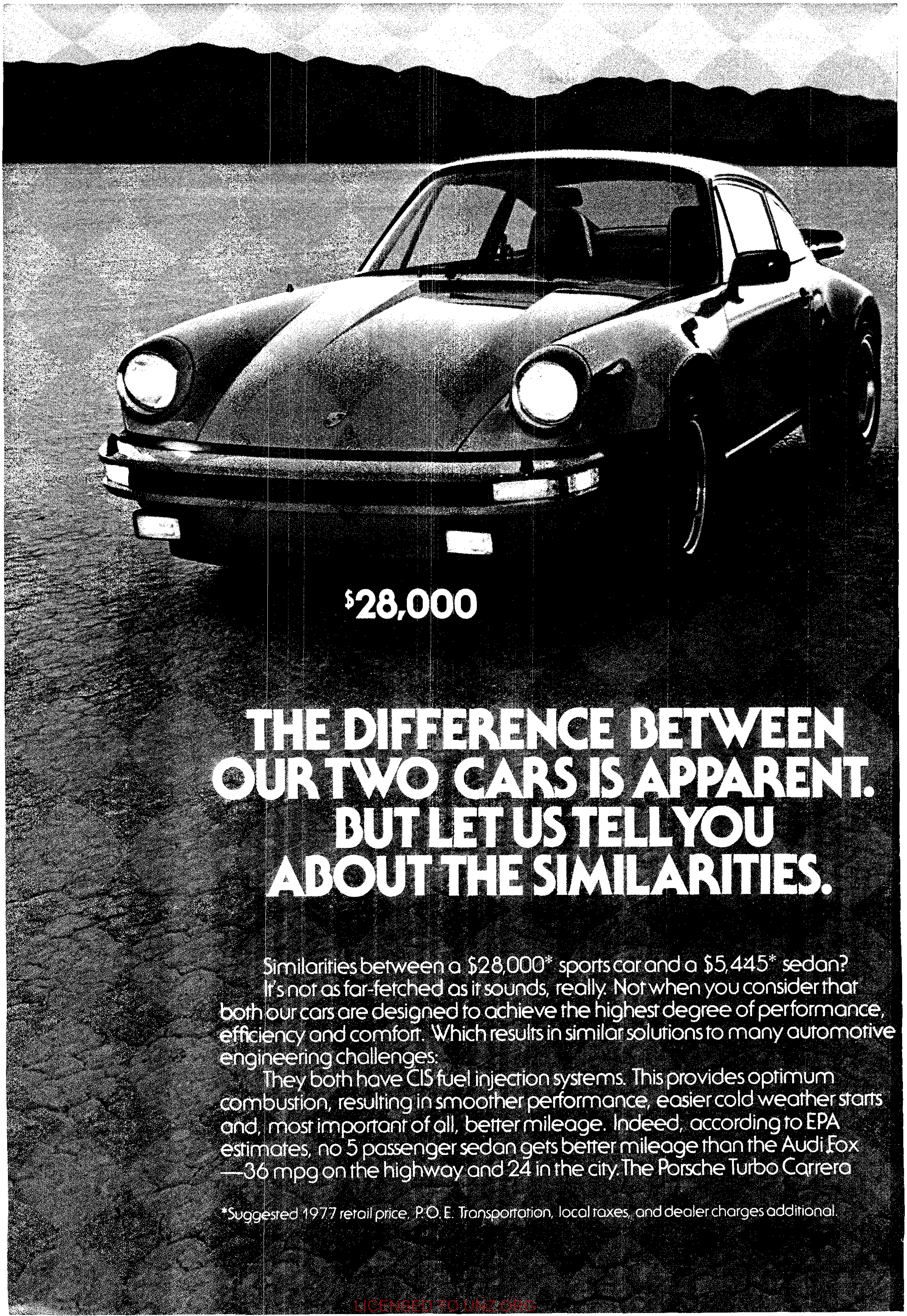

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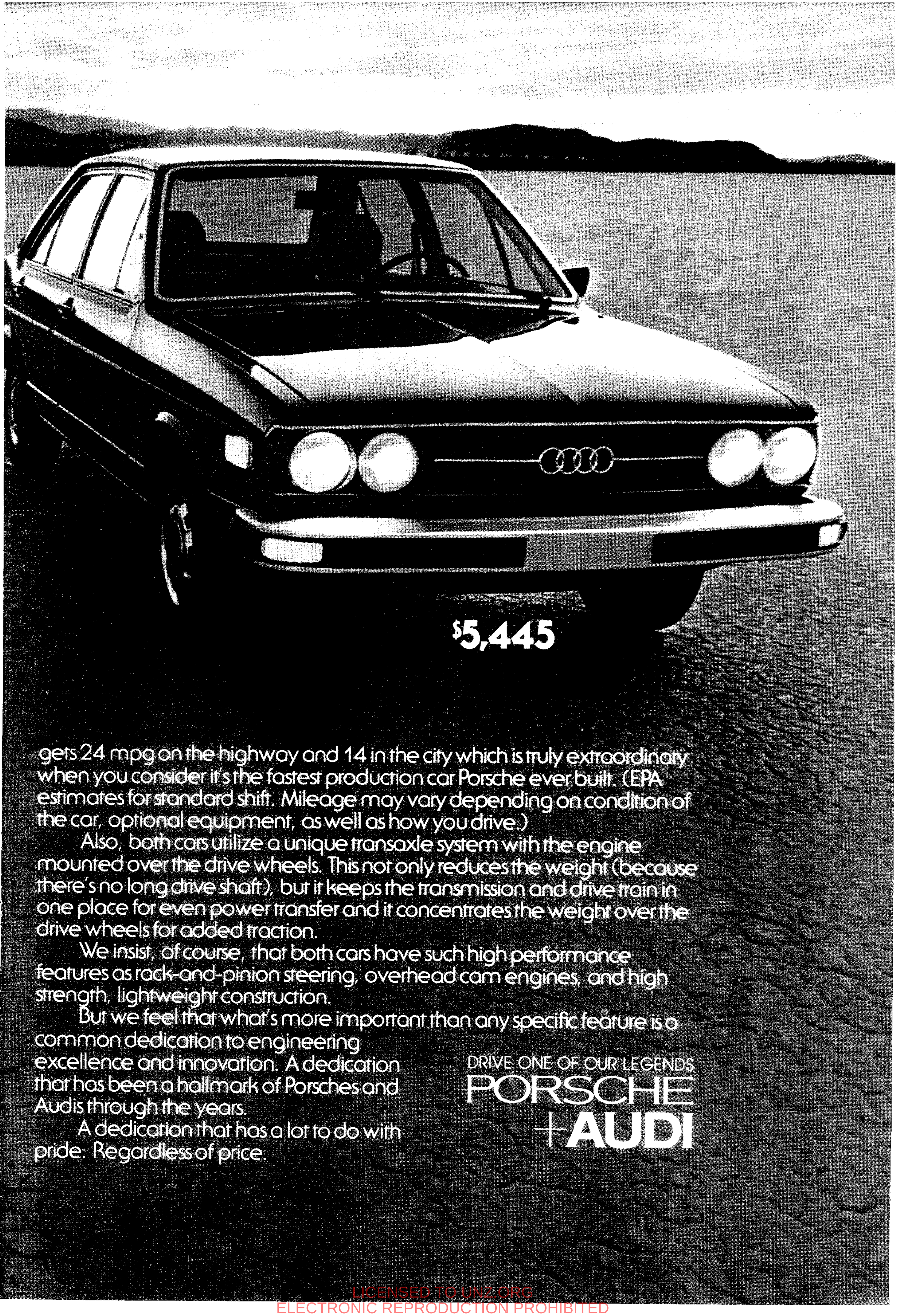

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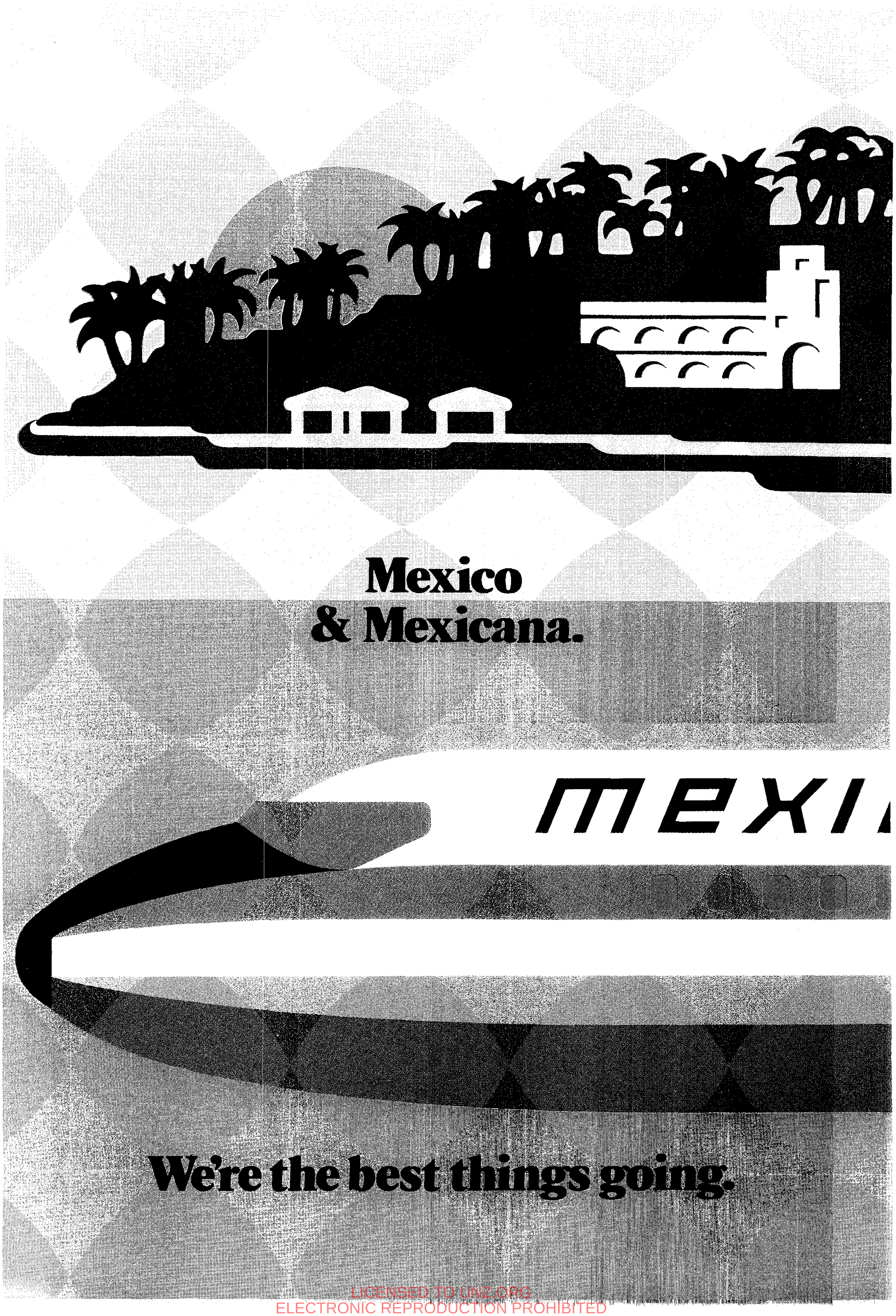
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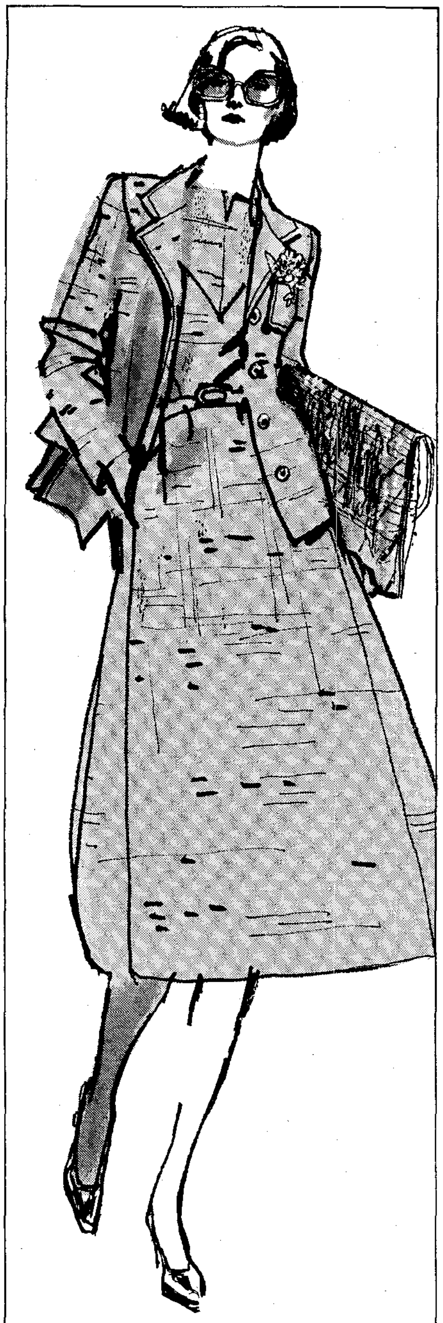
checking the numbers on the contestants' backs as they hurry by. For example, if Nos. 23 and 24 are followed by No. 32 before No. 25 comes into sight, then you know that No. 32 has a fine race going. The best means of keeping informed is to carry a pocket transistor radio. Along the course, observers are posted who report regularly to headquarters by walkie-talkie, and there an anchorman collates the data, à la John Chancellor, for his audience. There was very little for the Norwegian fans to cheer about on this occasion. In the five-kilometre race, three Finnish girls in vivid-blue racing suits finished first, second, and third, followed by two Swedish girls. In the fifteen-kilometre, the Finns took the first two places. I gathered that in both races the Finns had led practically all the way.

The brightest moment of the day for me took place relatively early, when we were watching the women's race. At a moment when nothing much was happening, Vaage suddenly cried out, "Will Koch!" in the general direction of a pleasant-looking young man who was standing by himself at the edge of the trail. "You are Will Koch, yes?" Vaage continued spiritedly. When the young man came over and admitted with a little smile that he was indeed Koch, Vaage told him, "You were magnificent in the Olympics. An unforgettable performance! I hope you will be skiing here." Koch replied that he wouldn't be, explaining that he had been bothered by a bronchial condition for several weeks and was going to Lillehammer, farther north, to rest up. "I understand," said Vaage. "Tell me, Will Koch," he continued, "what will you do this summer?" Koch broke into a wide grin. "Train and train and then train some more," he replied. "What else?"

The following day, Friday, contestants from Denmark, Finland, and Sweden as well as from Norway were on hand for the Parliamentarians' Race. Most of the entrants regard the five-kilometre test as an enjoyable change of pace, an outing, but they still want to make a respectable showing. As Mrs. Dethloff, who was accompanying me this day, remarked, with a shrewd wink, "It never hurts in Scandinavia to show people that you are not bad on skis." When we arrived, a half hour before the start of the race, we found most of the contestants earnestly at work warming up their skis with propane-gas torches and then applying a klister wax (for the icy passages), followed by either a hard green or a hard blue wax, more or less the standard wax combinations under certain trail conditions when the weather is hazy and about five degrees below zero Celsius (23° F.), as it was this morning. The race, in which well over a hundred members of the Scandinavian parliaments participated, was run in five divisions: men under forty-two; men between forty-two and fifty; women under forty-two; women between forty-two and fifty; and men and women over fifty, who competed in a special category—the "ideal time" class, in which each skier estimates how long it will take him or her to complete the course, with the winner being the person whose actual time comes closest to the estimated time. The men's winner in this division was Guttorm Hansen, the president of the Norwegian Storting. The Norwegian Prime Minister was also in the field, but I never did find out how well he did. The men and women over fifty were the last to start, and by that time the day had taken on the flavor of a country fair. The fans were urging the puffing racers on with shouts of *"Heia!"*—"Keep it up!"—and the man commanding the public-address system, after joking with some finishers about the waxes they had used, asked the final starter, the Minister of Fisheries, if he intended to use the herringbone technique on the steeper hills. I felt very much at home—all the more so because three-foot-high strips of canvas which lined the starting and finishing stretches of the cross-country course were emblazoned with such names as Pepsi-Cola, Mobil, Electrolux, and Texaco, while from a loudspeaker came a succession of recordings of old American tunes, among them "Josephine," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "The Old Piano Roll Blues."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Dethloff and I looked in on two of a number of enterprises conducted by Tomm Murstad, an Oslo man who had been a slalom prodigy. In the nineteen-thirties, Murstad opened a ski school, which is now situated a little to the north of Holmenkollen Hill. In addition to the ski school, Murstad operates a successful kindergarten, across the road, where, in their tireless way, children slide for hours and hours down a short, bumpy hill in oval plastic sleds about two feet long and three inches deep. The ski school itself had closed for the season the week before, but we were in luck. This was the afternoon when Murstad, who acts



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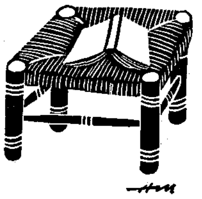
as ski instructor to the royal family, was scheduled to give Prince Haakon Magnus, the two-and-a-half-year-old son of the Crown Prince, his first lesson. There is a good-sized, sharply pitched hill at the school, and Murstad took his new pupil to the top of it via a rope tow, leaning over and holding the Prince in front of him, under the shoulders. They came twisting and turning down the hill in that position, the Prince's skis just touching the snow or riding an inch or two above it. Speechless with delight after his first run, Haakon Magnus hurried back to the rope tow on his skis. While Murstad was working with the Prince, his chief assistant was taking care of Princess Märtha Louise, a pretty girl of four and a half. A phenomenal skier for her age—she had been skiing for a year—she came weaving down the hill, chaperoned by the assistant but quite on her own, with a smooth series of stem turns and a final flaring schuss. We watched the children for half an hour or so. "The Princess is marvellous, isn't she?" Mrs. Dethloff said as we left. "That isn't so surprising, though, when you think about it. Her mother, Crown Princess Sonja, is a first-class skier, and King Olav, you know, was good enough to compete twice in the Holmenkollen Junior Jump."



By Saturday afternoon, the week had proved to be a disappointing one for the home team. In the Nordic Combined, which ended Saturday, the top Norwegian finished third, behind Ulrich Wehling, of East Germany, and Erkki Kilpinen, of Finland. Then, in the fifty-kilometre cross-country, in which several Norwegians were thought to have an excellent chance, the first three places went to foreign skiers—to Sven-Åke Lundbäck, of Sweden; Juha Mieto, of Finland; and Arto Koivisto, of Finland, in that order. The best news of the day for Norwegians was the exceptional performance by eighteen-year-old Per Bergerud in the jumping event for Norwegian juniors (boys and girls from sixteen to twenty). The record for Holmenkollen Hill had been a jump of ninety-two metres—three hundred and two feet—made by Topi Mattila, of Finland, in 1969. On the first of his two jumps, Bergerud beat that mark by half a metre.

LIKE everyone else in town, I was looking forward eagerly to Sunday and the famous Holmenkollen Jump. And, after six days in Oslo and Oslomarka, the research on skiing I had done in preparation for the trip, along with what I had gleaned from Vaage and other authorities in Oslo, had come to mean a great deal. Long before skiing was a sport, it was a means of transport for the peoples living across northern Eurasia from Norway to China—a vast territory blanketed with snow for many months of the year. Some scholars suggest that rude versions of oval snowshoes antedated the coming of skis in a number of areas, but the art of gliding over the snowy reaches on thin, flat pieces of wood goes back a very long way. According to Major Artur Zettersten, a Swedish antiquarian, the most ancient ski yet uncovered is one that was pulled from a bog in Hoting, Sweden, forty-odd years ago. An analysis of various kinds of pollen, from both coniferous and deciduous trees, in the layer in which the Hoting ski was found established that it had been in use as far back as 2500 B.C. The oldest pictorial representation of skiing, a rock carving discovered in 1933 on the island of Rødøy, off the Norwegian coast north of Trondheim, is also a survival from the Stone Age, having been executed, it is estimated, some four thousand years ago. A fascinating piece of work, the carving depicts a skier in a relaxed, bent-knee position on two exceedingly long skis—more than twice the skier's height—with the tips rising in an extended graceful curve, like the prow of a Viking ship. The skier is propelling himself along with both hands clamped on a rather short L-shaped pole, which may not be a pole at all but an axe or some weapon for hunting. (Not until the eighteen-nineties, by the way, did two poles, rather than one, become the rule in Norway.)

From the beginning, skis were used for hunting and fishing trips. The Vikings are said to have employed them on the Norwegian coast in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Later on, skis began to be used for military actions. There is an ample stock of tales, most of them perhaps slightly frosted with the romantic patina of mythology, in which skiing plays an important role. For example, in 1200, when Norway was riven by civil war, King Sverre dispatched spies on skis to scout the enemy. Then, in 1206, two skiers from one of the contending sides, the Birkebeiners (or Birchlegs), saved the life of the king's infant son, Haakon Haakonson, by carrying him from the area of Lillehammer some forty miles across the mountains to the east. Today, one of the big events on the Norwegian skiing schedule is the annual Birkebeiner cross-country race, over this historic route between Lillehammer and the town of Rena. The closest thing to a Swedish equivalent of this incident (for about a hundred years, Sweden and Norway were allied in a loose federation) revolves around King Gustav Vasa. In the year 1520, Vasa was merely one of the leading opponents of the Danes, who, under King Christian II, ruled the land from Stockholm. After escaping from jail, Vasa, hoping to gain the support of the spirited natives of Dalecarlia, fled to that province. He made little headway, however, and, putting on his skis, continued his flight west from the town of Mora. He had hardly left Mora, however, before fresh news from Stockholm convinced the Dalecarlians of the justness of his cause, whereupon two of the best local skiers were dispatched to bring him back. They caught up with him at Sälen, close to the Norwegian border. The party then returned on skis across the mountains to Mora, and from there Vasa, reorganizing his forces, went on to drive out the Danes and to effect the modern unification of Sweden. Each winter, to commemorate this rousing chapter in Swedish history, the Vasalopp ski race is run from Sälen to Mora, a distance of fifty-three miles. This makes it among the longest of all ski races, and, since its starting field has numbered up to ten thousand, it is very likely the largest.

One of the curious facts that have been learned from the centuries-old skis dug up in Norway in recent times is that the different sections of the country arrived at a wide assortment of designs. In the so-called Central Scandinavian region, a pair of skis was composed of a long one, about three metres, for the left foot, and a short one, about two metres, for the right. The left, or gliding, ski sometimes had a shallow cavity on its upper side to give the skier's foot a firmer hold, and, because the left ski was also the steering ski, there was frequently a narrow longitudinal groove along the sole to assist the skier in setting and holding his direction. As for the right ski, its main functions were to help the skier to push off onto his gliding ski and to prevent him from slipping back when he was climbing slopes, so its sole was often covered with fur or reindeer skin to increase its gripping quality. At Furnes, about a hundred kilometres north of Oslo, the remains of a remarkable ski were found. Of earlier origin than most

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of the Central Scandinavian skis, the Furnes ski, which dates from a period several centuries before Christ, exhibits extremely sophisticated workmanship. Wooden rims along the upper side apparently provided the feet with a snug hold, and there are two ridges running along the sole to facilitate steering. Then, there is the Alvdal ski, from an area another hundred kilometres or so to the north. In its general characteristics, the Alvdal model suggests the skis of the region still farther north, for it is short and broad. Its sole has two fairly wide grooves, and on the upper side the foot sat on a raised platform in which a hole was bored for a leather binding. (Holes for leather bindings were also provided, though in different ways, on Central Scandinavian skis and on the Furnes ski.) There were many other styles and varieties of skis—one very popular type of a later era, which sought to make the eternal problem of steering less difficult, featured ropes that were inserted through holes in the tips and held in the skier's hand that was not holding the pole—but by the mid-nineteenth century the best skis by far were unquestionably those developed in the Telemark region, in the highlands of southern Norway.

Compared to most parts of southern Norway, the topography of Telemark is decidedly rugged. Its hills are often so abrupt and gnarled that many Norwegians who visit it feel that they are entering the land of the trolls. By trial and error, the people of Telemark worked it out that skis of equal length were most effective for handling this difficult terrain—fairly short, attractively slender skis, which were about eight centimetres (just over three inches) wide at the front, tapered to about seven centimetres (two and three-quarters inches or so) in the middle, and broadened to roughly seven and a half centimetres (just under three inches) at the back. Not until the eighteen-nineties did the Telemark-type ski catch on all over the country, and perhaps the main reason it did so then was its new type of binding. Down through the centuries, only toe bindings had customarily been used. They were straps either of leather or of withe—willow twigs or the roots of the birch tree. These primitive bindings had served the requirements of ordinary life well enough—buying provisions, going to school, getting to church, sending for the doctor, and so on—but skis with only a toe binding limited the development of technique. Even for the most adept, steering was

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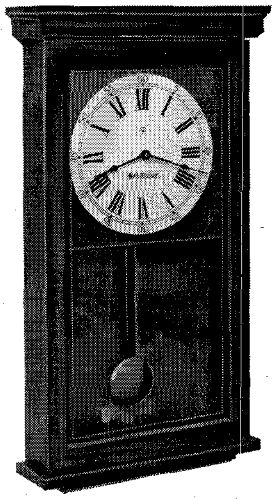

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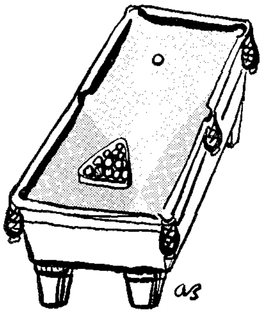
hard. For another thing, the men who entered cross-country races or the jumping contests all too often lost a ski when a boot slipped out of the binding. This could be prevented, of course, by tying separate thongs around the heels—the Army's ski units made this a regular practice—but the added heel binding did not really give a skier better control of his skis, and, basically, that was the core of the problem. As Jakob Vaage has summed it up, skiing in those days consisted for the most part of negotiating mild slopes, with the skier using the heavy pole he carried to brake his speed.

Then, in the eighteen-fifties, Sondre Norheim, the son of a crofter from the village of Morgedal, in Telemark, changed all this by inventing the first modern bindings—rigid strips of withe which not only formed the toe binding but also continued tightly and firmly around the heel of the boot. It is a wonder that this simple solution had not been thought of before, but, however that may be, Norheim's binding, by fastening the foot more securely to the ski and at the same time tremendously increasing freedom of movement, revolutionized skiing. Most people found that they could now maneuver their skis much more dexterously, and both cross-country and downhill specialists were soon executing intricate swings and turns. More and more Norwegians began to ski for the sheer pleasure of it. In a word, it was Norheim's binding that made skiing the national pastime of Norway—a country where today almost three million of the four million inhabitants ski, where skiing is a compulsory subject in many elementary schools, and where, during the Easter holiday, families go off together for a week or ten days of skiing, frequently touring the high forest trails and staying in mountain huts.



Each century, it has been said, produces five or six athletes who stand out above all the others in the world. If this assertion is valid—and I have an idea it is—Sondre Norheim surely deserves a place among the élite of the nineteenth century. He was blessed with an extraordinary sense of equilibrium and an almost total absence of fear. As a boy, he left his chums agape as he whistled down the slopes of Morgedal at daredevil speeds, emitting wild whoops of delight. Norheim's consuming desire to go even faster and to increase his all-around skill led him to experiment with, among other things, new types of bindings. To get the best possible withe for his bindings, he dug up the roots of birch trees during the warm months and boiled them to give them the initial suppleness that enabled him to work with them. As he improved these new bindings, Norheim did things on skis that no one before him had been able to do as well. For example, he became a master of the slalom, in which the skier makes a series of quick, sharp-angled turns as he zigzags at top speed down a hillside. (Both "ski" and "slalom" are Norwegian words, the latter coming from *sla*, which means slope, and *laam*, or *låm*, which means a ski track or road.) In this period, when the best young Norwegian skiers were starting to concentrate on jumping (in the beginning, they used the roofs of barns), Norheim was in a class by himself. In 1866, Telemark conducted its first regional jumping championship, on a hill in Høydalsmo, and Norheim won with metres to spare, although by this time he was over forty. Two years later, when word reached Telemark, a farming area that had little communication in those days with the rest of the country, that an annual ski-jumping competition had been inaugurated in Christiania—as Oslo was then called—Norheim skied the hundred and fifteen miles from Morgedal to the capital to take part. He not only won with ease—the Christiania hill, incidentally, was not as big as the one back home—but astounded the crowds by the things he could do on skis. His balance was so nearly perfect that he never used a pole in jumping, though at that time just about everyone else did. After completing a jump, Norheim would sometimes execute a neat Telemark turn in the middle of the outrun, putting his weight on his leading, or outside, ski, pointing the tip of his inside ski toward the binding of his outside ski, and swinging himself around. Other times, he ended his outrun with a skidding turn called a Christie (short for Christiania), in which, with both skis parallel, the inside ski would lead, although most of his weight was on the outside ski. One spectator said of Norheim, "There was something so outstanding about his skiing that one could not help thinking that for him this was the natural way to move."

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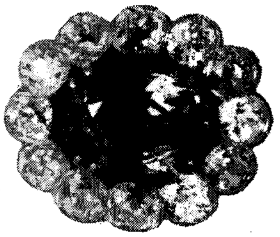

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Christiania, he became a figure of celebrity, and demonstrated his flashing virtuosity as a jumper, slalom artist, and cross-country racer in Telemark and at other skiing centers, new and old. Although his type of binding, or modifications of it, had soon become standard equipment on practically all skis, Norheim did not make a krone out of it. When he was fifty-nine, he emigrated to the United States, where skiing was just beginning to catch on. He died near Denbigh, North Dakota, in 1897, a poor man, whose inestimable contributions to the sport had been almost forgotten.

In coming to the United States, Norheim followed the trail that another incredible skier from Telemark, who was almost his exact contemporary, had travelled years before. This was the legendary Snowshoe Thompson (born Jon Torsteinson Rui), who arrived here in 1837 as a boy of ten, joined the Gold Rush a dozen years or so later, and, when it was over, settled down in Placerville, California, as a wheat farmer. In 1856, Thompson volunteered for the job of carrying the government mail over the Sierra Nevadas from Placerville to Genoa, Nevada, just outside Carson City. In the winter, no means of communication had existed across the mountains, but Thompson, wearing seven-and-a-half-foot skis he had fashioned himself and carrying from fifty to eighty pounds of letters and parcels in a sack on his back, accomplished the ninety-mile journey in an average time of three days, crossing passes eight thousand feet above sea level and coping with drifts forty feet deep. During the twenty years he carried mail in the Sierras, he rescued many men trapped by sudden blizzards in the mountains, but he himself never lost his way, no matter how severe the weather.

In Norway, after Norheim had engineered the breakthrough, the popularity of skiing increased steadily. Although converts to the sport appreciated the finesse of the cross-country and slalom experts, it was the jumpers who brought out the crowds. For sheer excitement, what could compare with watching an expert jumper gather velocity as he sped down the inrun to the takeoff and then, springing forward and upward rather like a track star executing the standing broad jump, fly through the air high above for an eternity before landing softly on the downslope? The man who jumped farthest was not automatically the winner, it should be noted. From the beginning, good form counted substantially in the scoring system. In 1879, to the intense gratification of the inhabitants of Christiania, a new ski jump was opened, on the city's Huseby Hill, which was even bigger than the one at Høydalsmo, and after that the farm boys from Telemark came in larger numbers to the capital to compete in what was acknowledged by all to be the country's premier jumping event. For many years, the contingent from Telemark carried off the honors at Huseby Hill, and in 1881 a number of them lingered on in Christiania while the snow lasted and set up the first ski school. By 1892, the best jumpers had increased their proficiency to the point where they had outgrown Huseby Hill, and the venue for the championship was moved to a larger hill, a little farther out of the city: Holmenkollen. Today, when a jump of eighty metres is considered good but not exceptional, it is hard for us to understand why the early jumpers created such excitement. For example, Arne Ustvedt, who made the longest jump in that first competition at Holmenkollen, covered a distance of only twenty-one and a half metres—around seventy-one feet. It was during the Huseby Hill era, by the way, that the traditional cross-country race, which had included many testing small jumps, was superseded by the Nordic Combined competition, in which the jump and the cross-country race were set up as individual events, the winner being the man with the highest combined score. At about this time, also, some marked changes in jumping technique took place. Originally, the Telemark jumpers had employed a crouching style, their knees drawn up, as they flew through the air. Some of them began to elaborate on this by doing two or three deep knee bends in flight. Later, the young jumpers from Telemark went in for a new method: they stood up perfectly straight, in what was known as the *rakstandarstilen*. They did not bend their knees until they were preparing to touch down. Then, when longer hills were made, for longer jumps, the upright style gave way to the *knekk* style, in which the jumper leaned far forward, breaking his body sharply at the hips in order to cut down air resistance.

IN 1892, when the jumping competition was shifted from Huseby Hill to Holmenkollen Hill, there was still no skiing to speak of in central Europe—nor had there ever been, despite the fact that the people of this high, mountainous region had had to contend for centuries with vast snows that isolated vil-

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lages and occasionally brought life in the towns and cities to a halt. The general ignorance of skiing in Austria, for example, can be illustrated by a little story about a young man from Norway, W. B. Samson, who in the early eighteen-nineties was working in Vienna as a baker's apprentice. Following a heavy snowfall, it was Samson's habit to carry his skis to one of the city's parks, where, after constructing a small ski jump, he would fly through the air for nearly twenty feet, to the amazement of the audience that had gathered. It was during the nineties that central Europe at long last became conscious of skiing. Perhaps the man chiefly responsible was Fridtjof Nansen, the great Norwegian scientist, explorer, statesman, and humanitarian. In 1888, Nansen, who had some years earlier caught a glimpse of Greenland from a passing sealer, effected the first crossing of that huge island. Whereas previous expeditions with the same goal had tried to accomplish a crossing by starting out from the settlements on Greenland's west coast, Nansen and his five companions made their landing on the deserted, treacherous east coast. This proved to be a wise choice on Nansen's part, and so did the modus operandi he had decided on for transporting his personnel and supplies: he used sledges that were pulled or pushed by men on skis. (Nansen himself was a wonderful skier, who had participated with distinction at Huseby Hill.) The small party was faced with furious storms and perilous climbs on its journey of some three hundred miles, yet completed it, with everything nicely under control, in forty-two days. Nansen's account of this adventure, in which he not only stressed the vital role that skis had played in the crossing but also went into rhapsodies over the exhilaration of skiing and the benefits it conferred upon both body and soul, was published in book form after first appearing in magazine installments in Norway. The book, "Across Greenland," proved to be a sensation. English, French, and German translations were soon brought out. It is hard to know how much Nansen's book had to do with the establishment of the first Swiss Ski Club, in 1893, or with a major skiing surge in Austria at that time, under the talented Mathias Zdarsky, but it is beyond question that Wilhelm Paulcke, a German who had become enamored of Nordic skiing many years before, was inspired by Nansen's example to attempt, in 1897, the ambitious scheme, in which he was successful, of traversing on skis almost the full extent of the Bernese Oberland.

Once skiing had started to take hold in the Alpine countries, its rate of growth was remarkable. The man who was most influential in its development was Hannes Schneider. In a ski school at St. Anton am Arlberg, in Austria, which he opened in 1907, Schneider gradually worked out the Arlberg technique, which he believed would give the average skier more control than the Nordic technique in coping, first, with the much higher mountains of the Alps and their far longer and more precipitous runs, and, second, with snow that often had a crustier surface than that of the Scandinavian snowfields. To deal with these conditions, Schneider based the Arlberg technique on the snowplow, a braking position in which the tips of the two skis were pointed together to form a V. The simple snowplow led to a succession of more advanced movements—the snowplow turn, the stem turn, the stem Christie, and, ultimately, the tempo Christie, a sharp jump turn in which the skis were parallel. Schneider's victories in downhill and slalom races in Austria and Switzerland helped enormously to popularize his method; in fact, it became *the* method not only at St. Anton but at nearly all the major ski schools in the Alps, and it was not until the nineteen-thirties that other approaches to Alpine skiing managed to make any notable headway. Undoubtedly, the best-known and most successful of these was the so-called French method, introduced in the mid-thirties by Émile Allais, one of the outstanding downhill artists of all time. As Allais saw it, because the increase in the number of mechanical lifts had enabled skiers to make many more runs each day than they formerly could, and because the snow was therefore packed down much more firmly, the basic concept of Alpine skiing had altered: the snowplow and stem turn had become unnecessary. He advocated replacing them with a more modern fundamental, sideslipping, in which the skier, leaning much farther forward than before, depended on the rotation of his shoulders and on his feel for the edges of his skis to gain the control he needed to handle the high speed and the tight, harsh turns on the championship-standard downhill and slalom courses. Offshoots of the Schneider and Allais methods, such as the Austrian *Wedeln* and the French *projection cir-*

culaire, have since had their impact, too, but it has been a fairly long while now since an essentially radical technical innovation has come along in Alpine skiing. In fact, the most revolutionary development in the sport in recent times has been the sudden boom of Nordic, or cross-country, skiing in America.

WHAT is so special about the ski jump on Holmenkollen Hill? Surprisingly, it has never been the world's biggest ski jump. Of course, for half a century, it reigned unchallenged as the most exciting ski jump in the world, but that day is past. The jumps at Innsbruck, Austria, and Planica, Yugoslavia, to name two that come quickly to mind, are not only bigger but at least as glamorous, in the opinion of many enthusiasts. On the other hand, the jump on Holmenkollen Hill has several important things going for it. To start with, it is the oldest ski jump still used in competition. Indeed, only a very few sports fixtures that take place at the same spot each year antedate the Holmenkollen Jump: certain classic horse races, like the Derby at Epsom Downs (established in 1780) and our Kentucky Derby (established in 1875); along with such venerable institutions as the Henley Regatta and the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race. As for championships in which individual athletes compete, the only one held yearly at the same venue which is older than Holmenkollen is Wimbledon, but then again, the All-England Club moved its tennis grounds in 1922 from one part of the Borough of Wimbledon to another. The mention of Wimbledon is pertinent in another respect, though. Certainly, the position that Holmenkollen has held decade after decade can be outlined most effectively by saying that it is as preëminent in the world of skiing as Wimbledon is in the world of tennis. The goal of every aspiring skier—not just skiers from Norway—is to appear at least once on Holmenkollen Hill. If he does, a certain portion of his life is fulfilled.

While Holmenkollen remains an event of the very first order—last March, for example, it attracted eight hundred competitors, from nineteen countries—it would be remiss not to note that it isn't quite what it used to be. For those many Norwegians to whom the Holmenkollen Jump was, and is, much more than a rousing sports spectacle, it may have attained its greatest moment in 1946, following Norway's Liberation at the end of the war, for the restoration of the Holmenkollen

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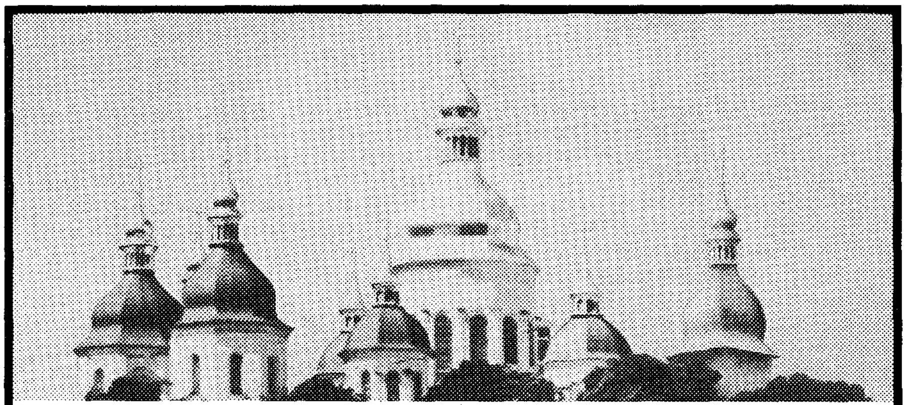

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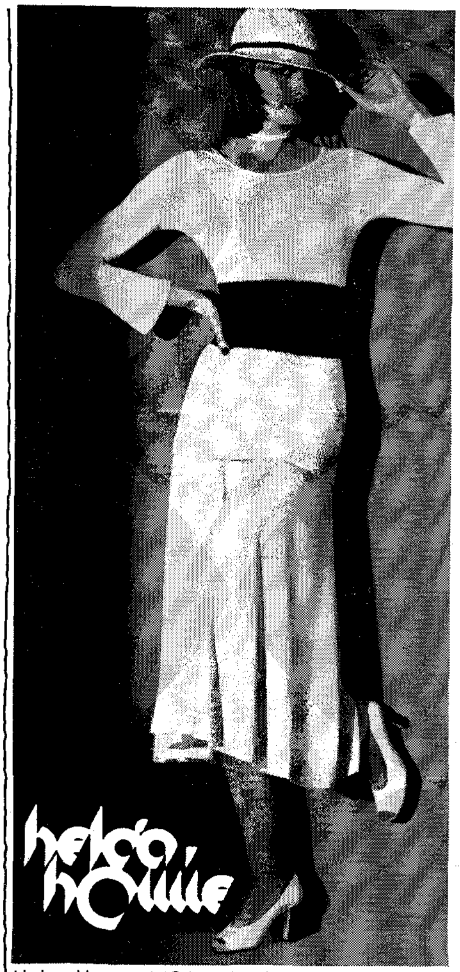
meet was regarded as a symbol of the country's unrelenting resistance during the five-year German Occupation, and of its survival. At this first renewal, a record crowd of a hundred thousand gathered at the hill, in an atmosphere less of celebration than of thanksgiving. For the pure skiing enthusiasts, the climactic moment probably came six years later, when Norway was host to the 1952 Winter Olympics and, on the day of the jumping competition, a hundred and twenty thousand people were massed in that familiar tight horseshoe around the jump and its long outrun. These attendance figures are of much more consequence than those for most sports events. In 1892, on the first Holmenkollen Day, an estimated twelve thousand inhabitants of Oslo tramped the hard six miles—the last three of them are uphill—to watch the proceedings, leaving the heart of the city virtually deserted except for the very young and the very old. The sensational support that the residents of Oslo continued to give the jump year after year is what really set it off from all other notable skiing events. Indeed, for many serious observers of sports the heart and soul of Holmenkollen Day is not the jumping itself but the annual trek out from the city of the happy thousands, stopping for refreshment at stands along the route, greeting old friends, enjoying the small amateur bands that are part of the marching throng, and feeling a sense of national pride and, along with it, something of the sense of status prized by the regulars at Wimbledon or the World Series or the Harvard-Yale game.

However, as I have suggested, after 1952 things altered, and Holmenkollen Day lost some of its lustre. The declining size of the crowds was one index; they fell off from the usual eighty thousand or so to fifty or sixty thousand. What were the reasons for this? I think the main one was that the world was changing and the ripples at length reached Norway, affecting even this independent-minded, change-resisting country. For the people intensely involved in Nordic skiing—and that includes the younger generation of skiers—Holmenkollen Day and the other days of the festival continued to have a good bit of importance, but, except for this core, the renowned event did not mean what it once had. Then, during the last couple of years, a delayed telecast of the high points of the jumping has been shown on Sunday night, and the decision to permit this—a highly controversial one—has no doubt been a



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major factor in the drop in attendance. Furthermore, competitive attractions have kept gaining adherents. A good example is that dangerous and definitely heart-stopping offshoot of ski jumping called ski flying, in which, using hills that are both higher and steeper than the traditional ski-jumping hills, daring young men soar incredible distances, sometimes with the assistance of unusually strong updrafts. For instance, on the Sunday before the 1976 Holmenkollen Sunday, in a ski-flying meet in Oberstdorf, Bavaria, Anton Innauer, a seventeen-year-old Austrian, who had finished first at Holmenkollen in 1975 and second in the 1976 Olympic ninety-metre jump, sailed through the air a hundred and seventy-six metres—that's five hundred and seventy-seven feet. An elderly skiing fan I talked with dismissed ski flying as "more aviation than skiing," but when one considers how deeply infatuated the world of sports now is with higher scores, higher speeds, and greater distances, the wonder is that the inroads that ski flying has made into ski jumping have been comparatively minor.

Yet Holmenkollen, its diminution in grandeur since 1952 notwithstanding, remains the Wimbledon of the ski-jumping world, because the men responsible for its administration—the officers of the Association for the Promotion of Skiing—are determined that it shall not lose its historic place. Over the eighty-five years that the jump has been in existence, the leaders of the society—many of them the grandfathers and fathers of current administrators—have worked diligently to make sure that the jump would not become outmoded as a result of improvements in equipment and technique or of the creation of bigger and better facilities in foreign lands. The original Holmenkollen jump has been enlarged and refined no fewer than fifteen times. In 1914, the first major change was made: a scaffold nine and a half metres high was erected on top of the hill. Its purpose was to increase the length and steepness of the inrun, thereby increasing the skier's speed at takeoff, which, in turn, would increase the distance he could jump. For the same reason, the height of the scaffold was further increased periodically, until it was replaced in 1939 by the forty-metre tower. (In preparation for the 1952 Winter Olympics, an elevator was installed in the tower.) Today, owing to the addition of a cantilevered extension of the inrun which is quite a bit higher than the tower itself, the topmost gate, or starting platform, is a hundred and eight metres (some three hundred and fifty-five feet) above the lowest point of the outrun, at the foot of the jump. The present length of the inrun is eighty-five metres (two hundred and eighty feet), and the upper section, its steepest part, inclines at an angle of forty-two degrees. When the best skiers make a good jump under favorable conditions now, they are travelling at a rate of close to sixty miles an hour as they hit the takeoff. The landing slope is a hundred and ten metres (or three hundred and sixty-one feet) long, and the angle of the slope at what is termed the critical point—the beginning of the transitional curve into the outrun—is thirty-eight degrees. This angle makes it possible for an accomplished jumper to touch down softly and safely. (One ski should be slightly ahead of the other, in the old Telemark landing position.) One more change has occurred. The higher speeds at takeoff have meant that the jumpers have met more air resistance in flight, and this has accounted for certain modifications of technique. The last notable modification, introduced by the Finns in the mid-nineteen-fifties and now used by nearly all world-class competitors, calls for the jumper not to hold his arms just above shoulder height when airborne but to point them backward, along the sides of his body—over his pockets, as it were. For the modern skier, stretched out so nearly horizontally that his head rides beyond the tips of his skis and hardly more than a foot and a half above them, this position of the arms not only helps to cut down air resistance but, according to some authorities, provides him with an aerodynamic cushion to float on.

On Holmenkollen Day, although the ceremonies preceding the jumping were not due to get under way until one-fifteen, when the King would arrive, I was picked up at my hotel at nine o'clock by Arvid Sætrang, the ski consultant of the Norway Travel Association. A slim, dignified man in his sixties, Sætrang has been close to the sport all his life. As a junior, he jumped at Holmenkollen, and today in his spare time he teaches cross-country. It was a clear, sunny day, and a number of the Holmenkollen regulars were already starting the long, happy trudge out to the hill, but Sætrang's itinerary called for us to go out by electric train—an arrange-

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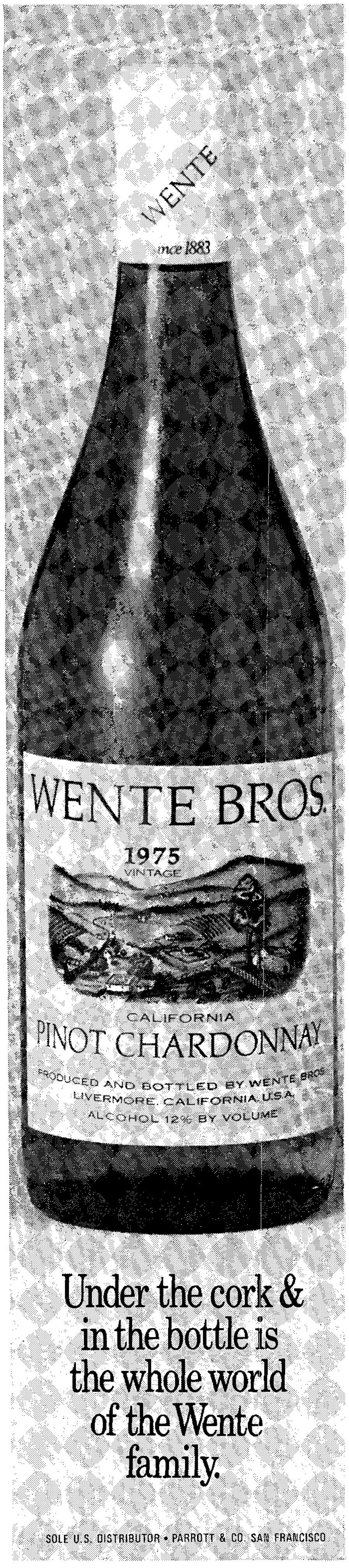
ment to which I offered no strenuous objection. After a brief underground stretch, the line moves up to ground level, and our train then began making almost as many stops as the Toonerville Trolley. It was just about ten o'clock when we got off at the station close to Holmenkollen Hill. By that time, thousands of spectators were milling in the assembly area below the hill, and up the road toward them came a constant stream of people finishing their walk. Most of them, men and women alike, were dressed in boots, warm trousers or knickers, parkas, and woollen or fur hats. A good many wore rucksacks, containing lunch for their party and thermoses of hot drinks, which would come in handy late in the afternoon, when the sun began to go down and the air got chilly; for this reason, too, many persons were carrying blankets and other gear to keep their feet warm. I studied the growing multitude and concluded for the *n*th time during my week in Oslo that the Norwegians must be among the hardiest and handsomest people in the world. A very high percentage of the girls are so fresh-looking and striking that it is not an easy thing at all to stop staring at them.

The next three hours flew by. Sætrang and I did many things. We walked over to take a look at Gratis Hill, which rises at the far side of the road behind the end of the outrun, and which gets its name from the fact that for years it cost nothing to watch the jumping from there; in this age of inflation, there is an admission charge for Gratis Hill (which now amounts to twenty kroner, or three dollars and seventy-five cents). Moving on, we had a cup of coffee at one of the ornate yet simple country restaurants in the vicinity, where Sætrang met some old friends. (During the afternoon, he must have run into more than a hundred people he knew.) After that, we made our way past a potpourri of stands selling, among other items, black-currant juice, hot chocolate, wieners, bouillon, and something that looked like pizza, and stopped for lunch at another country-style restaurant, where people of all ages, in between visiting with friends, were putting away an enormous meal, commuting between their tables and a long buffet table, the *koldtbord*, which was loaded with a selection of fish dishes, cold meats, cold vegetables, salads, some hot meat dishes, cheeses, fruits, and sweets. The tables at which we ate were decorated with vases of tulips. I mention this because tulips, as you can imagine,



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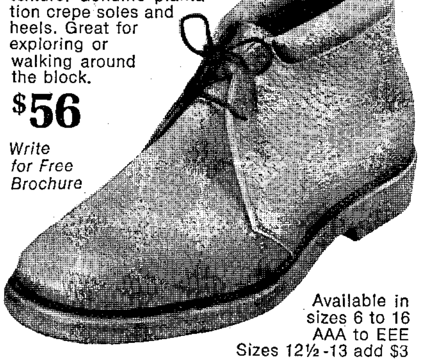

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At twelve-thirty, Sætrang and I tossed down a last cup of coffee and headed up the hill to our seats. They were superb ones, situated in the left (or sunny) section of one of two curving wooden grandstands (total seating capacity, seventy-five hundred) that flank the landing area of the jump and are adorned with the flags of the various countries represented at the meet. These seats, the most expensive in the house, were priced at fifty kroner, or about nine dollars. As I looked around, I realized that the day was perfect for ski jumping: no mist in the air, and only the mildest of winds, blowing out of the south. The weather, Sætrang said, surely explained the size of the crowd, which was unexpectedly large; he estimated it to be between sixty and seventy thousand—the biggest turnout in years. At one-fifteen sharp, a fanfare by a drum-and-bugle corps announced the arrival of King Olav and the royal party. There was a moment of silence, and then those who were seated rose and the huge gathering sang the royal anthem, a Norwegian version of the British "God Save the King," and the national anthem, "Truly Do We Love This Country"—a soft, unmartial air with a somewhat pastoral flavor. This was followed by a medley of Sousa marches and by a tune identified for me as the "Holmenkollen March," and then we were ready for the jumping.

Ski jumping is a much more intricate event than I had realized from watching it periodically on television. For one thing, there is the scoring system. It has two components—distance points and style points. To determine the former, after a jump is measured the officials consult a table that converts distance in metres into distance points. The system by which style points are arrived at is more complicated. Five judges are seated in an enclosure in the right-hand grandstand (looking downhill), high enough so that they have an extremely good view of a skier's inrun and takeoff as well as his flight, landing, and outrun. They score the execution of a jump on a scale from zero to twenty—with twenty denoting perfection. Only seconds after a jump is concluded, each judge writes down the mark he thinks a jump was worth; these marks are then displayed on a scoreboard above the judges' en-

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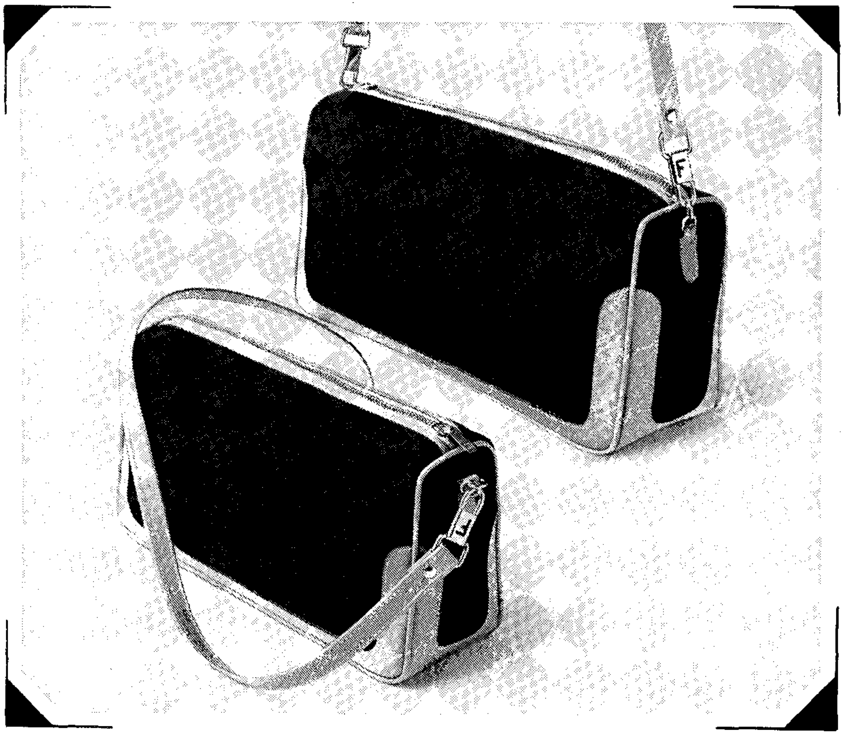

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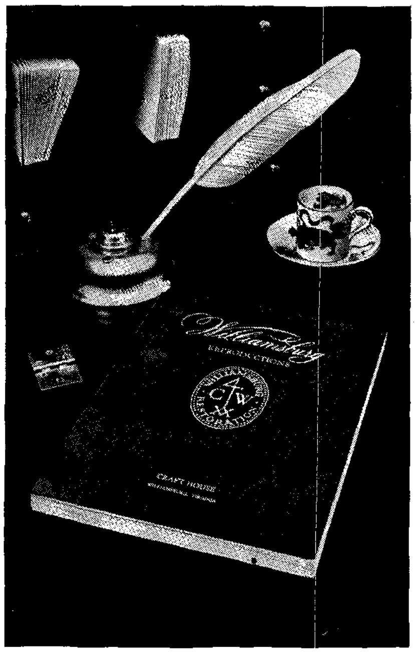

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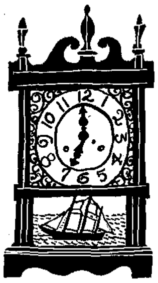
closure. Let us say that the cards read 18, 16.5, 17, 16.5, and 16—which were the marks for the first jump by Aleksei Borovitin, of the Soviet Union. Under a fairly new international system, the highest and lowest marks are discarded—in Borovitin's case, the 18 and the 16—and the sum of the three remaining marks constitutes the style points. The style points are added to the distance points to produce the total points for a jump. This somewhat complex tabulation is handled in about fifteen seconds, and the total is posted on large scoreboards along with the metrical distance of the skier's jump. Each skier jumps twice, and his two sets of distance points and style points are combined for his total score. (If a man falls before he reaches the flat part of the outrun, he loses at least ten points on each judge's score. If he falls on the inrun, he gets no points at all.)

Grasping the finer points involved in putting on a ski-jumping competition is difficult—or, at least, I found it so as Sætrang patiently endeavored to explain them throughout the afternoon. There is no question, though, that the matter of premier importance is getting the jump set up right—that is, so that the contestants will be moving at the proper rate of speed when they reach the edge of the takeoff and, consequently, will alight on the part of the slope that is properly angled for safe landings. If a jump is set up so that first-class jumpers hit the takeoff at too high a speed, they may overjump the intended landing area and come down on the flatter angle of the transitional curve, farther down the hill. This can mean dangerously off-balance landings and severe injuries. To make sure that the jump is just fast enough for the day's conditions, test jumpers, known as "trial riders," men only slightly below championship class, try it out, and on the basis of their performance the officials determine whether it would be best to use the topmost starting platform; the next platform, some one and a half metres below it; the third platform down; or one of the six below that. The lower the starting platform, the less speed the skier will be able to pick up as he shoots down the inrun to the takeoff, and, of course, the shorter his jump will be. (In the first round this Holmenkollen Sunday, it was decided to use the third starting platform from the top.) One more thing: If you study a photograph of a ski-jump hill, you will notice three colored lines in the landing area—blue, green, and red in descending order. (Actually, these lines do not run the full width of the hill but extend outward from the edges of the landing slope about two metres on each side; a large, paddle-shaped vertical marker of the same color is planted at the outside ends of each segment for the benefit of the spectators.) Briefly, these three lines designate the beginning, middle, and end of the optimal landing area—a relatively small segment of the slope which is truly a straight line. It is also the steepest segment of the slope. The blue, or topmost, line marks what is called the norm point of the hill. The red, or bottom, line is called the critical point, because it is the point that marks the start of the transitional curve. Halfway between the norm and critical points is the table point, the green line, which serves as the key to calculating the score a skier receives for the distance of his jump. This is enough technical detail, I think. On with the show.



The starting field in the Holmenkollen Jump numbered more than ninety. In accordance with the usual practice, the men with international reputations were placed near the end. The first big name to jump was No. 62—the Austrian Karl Schnabl, who had nosed out his youthful teammate Anton Innauer in the Olympics. Up to this point, the best jumps recorded in the first round had been one of eighty-nine and a half metres by a Norwegian, Bjarne Næs, and one of eighty-nine metres flat by Yuji Kawamura, of Japan. The announcement over the loudspeaker that Schnabl would be the next jumper evoked the most explosive applause of the afternoon, for the crowd was well aware that over the past several seasons Schnabl had been one of the most consistent and technically proficient jumpers in the world. Schnabl, a man of medium size (who, I later discovered, wears a pencil-line mustache), came shooting down the inrun crouched well over. Timing his spring at takeoff exquisitely, he got tremendous lift, and the parabola of his flight was the highest by far of any we had seen up to then. Though his body was stretched out almost parallel with his skis, he was so beautifully poised that he didn't seem to be working at all, though, of course, he was. During the second half of his flight, he kept pushing himself even farther forward to decrease the angle between his body and his skis. He straightened up gracefully just before his landing, which was as gentle as if it had been on cotton batting, even though it was beyond the red line. From the crowd came a loud, long volley of applause, which was repeated after the distance of the jump was posted: ninety-six and a half metres, which was a full four metres beyond Bergerud's short-lived new hill record. Now all eyes were on the style judges. Up went a 19, a 19, a 19.5, another 19, and still another 19. Only seconds later, the computations completed, Schnabl's total points for his superlative jump were posted on the scoreboards: 135.4. That would be very hard to beat.

There were six other jumps of over ninety metres on that first round: No. 73, Rudi Wanner, of Austria, ninety-two and a half metres; No. 84, Borovitin, of the U.S.S.R., ninety and a half metres; No. 86, Odd Brandsegg, of Sweden, ninety and a half metres; No. 87, Johan Sætre, the ranking Norwegian, ninety-three metres; No. 90, Innauer, ninety-two metres; and No. 91, Jochen Danneberg, of East Germany, ninety and a half metres.

Before the second round began, there was a wait of fifteen minutes or so, during which the spectators in our section of the stand dug out their thermoses. Sætrang produced one that contained hot chocolate liberally laced with cognac, and it was most welcome, for the day had suddenly become much colder. After consulting with an official-looking chap nearby, Sætrang informed me that the decision had been made to move the field down to the fourth starting platform for the second round. Under international rules, he explained, the judges must discuss whether or not to move to a lower platform whenever any competitor jumps more than ninety-five per cent of the distance from the takeoff to the critical point. I couldn't have had a better tutor than Sætrang. During the first round, besides engaging—along with many other spectators—in the irresistible game of instantly voicing his own guess as to the number of style points a jump was worth and then seeing how close he had come to the judges' marks (he invariably came very close), he explained to me why certain jumps were good ones and—far more often—why others were poor. His method was simplicity itself. Soon after a jumper had launched a mediocre jump, Sætrang would spontaneously voice in Norwegian some dour criticism, which, if I asked him to, he would translate and amplify for me. For example, a jumper had committed the sin of waving his arms—because, presumably, he had lost control and was trying to regain

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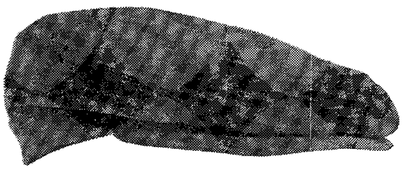

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it. Or he hadn't leaned low and assertively forward, as if he were a projectile, but had merely tipped his body timidly. Or he had timed his spring at takeoff too late—you could tell this because his skis had been pointed too high. Or he had been a shade early in his timing at takeoff, which was why his skis had been pointed down. Or he had veered considerably off line. Or he had not worked hard enough during his flight, probably because he didn't feel confident that he was positioned to do so. Or he had straightened up too soon before his landing. Or he had landed with a thud—"like a sledge," to use Sætrang's expression. Just before the second round began, despite my protests, Sætrang insisted that I put on some Brobdingnagian fleece-lined overboots he had lugged out. He himself then unfolded an enormous, man-size brown paper bag, into which he proceeded to insert himself up to his shoulders. "These paper bags are a discovery of mine," he said, with a pleased smile. "I will be very warm, I assure you."

The effect of the change to a lower starting platform for the second round was immediately apparent. Most of the contestants fell well short of their first-round jump—frequently fifteen or twenty feet short. A lull in interest set in, the spectators biding their time as they waited for Schnabl. When he was announced as the next jumper, there was a vibrant roar, and the hillside came to life. Once again, Schnabl soared high off the takeoff, in another long, elegant leap, which carried him well up toward the red line—ninety-one metres. Another roar of excitement. As was to be expected, the fans had given Sætre, their country's best jumper, a very warm welcome and, after a fine first jump, a brisk ovation, yet they greeted the foreign stars just as warmly, and responded no less vociferously when the foreigners performed well. After Schnabl's second jump, the judges' cards made it clear that they did not think its execution was up to the standard of his first. The five cards included two 18.5s, two 18s, and a 17.5. "His balance was not as sound as it should have been," Sætrang said.

For his second jump, Schnabl received a total of 124.1 points, for a grand total of 259.5. His rivals would have to go some to top that. Wanner, knowing he needed to summon the biggest jump of his career, tried too hard. The result was a floppy flight of only eighty-one metres, on which his average for style points was no better than 17.5. The way things stood, only two

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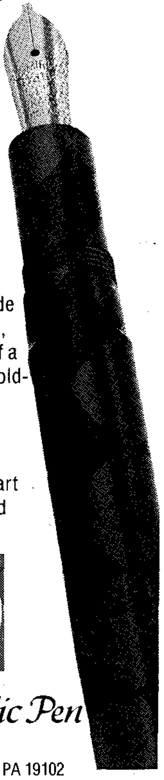

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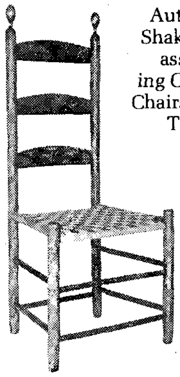

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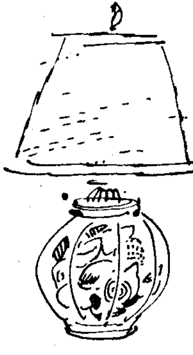

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men had a reasonable chance of overhauling Schnabl—Sætre and Innauer. Some ten minutes later, when Sætre's name was announced, it set off a strong supporting roar. I did not get the feeling that the spectators honestly believed he could catch Schnabl, but they wanted desperately for him to make a first-class jump. He did, in spite of the heavy pressure he was under. It could have benefitted from a little more thrust (Sætre is not known for his power), but it was crisp, compact, and admirably controlled. Eighty-eight metres—not bad, but not what was needed. Significantly, though, all five style judges awarded Sætre nineteen points. So, finally, it came down to Innauer. He is a natural competitor, this teen-ager who walks with something of the plod of a farm boy. Here, in the clutch, he came through with an absolutely beautiful jump. He got up so high so quickly that one felt instantly that he would be out at least ninety metres. However, as he neared the red line on his descent, he appeared to waver momentarily, and before the measurement was posted—ninety-four and a half metres—the experienced spectators had realized that this second jump, great as it was, wasn't quite long enough to enable him to overtake Schnabl. Though it was now somewhat irrelevant, his style points proved to be fairly high: one 19.5, two 19s, and two 18.5s. This year, then, Innauer would have to be satisfied with second place. His grand total, it turned out, was just about three points less than Schnabl's and just about five more than Sætre's.

The competition had taken slightly over three hours. Now, as the thousands began their slow exodus, Sætrang, having extricated himself from his paper bag, turned to me and said with gusto, "This is the best jumping meet I have attended in many years. Very closely contested, very absorbing. The Austrians are extremely good. There can be no argument that at the present time they are the best in the world, by far. The height they get—Schnabl, Innauer, Wanner on his first jump—gives you the feeling that they must have been using an entirely different track to the takeoff from that of the other jumpers. An excellent meet. The only thing I might quarrel with is the style points. I think that nowadays the judges are apt to be too heavily influenced by the distance of a jump. For example, I thought they awarded Innauer higher marks on his second jump than he deserved. Innauer did not finish that jump well. Maybe he was afraid he might overjump the critical point and land on the transitional curve, which is risky. I say this because he seemed to pull himself up into a landing position too soon, too abruptly, before it was necessary."

Then, after we had edged a few metres forward with the slow-moving crowd, Sætrang asked me what aspect of the event had impressed me most. "That's easy," I told him. "The spirit and attitude of the spectators. They were as generous to the foreign stars as they were to any of the Norwegian stars. They applauded the jumpers for their individual skill, and not because of the country they happened to come from. That kind of fairness and maturity is a very rare thing—though, goodness knows, it's what international sport is supposed to be all about."

Sætrang nodded gravely. Shortly afterward, when we stood on a rise and could see the spectators ahead clogging the route to the train station, Sætrang stopped and said, "I have a brilliant idea. There is no sense in pushing into that mass. Let's just wait here for a while and have some more of our hot chocolate."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

• •

THE END

One gray animal walked to the edge of morning.
The moon was behind it and the road
wound north, an infinite hill.
And as there was simply no
reason to proceed
with the project it had set out on
days before, it sat down.

Eyes
are all I see of its gray face
staring into the morning
chilled past all desire
having at last come to the end.

—JOHN MORGAN

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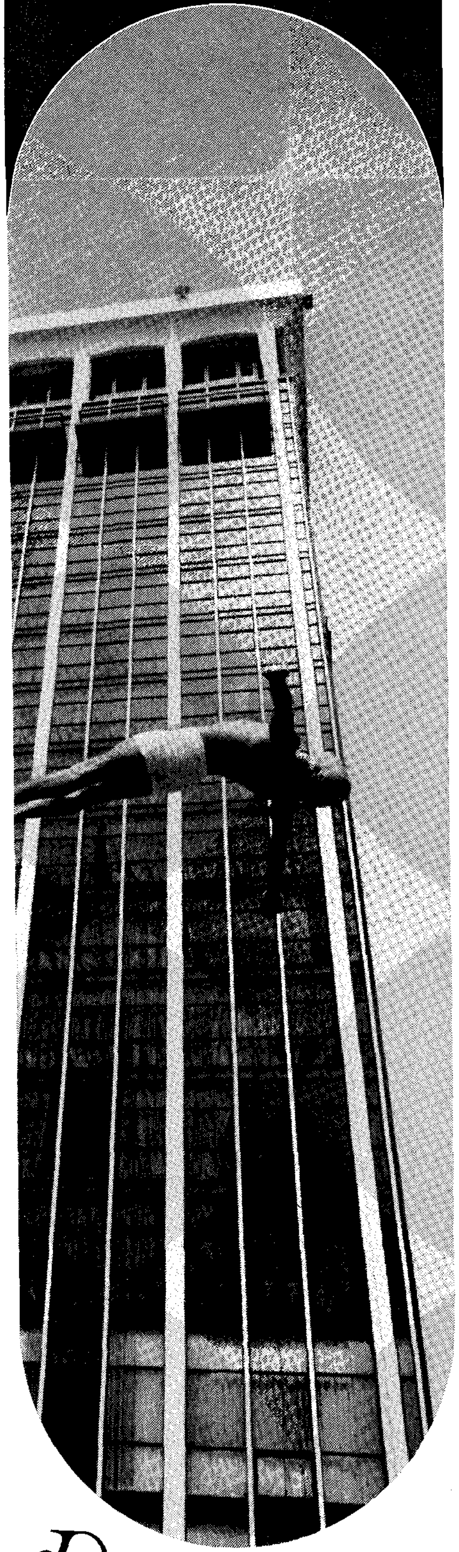

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SETTLING IN

WHENEVER a new President takes office, the political group of which he is a part has to make an adjustment from campaigning to governing this complex nation, but the adjustment that is now going on is an unusual one. The Carter people campaigned for two years and did little else, and they made their unfamiliarity with Washington a virtue. Some of the sights and sounds of the Administration's first weeks in office indicate that the Carter people are not simply new; they have brought to Washington and to our government a different kind of newness.

RANDY LEWIS, who handled the press baggage and the manifests on Peanut One, the campaign plane that Carter flew about in, sits behind a desk just off the press-briefing room in the West Wing of the White House. Lewis, who is about to turn twenty-one, is now staff assistant to the assistant press secretary. (Lewis was the youngest elected delegate to the Democratic Party's midterm convention in 1974, in Kansas City, where he met Jimmy Carter. He had to take a note to his high school in Orlando, Florida, so that he could be excused for a week in order to attend the convention.) It is the first time that many of the new people in the White House have had a desk and chair that matched, or occupied an office with fewer than eight other people. The youngish group that has come here with Carter from the campaign is not very solemn, and in these early days many of its members have somewhat the air of kids who have stumbled into a room full of Tinker-toys. They seem to have their own sense of the improbability of it all. One graduate of the campaign said the other day, "I keep waiting for someone to come along and throw us all out."

ON the first Monday after the Inauguration, at twelve-forty-five, more than an hour behind schedule, Jody Powell holds his daily press briefing. He stands behind the lectern wearing no jacket, the vest of his gray suit unbuttoned. He begins by correcting a mistake he made a few days earlier. The reporters are more forgiving of this sort of thing now than they will be later. And Powell uses humor to deflect whatever needs to be deflected. He will be able to get away with this for a while. Today, he faces questions about the President's having put his second cousin Hugh Carter, who is thirty-four, on the White House staff. Powell refers to him as "Cousin Hugh." And he makes a quick inside joke, saying that Hugh Carter, "unfortunately for me," will stand guard over the White House perquisites. Hugh Carter is ramrod straight—a trait not shared by many of the young members of the former campaign staff. They express among themselves their consternation that he will guard access to such things as Camp David and the Presidential yacht, Sequoia.

Powell says, "President Carter wishes to announce today that door-to-door limousine service for White House staff has been terminated." He says that at least a dozen Chrysler sedans and eight other vehicles will be eliminated, reducing the present fleet of fifty-six White House vehicles by at least thirty-five per cent, to a total of no more than thirty-six. Powell says that "a limited courier service will be available for the staff to get around on business appointments." Getting around on business appointments in Washington can be quite a challenge; it is almost impossible to get a taxi from Capitol Hill in the rush hour, because of its distance from the rest of town and because of the low zonal taxi rates established by Congress to suit its own convenience. One's business must be arranged accordingly. Powell says that the saving on the new limousine policy will be twelve thousand dollars a year, and that "the other part of the rationale is symbolic." The members of the White House staff are now strapped to the symbol; it will be very difficult to change this policy when they realize how much of their time and energy goes into getting to and from work. (Carter himself lives just down the hall and gets to his office by 7 A.M.) Powell says that the Cabinet officers have been urged to make "similar reductions." He says that the new policy "helps us not depart from the frustrations of not being able to get out of our driveway because it is frozen over."

Hugh Carter takes Powell's place behind the lectern. Speaking in a slow drawl, and sounding very much like his elder cousin, he explains what the thirty-six cars will be used for. He says that roughly half will be used to carry staff members around the city and that the others will be used by "chemical-radiological crews that have responsibilities here at the White House complex," and by the kitchen staff, the florist, and the groundskeeper. He also says that a four-wheel-drive car that picked up staff members when it snowed will be eliminated.

Rex Granum, Powell's deputy, briefs the reporters on the Cabinet meeting that was held this morning—a meeting that lasted about three hours. The President, he says, asked the Cabinet officers to put in writing what they plan to do in the next year. He also told them to "get out and see the people of this country," and to avoid events and conventions "with fixed agendas and formats." During the campaign, Carter urged his staff—not altogether successfully—to avoid scheduling him in formal settings before "interest groups." Carter really does seem to have a mystical view of his relationship with "the people"—a concept that has got some recent political leaders in trouble—and also to believe that aligning himself with an undefined "people" against an undefined "others" is good politics. (The White House terms its efforts to find formats—such as "town hall" meetings and radio call-ins—for the President to get close to "the people" its People Program.) Carter told his Cabinet officers today, Granum says, that he is "determined to stay close to the American people." Carter also urged them to cut down on "paperwork" and "regulations," and even on the number of lawyers who can issue such regulations. And he told them that "he had never allowed or condoned dissension among his staff and did not wish to see dissension in his Cabinet," Granum says. Carter said that he wants, in his official family, "camaraderie, friendship, and freedom of expression."

CARTER has urged his Cabinet officers to gather for a prayer meeting each Monday morning at eight o'clock.

THOMAS BERTRAM LANCE, the former Georgia banker who is Director of the Office of Management and Budget, is a large man with a jowly face and narrow, hooded eyes that make him look not quite bright, but some of his associates say that though he is no intellectual, he is a man of great acumen. Lance talks of how open and accessible he is going to be—relating his current role to his experience with Georgia's transportation department, which he headed. He has set out in Washington to work with his door open, return telephone calls, and sometimes even answer his own phone. He gives reporters his home telephone number—a sacred transaction between very high officials and reporters in Washington—but as of now, at least, the number is also listed by Information. On the Tuesday after the Inauguration, I had a chat with Lance in his office. He said, "Someone came up to me yesterday and said, 'I want to talk to you about M.H.D.s.' I said, 'I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about.' I found out later it had to do with something in the energy field called magnetohydrodynamics. The President told the Cabinet yesterday, 'You-all speak English to me. When you use initials, put in parentheses what you mean.' " Lance also said, "People are going to find out about the way that he looks at the spending of money. It's ultimately going to give a good feeling to the American people." (A Cabinet officer put it differently, saying, "People are going to be surprised when they find out how conservative he is.") During the campaign, Carter said that his family's budget was balanced and his business's budget was balanced and the federal government's budget should be balanced. Lance said, "He doesn't like to spend money. It's a deep, personal thing."

"Well, as near as I can tell, you have either logus of the bogos, the heebie-jeebies, or the jim-jam jeeters."

• •

ON the afternoon of the Tuesday after the Inauguration, I wound up, almost by accident, in the President's office. I had been talking with a staff member who had a mission there, and he invited me along. I tried to explain that that wasn't quite the way I thought things should work, but I was nonchalantly waved in. A few members of the President's staff wanted to look over the Oval Office in order to determine whether Carter should stage his first "fireside chat" there. At that point, they didn't even know what rooms were available for such an event. In a small room just outside the President's office, Tim Kraft, a mustachioed young man who directed the campaign's field organization and is now the President's appointments secretary (as a result of what had all the appearances of a palace struggle), sat, feet atop a table, trying to make a complicated dictating machine work. Kraft was obviously tickled by his splendid predicament.

It is cold in the Oval Office. The sixty-five-degree temperature decreed by the President in view of the energy shortage is accentuated by the room's several windows and the glass doors that lead to the South Lawn. As we entered the office, Carter, wearing tortoiseshell glasses, was seated behind his desk, reading documents. He rose and greeted me rather as if he were a new person on the block who had not quite taken possession of the place and I a thoughtful neighbor who had dropped in with a ham. "Thanks for stopping by," he said. We talked about his office. The furniture is the same as that used by Ford, but Carter noted that he had moved it around. "I wanted it more informal and conversational," he said. The bust of Harry Truman that Ford kept in the office is still there; Truman has emerged as a bipartisan hero. I remarked to Carter that I noticed that the wheel of the Mayagüez, which Ford had kept there—a rather odd trophy—was gone, and he laughed: a quick, genuine laugh, such as one never heard on the campaign trail. And then he said, referring to the tragically bungled rescue attempt, "Yes, forty-one lives." Carter was wearing a gray Glen-plaid suit that appeared to be one he wore often in the campaign; a long thread was dangling from the bottom of his jacket. (He is not clothes-conscious—or perhaps has a sort of reverse clothes-consciousness—and his aides have spoken jokingly of "Jimmy's three suits.") He seemed relaxed and, to use a word one uses carefully, happy. He had made it to where he wanted to be. He had marched through Iowa a year ago, and New Hampshire, and campaigned doggedly all over the country, and had plotted for at least four years how to get there, and had said out loud that he had never wanted anything more in his life, and then, at long last, he was in the Oval Office. "It's a nice place to work," he said.

THE new President's determination to hold a fireside chat early in his Administration raised all sorts of problems for his staff—the appropriate room for the chat, what the President should wear, what the President should say. There was also some internal debate over whether the chat should be held at all, at least at such an early date—some concern that perhaps he was reaching for too much "visibility" too soon—but if the President had had his way it might well have been held in his first rather than his second week in office. Some staff members worried that people might turn off their television sets afterward and remark that the President hadn't said anything. They set the goal of having the President go into some more—but not too much—detail about what he intends to do. The

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theory behind the fireside chat was that the Inaugural Address had been necessarily general and many people continued to have only vague notions of what Carter planned to do as President. In addition, the theory went, Carter still had to work at establishing himself in the public mind as President. He had campaigned as an "outsider," and he was still a bit of a stranger, and he had won by a very narrow margin. Therefore, it was necessary to gather public support while the dew was fresh and the gathering was good. The hard questions and the controversies would not be far behind. Carter preferred to hold a fireside chat before he held a press conference—which he was committed to do early in his Administration—because the reporters can set the agenda at a press conference.

Carter's aides made a concerted effort to restrain him from talking about foreign policy too much in the first chat, on the ground that people were already starting to wonder—as they had wondered about previous Presidents—why he was spending so much time on foreign policy when there were so many problems at home. Carter was apparently already becoming fascinated, as Presidents often do, by foreign policy. Foreign policy is interesting and heady and nowhere near as annoying as domestic policy: polite diplomats and broad concepts as opposed to mayors' groups and labor groups and teachers' associations demanding an audience and raising hell. Congress may interfere in foreign policy (something that Henry Kissinger always found bothersome), but certainly not to the same degree that it interferes in domestic policy. Presidents like the scrambler phone, on which one can conduct sensitive overseas conversations. Carter had been talking with Vice-President Mondale, who was then touring Europe, over the scrambler phone. (The President was urged, successfully, not to repeat in his chat his talk about wanting to abolish all nuclear weapons. Some of his foreign-policy advisers feel that such talk is unrealistic and comes across as naïve.) The fireside chat was to be not so long as to be boring but not so short as to give the networks much time for filling out a half hour with "analysis." Previous Presidents have followed a similar formula. After a major debate among Carter's staff and advisers, the Oval Office was ruled out as the setting for the chat, on the ground that it should be saved for when the President wants to make a formal address to the nation. The President's living quarters lost out to the Lincoln Library. To overcome Carter's difficulty in delivering speeches, this one was worked up from an outline that the President, in a rehearsal, talked out, the speechwriters then trying to get it so that it sounded like the President. The debate over what the President should wear took several turns. A suit was deemed too formal for this chat with the people. One aide suggested that Carter wear slacks and a turtleneck sweater, but then it was pointed out that he never wore turtleneck sweaters. Neither does he wear sports jackets. And a jeans jacket, which he does wear, was eliminated as too informal. At length, they arrived at the cardigan-sweater solution. And the substance of the speech relied heavily on what the polls taken by Patrick Caddell, Carter's twenty-six-year-old campaign pollster, had shown.

THE arrangement is that Caddell now conducts his polls ostensibly for the Democratic National Committee. Following the election, he conducted a poll in which he surveyed four areas: why people voted the way they did, attitudes toward Carter, expectations about the new Administration, and issues. During Carter's first week in office, I talked with Caddell about that poll. "People want him to be very cautious and careful," he said. "He had already sensed this. People still have a lot of doubts about him. There is no great surge of deep feeling toward him. They don't want him to screw up—it's better that he go slow and be careful. Expectations are low. Most of the major programs he is committed to are going to take a long time and be difficult to achieve. The poll went through about fifteen issues and asked which ones people thought he would act on, which ones would take the longest, which ones they were most interested in, which ones they felt furthest away from him on, and which ones they felt closest to him on." The last two questions were also constantly asked during the campaign. Caddell said that jobs and the economy came out overwhelmingly as the issues people were most interested in. Next were tax reform and bringing the government closer to the people. Other issues given high priority were welfare reform and government reorganization. Crime ranked after those. Caddell said, "What they want and what he wants are very close. I had worried that the public expectation and timetable would be out of line with what was possible. He's not expected to be Roosevelt or Kennedy—not even to be inspiring or challenging to the nation. His will be a slow, step-by-step process, starting things small and building up.”

Caddell says he is concerned that not enough people understand—as he says he thinks Carter does—the particular importance of what happens in our government in the next few years: that if people become disappointed in government once again, the consequences could be serious. When Carter’s newly selected Cabinet met on St. Simons Island, off Georgia, in late December, the pollster told them that there was no room for failure in the Carter Administration—that Carter, or any President, could not afford to let public expectations be disappointed one more time. “Let’s put it this way,” Caddell said to me in Washington. “Few of our people except Carter are given to long views.”

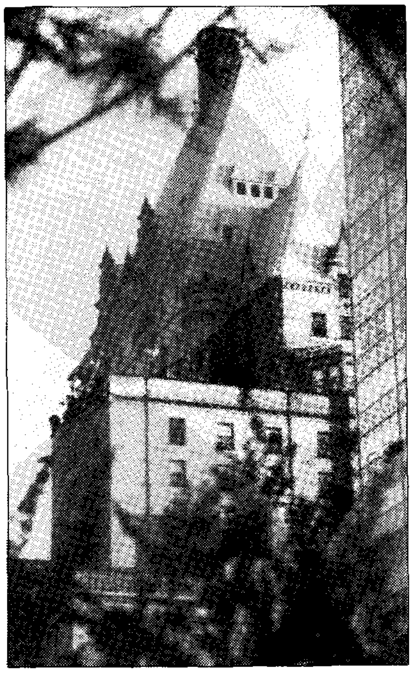
EACH new Administration likes to move the furniture around. Richard Nixon turned the lights back on at the White House; Lyndon Johnson had turned them off at night, in order to save money. (They weren’t talking about energy then.) When Gerald Ford held his first press conference after taking over from Richard Nixon, he stood at the opposite end of the East Room from where Nixon had stood during his press conferences—with the result that he stood in front of an open doorway. When Henry Kissinger took charge as head of the National Security Council at the beginning of the Nixon Administration, he ordered up studies of American policy in various areas; the studies were called N.S.S.M.s, for national-security study memorandums. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter’s national-security adviser, has ordered up similar studies, and this time they are called P.R.M.s, for Presidential review memorandums. The interdepartmental economic-policy body was called the Economic Policy Board under President Ford; now it is called the Economic Policy Group.

WHEN Richard Nixon took office, his staff was wont to say, “There will be no Califanos here,” as a way of indicating that the size and power of the White House staff would be reduced. When the Johnson Administration left office, Joseph Califano, then the chief domestic-policy aide, had a staff of five. In short order, the man who was in effect his successor, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, had a staff that was twice as large. Moynihan’s ultimate successor, John Ehrlichman, at the zenith of his power had seventy. It is not just that White House staffs (and the Presidents on whose behalf they act) are congenitally inclined to gather power unto themselves. It is also that no one has yet figured out how to run an Administration without strong central direction. As of now, Stuart Eizenstat, Carter’s domestic-policy aide, has a staff of about twenty. Hamilton Jordan, who is called Assistant to the President and is the closest thing to a chief of staff, and Jack Watson, who lost out in a power struggle with Jordan and is now called Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs, both have staffs that are large and still growing. A task force established by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to propose a revised welfare program has on it representatives from Eizenstat’s staff and Watson’s staff.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI has fretted that, pursuant to arrangements that existed when Henry Kissinger was Secretary of State, the Secretary of State can buzz the national-security adviser directly but when the national-security adviser buzzes the Secretary of State he reaches his outer office.

COLUMNISTS are concerning themselves with the who’s-up-and-who’s-downs that appear at regular intervals in any Administration. Anyone in Washington who is interested in such things, of course, knows just how to read the columns to determine who is trying to do what to whom. It was much noted that within its first ten days in office the White House staff, through the columns (and through talks with reporters all over the city), was trying to cut down Joseph Califano, now the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and James Schlesinger, now Carter’s energy adviser—two experienced and knowing alumni of government infighting—for acting too independently. White House aides went about saying that Hamilton Jordan did not like Califano’s “attitude.” One of the things that rankled with the aides was that Califano selected as his Under-Secretary a man who had supported Morris Udall in the Massachusetts primary.

WHEN the Economic Policy Group meets and a question of what to do about something or other comes up, Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury, has a way of shrugging and saying offhandedly, “We’ll handle that,” and apparently only a few people in the room realize



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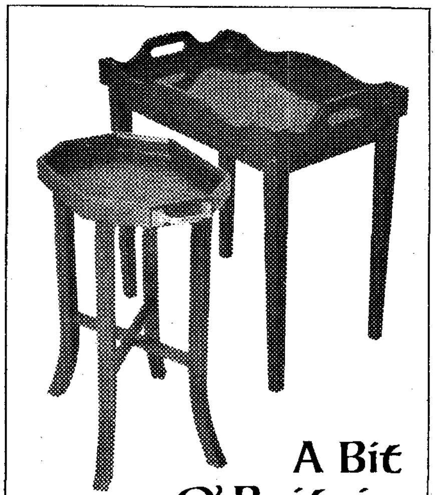

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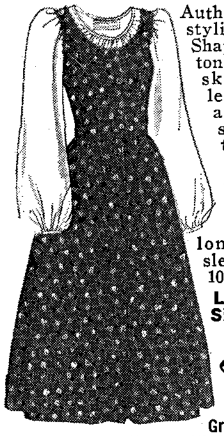
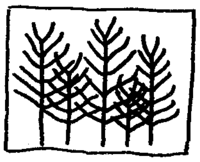


that he has just staked out more territory.

Thomas P. O'Neill, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, has warned the President at least a couple of times that "going to the people" over the Congress would be "the biggest mistake you could make." This city deals in signals, and the signal was clear when, within the first ten days after Carter took office, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and House Speaker O'Neill both felt at liberty to complain publicly that they weren't being sufficiently consulted. (They could have told the President that by telephone.) One of O'Neill's Democratic colleagues said to me on a recent afternoon, "O'Neill's view is that the President needs him more than he needs the President. Most members ran in their districts ahead of Jimmy Carter, and Jimmy Carter didn't help them." O'Neill himself tells people, "Seventy-five per cent of the members up here got more votes than he did." It's not just that a new Administration has come in at the same time that both houses of Congress have selected new leaders and everyone is feeling everyone else out; the relationships between the Carter Administration and the Congress are different from such relationships in the past, for a number of reasons. There is a feeling on Capitol Hill—not without foundation—that the White House views the Congress as a Washington version of the Georgia legislature, with which Carter, as governor, had famously bad relations. (One of Carter's aides said to me not long ago, "They're just like the Georgia legislature." He did not intend it as a compliment.) Moreover, the Carter group did not get along notably well with other politicians during the campaign. A man who has been around here awhile says, "What's needed is a combination of toughness and live-and-let-live consultation. The Hill people value the guy who remembers their little needs." Throwing an arm around them doesn't guarantee success, but not throwing an arm around them doesn't help.



Tip O'Neill says, "The problem with the people around Carter is that they spent so much of their time running against Washington they don't know they are now part of Washington." One of the most enlightened House Democrats says, "There's a cultural lack of understanding about the Congress down there, which bothers me. The danger is that the little things will multiply and create a climate in which truculence sets in. Then it will be harder than necessary to get things done. When I was a freshman, during the Johnson Administration, every one of us had a Jewish mother in the White House—a member of Lawrence O'Brien's staff was detailed to take our temperature every week. Now Congress has got in the habit of not necessarily rolling over for the President of the United States." More than half the members of the House of Representatives have been elected in the last eight years; the place is more modern, youthful, and independent than before. The staffs are more skilled, and are inclined to work up their own proposals for members of Congress to put forward. There is some inclination around Washington to assume that nobody ever lost by running against Congress, but a lot has happened since Harry Truman pursued that strategy (against an opposition Congress), in 1948. Moreover, the Democratic House member said, "Carter could make a big complaint about Congress, but how does it help him if we lose forty-eight seats in 1978? And if he doesn't get his program through, what does he say in four years—'Sorry, but give me another chance'? I'd like to be his opponent in that case. People are down on the Congress and the White House for breakdowns and stalemates and programs that don't work. If that goes on, we both lose." And then he asked me, "Did he really wear a sweater?"

I asked another member of the House what it was like on Capitol Hill as Congress and the Carter Administration settled in. He replied, "Churning. Everyone is running around, but no one seems to know what direction to go in. Everything Carter's done is carped at—even the walk down the street after his Inauguration, the trip to Pittsburgh to see the snow. None of what he's done is getting the enthusiasm here it deserves. I think the feeling among a lot of people is that they don't know him, don't much like him, and came out of the election with a bad feeling. The public complaints of the leaders were a reaction to unspoken grievances. His style should be commanding the admiration of the pros. It's a good style. But all there is is carping. No one is yet ready to throw down the gauntlet. I think part of it is that we still haven't forgiven him for the dirty, sneaky way he won the Presidency, and, by God, he's got to prove his worth. I also think there are worries that he's going to make some drastic changes. And there's a kind of feeling among Democrats that one of ours has won and it isn't so great. Some of us were at the White House for a swearing-in ceremony recently. Nobody's even saying 'Isn't it great to have a President of our party and to be back at the White House again?' "

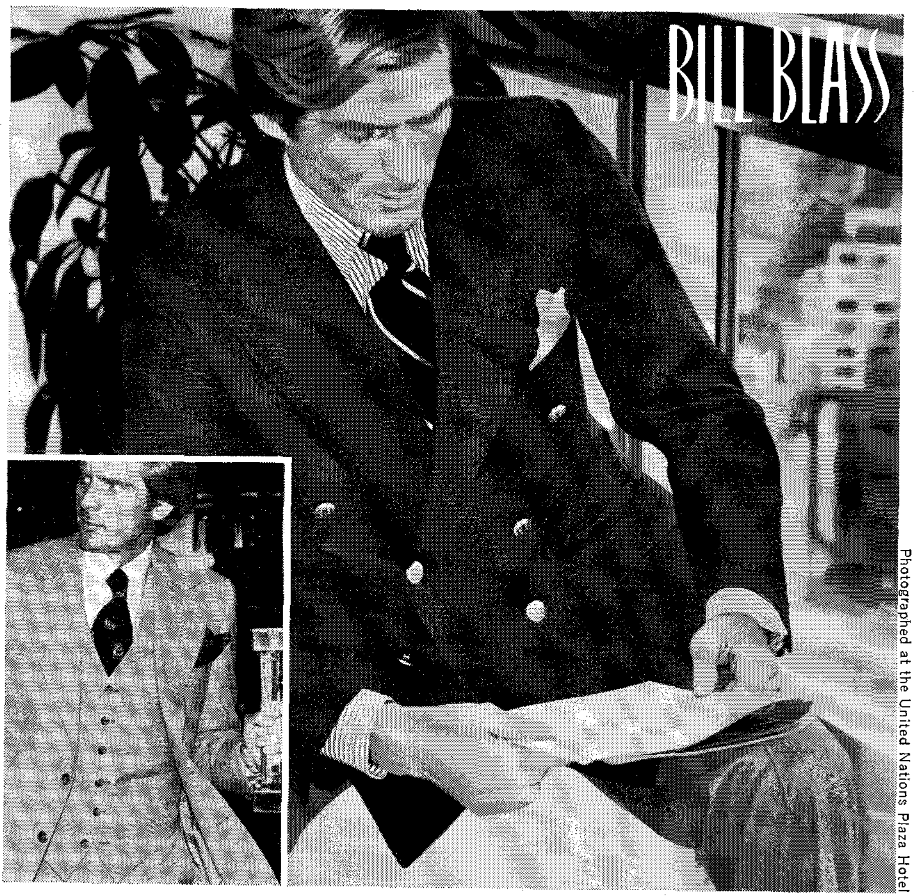
AT his first Cabinet meeting, the President was told that Congress might make changes in his economic program. He responded, in effect, Why would they do that? The numbers we selected are correct.

A WHITE HOUSE aide arrived late for lunch one day. "We were working on some terrible problems," he said by way of apology. "There aren't enough cars to take us around to our appointments, and now that more people are driving to work, there aren't enough parking spaces."

"THE White House," said a young Administration aide as we walked toward it after lunch. "For so many years of my life, it's been like Gatsby's green light. Except I reached it."

A MAN here said, "He spent so much time in the campaign saying that he didn't owe anybody anything that nobody thinks they owe him anything."

TWO weeks after Carter took office, I dropped in to see Hamilton Jordan at the White House. Jordan is spending a good deal of his time on the remaining Administration jobs to be filled, of which there is quite a backlog. In addition, the President is loading a number of other assignments onto his former campaign manager and frequently calls him into his office. Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta attorney who is the President's close friend and adviser, had quietly slipped into town the day before for a look around—he plans to do that every couple of weeks or so—and had advised Jordan, who is not known for being well organized, to try to free himself of some details. Jordan has surrounded himself with colleagues from the campaign: Landon Butler, thirty-five, who is Jordan's deputy; Jim Gammill, twenty-three, who was in charge of logistics for the Carter camp at the Democratic Convention; Rick Hutcheson, twenty-five, who was in charge of the delegate hunt for the campaign and is now trying to com-



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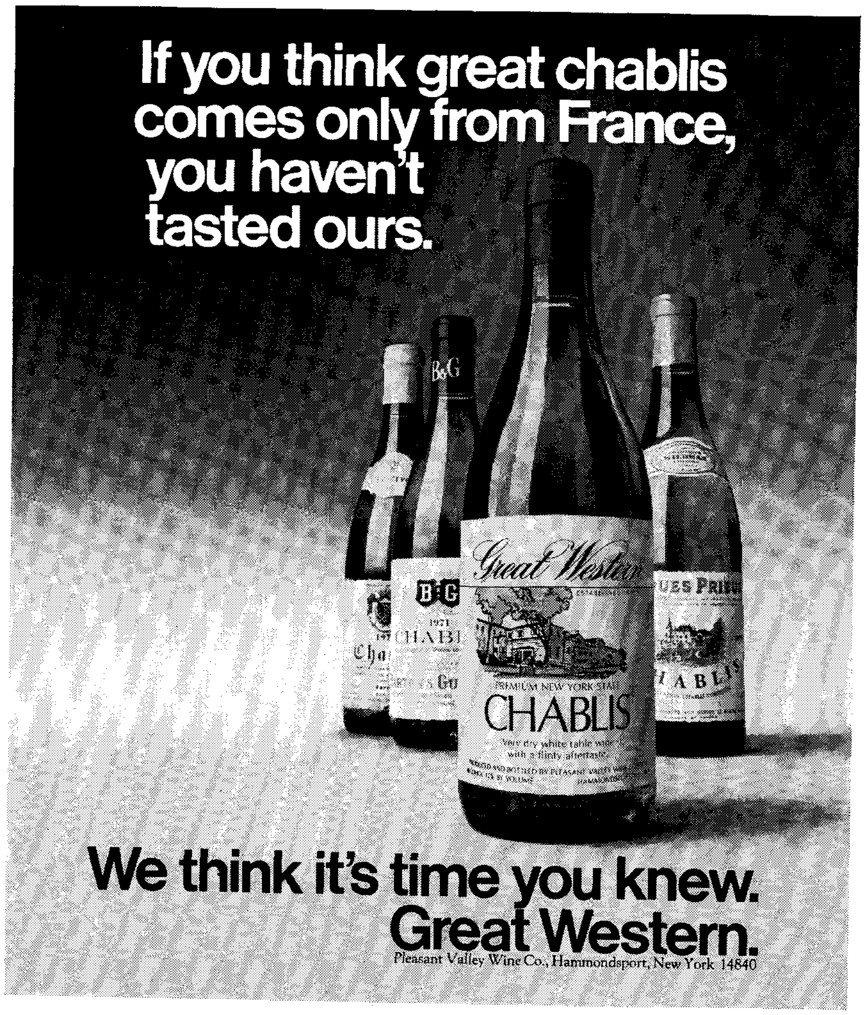
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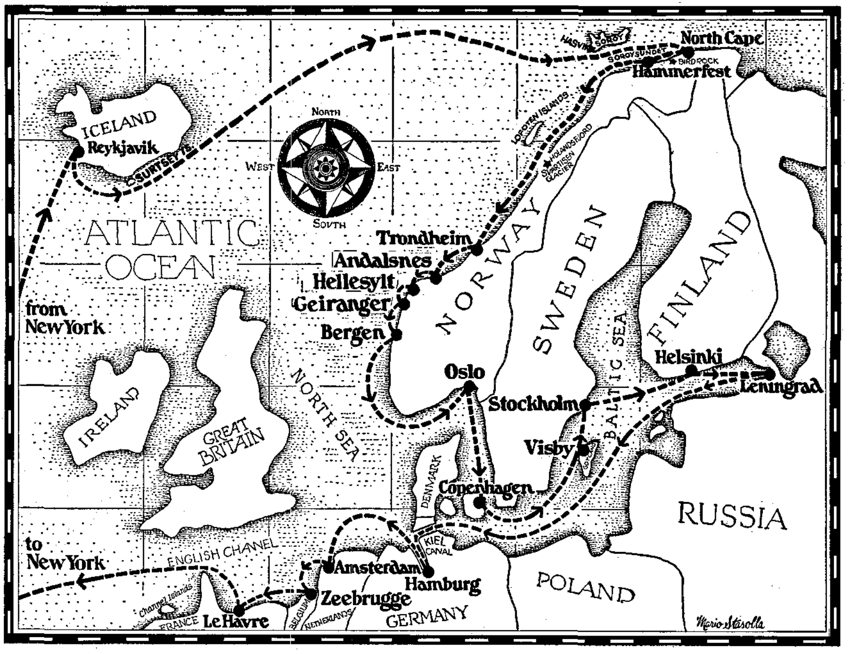
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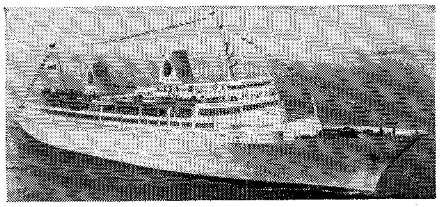

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mand the paper flow at the White House; Tim Kraft, the President's appointments secretary. He has also brought in Mark Siegel, who was the executive director of the Democratic National Committee, to act as his eyes and ears in meetings between other members of the White House staff and Cabinet officers, to see that the political purposes of the Carter Administration are given due consideration. Jordan, who softens his drive with an easygoing, wisecracking style, seems almost ill at ease in his large corner office in the White House. Characteristically, he makes jokes about it. But no one doubts that he is accumulating power. I asked Jordan what he was doing.

"I'm a short-order cook, that's what I am," he replied. "I'm trying to find a C.I.A. director one minute and calling a Cabinet officer to get someone placed in an agency the next minute. I feel personally responsible for some good people from our campaign who haven't been placed yet." (Cabinet officers have been asked to place in their agencies groups of former campaign workers for a period of at least ninety days.) Jordan broke off to take a call from the President about Mrs. Carter's efforts to get the required number of states to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment.

I asked Jordan if he was surprised by anything in his dealings with Congress, which have been controversial.

"It's about what I expected," he replied. "I've dealt with legislative bodies before." Then he began to talk about a certain Washington journalist of some prominence. "I'll never understand him, and I don't think he'll ever understand me," he said.

I asked Jordan whether there was anything about the move to Washington he had not anticipated.

"It's just the same group of people in different physical surroundings," he said. "I'm a little disappointed. There's no sense of its being historic. It's kind of an extension of the campaign. The same people around—Rick, Landon, Tim. Doing the same kinds of things as in the campaign—scheduling, dealing with people, making a lot of the same kinds of decisions."

—Elizabeth Drew

•

This time the Metropolitan Opera used August Everding as director, Ming Cho Lee as set designer and Peter J. Hall as customer. The results, unveiled Thursday night, constitute the most striking "Lohengrin" ever to be seen in New York.—*The Times.*

Striking, if poorly attended.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Where We Are Now

WITH "Roots," TV found a way to keep the audience away from movies for eight nights in a row. Even though the first two hours, which should have been shot in Africa with Africans, were glaringly fake, the film accumulated raw strength; it had a theme and a narrative sweep that caught you up emotionally and flung you around the room. Great filmmakers have been called grandiose dreamers for attempting considerably less than a twelve-hour black epic. (Without commercials, ten and a half hours.) Nights now, I still wake up and go over incidents in my head; it's been a while since I did that with a movie—"The Godfather, Part II" and "Nashville" were the last ones. The black actors in "Roots"—Louis Gossett, Jr., John Amos, Madge Sinclair, Ben Vereen, Olivia Cole, Georg Stanford Brown, and others—delivered performances that made most of the movie acting of the past year look spindly, practically disembodied. Partly because a handful of talented directors have been away working on big projects, this has been a terrible year for movies. I resented having to go out to a movie on the second night of the two-part TV film "Sybil," because Sally Field's performance went way beyond anything I was likely to see. These longer narrative forms on TV enable actors to get into their characters and take hold of a viewer's imagination.

The movie studios aren't putting up a fight. The lassitude of the studio heads—in for a year or two, or just a half year, and then moved around by the conglomerate chess players—is a sign of their powerlessness. Suddenly, there are no strong men at the top. Heads of production come and go without having had a chance to build a reputation. They're not concerned with developing talent; they won't be in their jobs long enough to reap the benefits. For the first time in movie history, even the names of the studio heads are a blur.

The structure of the movie industry has broken down to the degree that there is no industry. Good films get made and don't get promoted, because there's nobody to promote them—no hucksters, no field representatives, no distributing apparatus to guarantee a picture a claim on the public's attention. New releases join the pantheon of dumped movies; prints never reach outlying areas, sometimes never even reach New York. Pictures open with so little advance preparation that now and then the companies neglect to invite the press to review them. They're tossed into theatres and close before anybody finds out what they are; they may never reappear. The major companies don't know how to sell pictures anymore. They don't know how to create audience anticipation. Have there even been any good trailers in recent years? Most of them are so full of gory climaxes that audiences laugh at them, or groan. Though frequent moviegoers, who buy half the admission tickets, are a very small percentage of the total population (probably smaller than five per cent), the only way that the majors know to promote a movie is on TV. Since a national media blitz costs from three to eight million dollars, the companies go all out for just a few of their pictures. They ignore the frequent moviegoers (whom they don't understand) and use the bulk of their advertising budgets trying to attract the people who will leave their TV sets and go out to a movie only two or three times a year. So the companies lose money on the majority of their movies. It's a failure of energy and ingenuity. The only thing the nervous executives can think to do is to cheat everybody extra hard. Their staffs are engaged in a holding action; people try to hold on to their jobs by being as close to invisible as possible, and, except for a few pictures with big campaigns, they let everything slide by. And even the big ones they often mishandle, making them seem so violent and exploitative that many people are frightened off.

Millions of those who watch the Academy Awards show on TV probably haven't seen any of the movies nominated; the *idea* of movies still has an appeal, but once you've lost the habit you have to make decisions. If you consider going out to a movie and open your newspaper to the movie pages, that mess you see is a sign of the societal changes that are making going-to-the-movies obsolete. There are ads for pictures you've never heard of, ads for foreign films that could be porn or could be earnest pictures disguised as porn, and perhaps one for a movie that you've read a good review of and thought you'd like to see but decide not to go to, because the ad makes it look bloody. There are now pictures playing in first-run theatres that are Z pictures—zilch that *nobody* has heard of.

The executives at the top have to decide what you'll go to see or what they can persuade you to go to see. But they aren't showmen with instincts, who worked their way up; they're agents plunked down in the jobs—dealmakers, not picture-makers. There is no longer any vital connection between the people who finance the movies and the people who go to them (or stay at home). There's a morass between. And there are no safe subjects. Except for the overseas market for Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson, it's all hit or miss, and if the audience doesn't respond to a big new picture, the producers say, "What do the goddam people want?" Lacking the conviction that they know what the public wants, and fearing to trust what they themselves might want, most of them stall for as long as they can. Since one mistake can wreck their power position, they make fewer and fewer pictures. When the word gets out that a studio head is about to be moved, the studio becomes a production graveyard for months. The major companies have scheduled only ten movies to go into production in the first quarter of this year, and some of these may be cancelled.

Among the "independents," the selling of movies has gone back to the nickelodeon days: the pushiest pitchmen are drawing the public. Wilderness con jobs and "scientific" scams, such as "In Search of Noah's Ark," are sold via regional saturation ads on TV. The kids who drag their parents to these snake-oil salesmen's operations don't realize that the TV commercial is the film; what's playing in the theatre is virtually outtakes. These con-men producers know that they don't need good pictures. What little word-of-mouth there is doesn't hurt them; by the time it catches up with them, they're into another area. Salesmen who go out to high-pressure an individual picture can peddle almost anything; having left Paramount, Frank Yablans, the top salesman in the business, has flogged his own first production, "Silver Streak," so effectively that I'm beginning to get letters from people who are indignant that I panned it. In the new zilch-movie world, these salesmen-entrepreneurs function as parodies of the moguls of the past. But they could be all that will be left.

The vibes sent out by the major studios are that they don't want to

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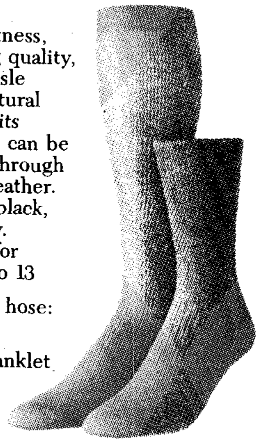

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make movies—they want to get out of the business. The fate of American movies as a great popular art form is in the hands of a very small group of artists. It's only the expectation of such films as "3 Women," "New York, New York," "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," and "Apocalypse Now" and the hope of a few surprises which keep some excitement up for moviegoers.

"ROOTS" shows how TV could finish off movies, and "Fun with Dick and Jane" makes it seem like a good idea. Jane Fonda looks radiant in it, but what does it say about an actress's judgment to look so relaxed and happy in this picture—a leftover from the Nixon era, another movie telling us we're all crooked and looking for a bigger piece of the pie? She and George Segal play Dick and Jane of the children's primers grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a materialistic heaven. He's a Los Angeles aerospace executive, and they've become accustomed to credit-card affluence; when he loses his job, they turn to armed robbery in order to maintain their suburban-palatial dream house. The central idea is a variant of "Save the Tiger": it offers the same sort of irrational solutions to basic economic problems, except that here the criminal behavior is played for farce, and instead of pitying the characters for being corrupt we're meant to find them enchanting. Robbing and being chased provide the sexual stimulus that the lackadaisical marriage needed; the resourcefulness required of Jane liberates her, and—final triumph—the couple's larcenous methods result in Dick's becoming head of the aerospace company that canned him. So they live on happily in their jerry-built mansion—American-dream winners. Since this sour message represents the point at which the cynical right and the idiot left meet, the film—for all its political stabs—means precisely nothing. It starts by saying that America makes everybody corrupt, and then, having rationalized crookedness, makes the biggest crooks the heroes. We're asked to cheer the trashy values it set out to attack. This is a nitwit comedy on the order of "For Pete's Sake," though it's much worse made.

The director, Ted Kotcheff, shoves the camera too close to his actors; the lighting looks like early Elaine May; and his idea of rhythm is to alternate high-angle and low-angle shots. The editor tries to hide how badly directed the scenes are by piecing them together out of shots that don't seem to last more than seven seconds. In his previous film, "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," Kotcheff got by with this jerkiness, because Mordecai Richler's Dickensian energy was under it. "Fun with Dick and Jane" is based on Gerald Gaiser's screenplay for a serious film, which was turned into a lampoon by David Giler, then reworked by Jerry Belson, and, finally, sent to Richler for a fast (three-week) shuffle. You can perceive the comic effects that the scriptwriters intended (for example, in the sequence at the aerospace company when Dick comes out of the inner sanctum after being fired and everyone in the outer offices already knows), but the gags don't make you laugh; they make you flinch.

Kotcheff is the kind of director who thinks ugliness is funny. He really should be locked up for what he does to the performers. Many of the minor actors are playing "ethnic" roles, and the camera violates their features and strips them of dignity. These actors misread their lines so consistently that one has to assume they were directed to do so. The lines involve ethnic and homosexual jokes and some sick jokes (such as a real stinker about a man without vocal cords), which on paper may have appeared to be satiric; as Kotcheff handles them, they're so coarse they've gone back to being the material satirized. What kind of political comedy can you have with a director who makes practically every employee of every institution—every janitor or clerk—look stupid? When Kotcheff puts the Bach Magnificat on the sound track while a street crowd scrambles for money that's been tossed out of a car, we're supposed to see the contrast between man's possibilities and what men have become. The director doesn't even have the grace to indicate that some of these people may need the money. They're just swine heading for slops.

"Fun with Dick and Jane" was moderately costly (over four million dollars), but everything about it feels cheap—the watery pastels of the inept children's-book titles, the rattling rock ballad at the start, and the background music, which sounds like a car radio when the stations are jammed together. The mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor is given the illusion of class by the presence of Jane Fonda and George

Segal, and the tinge of smugness they confer on the material. The smile lines around Jane Fonda's mouth are ingratiating, and her long chestnut hair makes her seem warm and friendly; that's the extent of her performance. She plays one scene on the commode—probably because that's the only way anybody could figure out to keep the audience watching the scene. As for the constantly genial Segal, his insipid crinkly grin has become such a protective reflex that you want to wipe it off his face. For an actor with the talent he showed a few years back, that grin is like a death announcement; he looks ready for a TV series. The attraction of this piece of junk for the stars, and for the producers, Peter Bart and Max Palevsky, must have been the idea that it would be popular and also "say something." The more financially secure Hollywood people are, the more they seem to feel the need to teach us the perils of American materialism. Millionaires illustrate greed for us by showing people on the streets grabbing and crawling for a few dollars. The film demonstrates Dick's and Jane's sham values by placing them in a tract mansion that offends the moviemakers' tastes, though it probably does look like a dream house to most of the movie audiences throughout the world. But then those audiences are the same people who are represented here as swine. Moviemakers who turn out a film that looks like "Fun with Dick and Jane" shouldn't give anybody lessons in taste.

"THIEVES" is a turkey that falls over without being shot. The Herb Gardner who wrote it must be a man of ninety-five who has been lying to himself all his life. "Thieves" is the story of a New York City marriage. The husband (Charles Grodin) has lost the wild, free spirit and the civil-rights convictions of his youth; he is the principal of a private school and has become the slave of propriety and possessions. But his pregnant wife (the inimitable Marlo Thomas) has kept her faith in people; she is dedicated to her job in a ghetto school and writes what she calls "children's poems." She lectures him on the glories of a mad, carefree existence—with full dedication to the underprivileged—and he is restored to being "the craziest kid in the neighborhood." Gardner is a proponent of the urban poetry of craziness—the phoniest rapture of William Saroyan stuck inside the staginess of Sidney Kingsley's "Dead End." The husband and wife are followed around by mute ghosts of the city—an emblematic rag-

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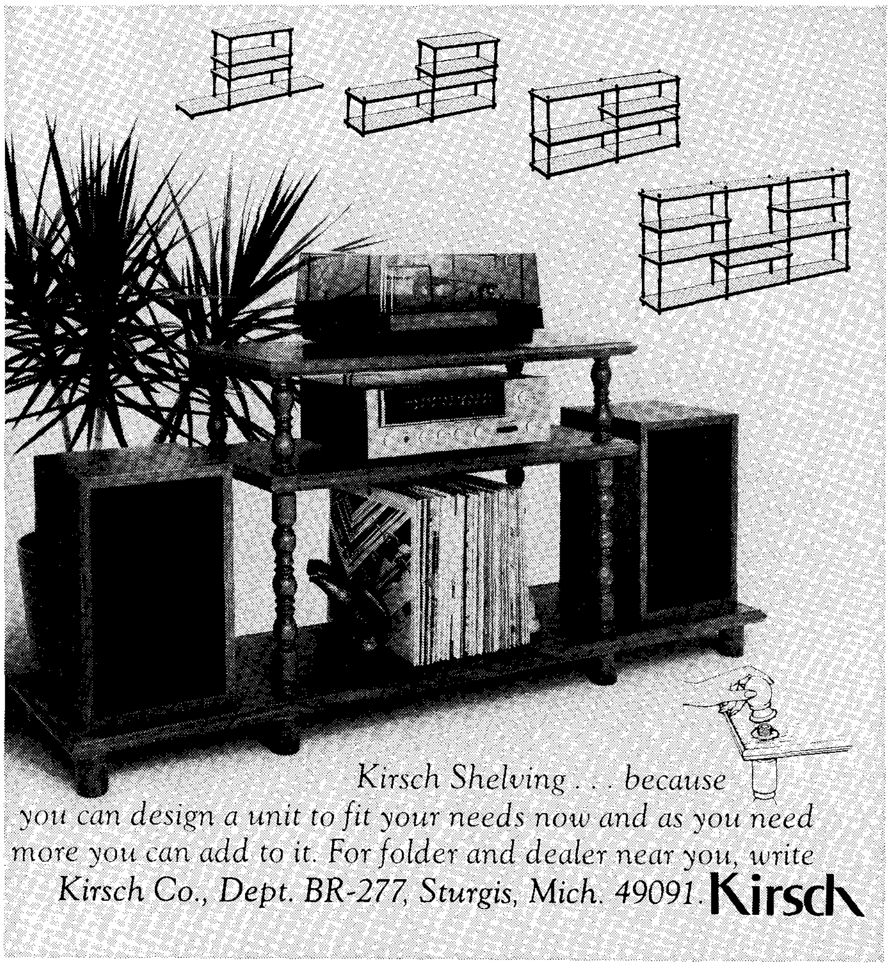

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picker (Mercedes McCambridge) and a token skid-row bum (Gary Merrill). The wife's cab-driver father (Irwin Corey) is a prejudiced but wise seventy-eight-year-old leprechaun who chases "tootsies," because tootsies are "hopefulness itself," and there are dozens of clever, despairing, lonely people.

Considering that nobody talks—they make speeches, every one of them profound—Charles Grodin (who directed the stage version) gives a highly creditable performance. But even if everybody on the screen were as polished as he is, and even if the camera weren't always on Marlo Thomas's tight, anxious face, there still would not be a believable minute. John Berry is listed as director but was actually fired and replaced by Gardner; surely no one else would have retained the scene of the husband's breaking into the Loew's Delancey he had attended as a boy to climb onstage and deliver a paean to the vanished heroes of the screen. ("And Bogart is dead.") With just the tiniest shift of inflections, this script could be played as a Nichols-and-May routine. "Oh, Pop, what's it all for?" Marlo asks, and Pop, furious that she's planning an abortion, cocks his head lyrically and says, "It's for staying alive."

I WAS all primed for "Fellini's Casanova." I'd given the "Memoirs" a squeeze—enough to perceive that the episodes were tempting screen material; I'd reread Edmund Wilson's essay in "The Wound and the Bow;" and I'd gone through some of the recent articles about Fellini. But the picture never got started, and after an hour I staggered out. Fellini has done something no one else in screen history has done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be done successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crises on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten.

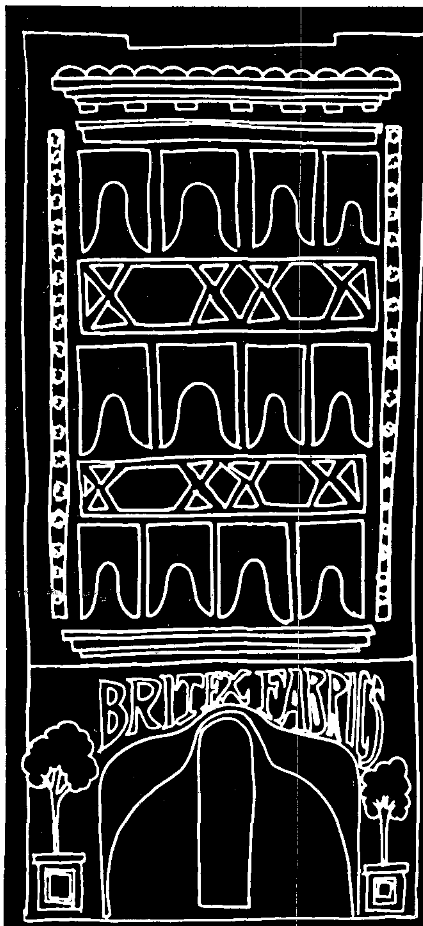
Fellini gives great interviews; he has turned into the Italian Orson Welles. He talks such a remarkable movie that maybe he doesn't need to make it. He has become the work of art.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

PRINCETON, N.J.—Scientists at Princeton University have urged the school to begin genetic research which they say could either lead to a cure for cancer or produce a "doomsday organism" that could destroy mankind.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Times-Union.*

And let's not drag our heels!



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Song in Green

A SAD tale's best for winter. At least twice this winter we were invited in—by Benjamin Luxon and Yehudi Wyner at Town Hall, and, six days later, by Richard Dyer-Bennet and Nancy Garniez at Alice Tully Hall—to hear the sad tale of a miller lad who loved a miller's daughter, lost her to a huntsman, and drowned himself for grief. Wilhelm Müller wrote the words. The action passes in spring, but Müller headed his verses with the direction "*Im Winter zu lesen.*" He speaks a prologue, which might be rendered as:

Fair ladies, clever gentlemen, draw near,
And something worth your while you'll see and hear:
Today I offer you a brand-new play
Recounted in an extra-brand-new way,
Plainly constructed, fashioned without guile,
Decked in the noble, simple German style.

I hope, since icy winter rules outside,
An hour or so in green you'll gladly bide;
For know you this: that in my songs today
Fair spring and all her flowers are on display.
Out in the open air I set my scene,
Far from the city, where the air is clean.
Through woods and fields, through dales and hills we'll roam,
And any indoor action, played at home,
Will through an open window be observed;
Thus Art and you alike are fitly served.

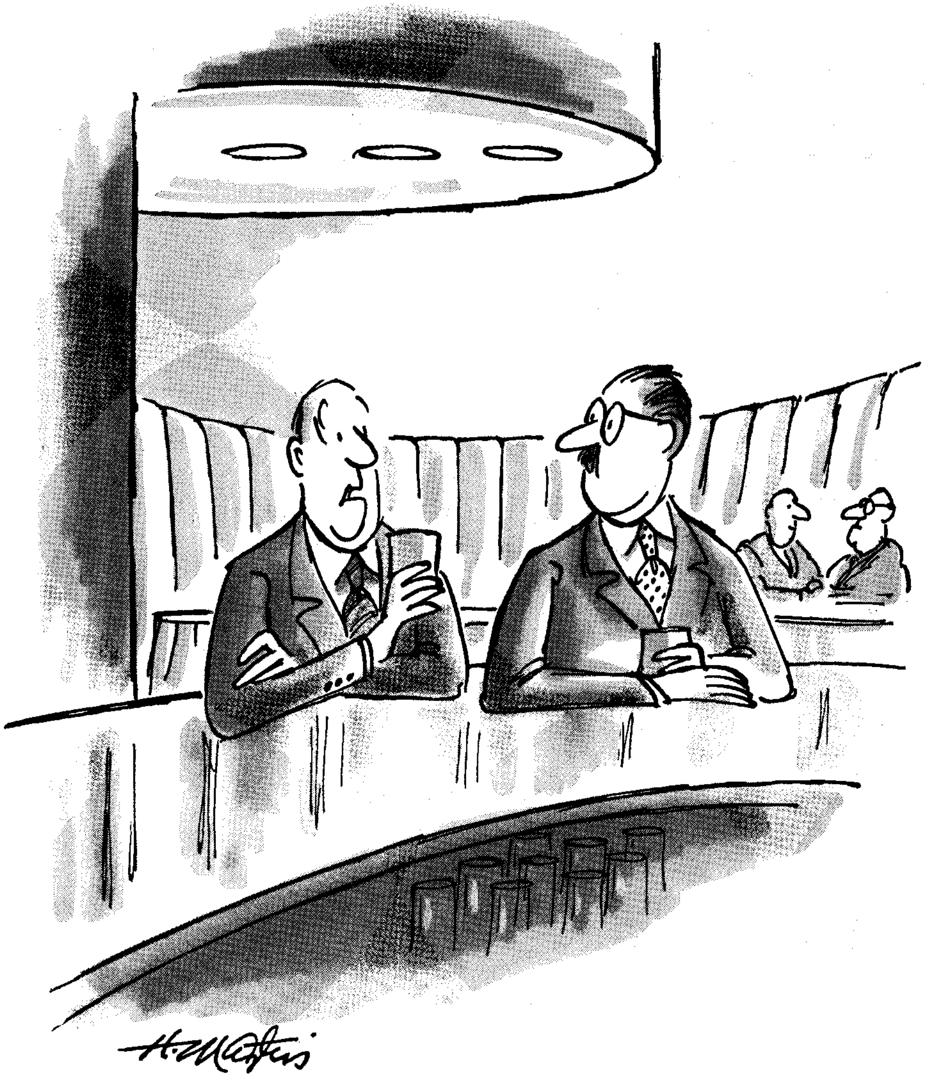
You ask about the persons in the play?
Well—blame the Muses!—all that I can say
Is that there's only one. It's not too bad,
For he's a blond and handsome miller lad.
(Although a brook may sing the final word,
To dub that brook a person is absurd.)
A Monodrama—that's the term I seek;
A Monodrama: one alone will speak.

Our simple stage is carpeted in green;
A thousand colored flowers enrich the scene;
Above our heads the glorious sun appears;
Below, it sparkles bright on dew—or tears.
Ere long, the silvery moon through clouds will smile,
Most melancholy—in the modern style.
A lofty forest forms my hinterground,
Where dogs are barking, hunters' horns resound,
And from the crags a crystal fountain gushes.
Down to the vale, a silver brooklet rushes.
There mill wheels roar, machinery clatters round,
Till birdsong in the neighboring grove is drowned.
Good people, if my songs seem rude or lame,
This simple rustic setting is to blame.
Yet mill wheels have a charm some can't resist;
What is it?—Ask my monodramatist;
If I revealed it, I might spoil his play.
Farewell, good friends! enjoy yourselves today!

There follow twenty-three poems—twenty-one from the young miller, a dialogue between him and the brook, a final lullaby from the brook alone—and then an epilogue from the poet. Müller's "Die Schöne Müllerin" was published in 1821. Shortly before his death, six years later, he wrote to a friend, "Perhaps a kindred spirit will someday be found whose ear will catch the melodies from my words, and who will give me back my own." It's a puzzling thing to have said. Schubert's setting of "Die Schöne Müllerin" had been published in Vienna, in five volumes, in 1824. Did no one draw Müller's attention to it? Could he have known the songs and not perceived that in Schubert the kindred spirit he sought had already been found?

MANY eloquent words have been written about Schubert's cycle. To read Lotte Lehmann's pages on it, in her "More Than Singing," is almost to hear an ideal interpretation. And to see one, too: to see not only the singer—who at the start of "Am Feierabend" should "stand very erect, with flashing eyes, as if ready to struggle and determined to win"—but also what he (or possibly she, but it is really a man's cycle, and Lehmann herself is the only woman to have recorded it) is singing of. Lehmann blends scenic description, emotion, and practical advice. About "Thränenregen":

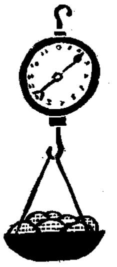
> You see the deep blue heaven with its brilliant stars reflected in the brook. Heaven and water seem mysteriously



"*I was shot out here to the New York office, my wife's company whisked her off to Denver, and Lord only knows what happened to the children.*"

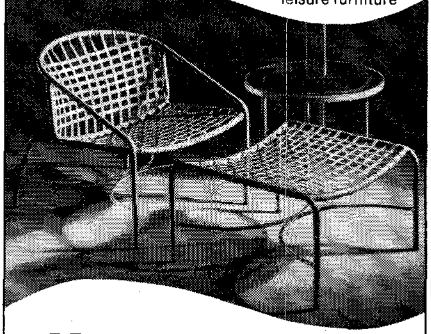
interwoven, the earth seems extinguished.... This vision grips your thirsty, impressionable, vulnerable, poet's soul. Confusion sweeps over you—the beauty of this moment is too great, too much for you. You lean down toward the brook and see its waters, like a luminous veil, rippling on over the image of your beloved.... Sing mysteriously, calling and yet listening.... Lift out the two words "Geselle, Geselle" like a call, sing them separated from the continuing musical phrase.

It was Lehmann who first revealed to me the character of the eponymous *Müllerin*. "Das Mühlenleben," one of the three poems that Schubert left unset, tells us something about her: when the hands are at work, she occasionally visits them, prattling prettily but also checking on their industry with a sidelong glance; "judiciously she praises one lad so that another will notice and consider how he can do better and earn her thanks." In "Thränenregen," a sentence of hers is quoted. The boy has been so deeply affected by the beauty of the scene that his eyes fill with tears. And *she* says, "It's beginning to rain, goodbye, I'm going in." "In this one sentence," Lehmann tells her reader, "you must convey the picture of the girl: an unromantic, commonplace nature, coquettish, a little superior, scornful but at the same time almost superstitiously fearful of anything which is at all foreign to her. . . . In the postlude, slowly bow your head as if you, the miller boy, withdraw into yourself."



The singer of Schubert's second Müller cycle, "Winterreise," has no human company—snarling dogs, a sinister crow, a will-o'-the-wisp, a withered leaf are his companions—until in the final song he meets the hurdy-gurdy man. He must be a skillful scene painter, but he himself is the only character who crosses the scenes. "Winterreise" is a series of linked wintry images and reflections. But "Die Schöne Müllerin" is a drama. Although the monodramatist begins and ends in solitude (except for his constant companion the brook), the central scenes are played out in company: his master the miller, the fair daughter of the mill, his fellow-workers, his rival the huntsman from the wooded hill—all these must be evoked. Schubert spent a great part of his brief life writing ambitious operas, and had no success with them. "Die Schöne Müllerin" is a kind of one-man, one-piano domestic opera. A successful performance requires that it should be more than a sequence of beautiful songs, and more even than a dramatic narrative: it must be a drama, just such a drama as Müller promises in his prologue. And this drama the two performers must create by fine imaginative strokes, by touches of emphasis and color which depict and then people their scenes without the aid of set designer and stage director.

Mr. Luxon, a Cornishman, sang the cycle in German to an American audience, and it is hard to be dramatic in a foreign language. (At the Vivian Beaumont, Joseph Papp is not presenting "The Cherry Orchard" in Russian.) But there are things to be said in favor of singing songs in the original language—I won't plow through that well-tilled field again—and there are ways to diminish the loss of communication which results when the language is not that of the audience. Mr. Luxon forwent the simplest of them: providing listeners with a text and a line-by-line translation. His program book contained only a close-set, run-on prose translation of the poems. For those not fluent in German it would have been better than nothing—if it had not been rendered useless by the turning out of the lights in the hall. Another way is to use words so vividly that some of the sense and a good deal of the feeling come through; purely formed, distinctly sounded vowels and subtly timed, carefully placed consonants can be expressive in their own right. But Mr. Luxon's German was not especially expressive or eloquent. As if in an endeavor to get at least something across, he sacrificed fine detail and concentrated on broadly emotional effects, laying on colors with a wide brush, in energetic strokes, and underlining them with altogether too vigorously active a platform demeanor. Physically and vocally, he lurched into phrases. After what seemed to be an attempt to raise the roof with "Mein!" I felt I had had enough, and left in the pause that preceded "Pause." Time could be better spent with Aksel Schiøtz and Gerald Moore, or with Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten. I choose two tenors from the long list of the singers who have recorded "Die Schöne Müllerin" because it is essentially a tenor cycle. Baritone timbre (Mr. Luxon is a baritone) darkens its springtime freshness, and downward transpositions to accommodate the lower voice inevitably cumber the sonorities of the piano part. (Nevertheless, the baritones Gerhard Hüsch, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Gérard Souzay have put memorable interpretations of the cycle on rec-



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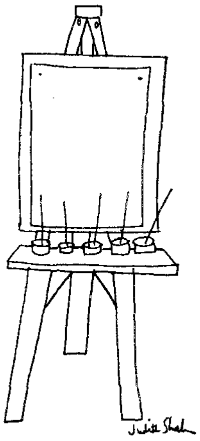
ord.) And I choose the two pianists who have played it with art unrivalled since recorded musical history began.

Mr. Moore has also written about the cycle. To read his pages on "Die Schöne Müllerin," in "The Schubert Song Cycles," is again to hear an ideal interpretation—and this time, if one happens to be a pianist, also to feel it through one's fingers. Of the miller maid's unfeeling remark at the end of "Thränenregen" Mr. Moore says:

> This blow is delivered so carelessly and unfeelingly, and with such unexpectedness that it must be thrown away by the singer: lightly sung in the most matter-of-fact way. He will be helped if the quaver passage in the pianoforte trips down without delaying. . . . That the boy is hurt is clearly shown in the postlude. Once again our Schubert comes up with a telling stroke in the final bars. Hope and despair are in those four bars. Hope in [the first two]: despairing realization in [the next two]. The pianist allows us to hear this dramatic change by a distinct hesitation before the minor chord, as if reluctant to accept the inevitable.

Anyone who loves Schubertian detail, and can play the piano at all, must surely be impelled by that to go to the keyboard and try the effect of the distinct hesitation; and also, if he has a record collection that allows it, to listen to Mr. Moore's own rendering of the passage. (He has recorded "Die Schöne Müllerin" at least five times, with Schiøtz, with Rudolf Schock, and thrice with Fischer-Dieskau as his vocal partner, across a period of some thirty years.) And then, perhaps, to hear next how Britten handled it—for Britten played Schubert as if he had *become* Schubert; there was no sense of someone "interpreting" another's notes. The imagery of the final "Müllerin" songs ("Ah, down below, cooling rest!" "Hither, hither; whatever can cradle will lull and rock the boy to rest") is the recurrent imagery of Britten's own oeuvre: Peter Grimes, Billy Budd, the Little Sweep in Kingsley's version of the tale, the cabin boy in "The Golden Vanity," Aschenbach as in imagination he follows Tadzio out to sea—all find peace at last in the cradle of the deep. Tarquin's seeking to cool his wild blood in the Tiber and then with Lucretia is a variant of the theme. So, if less directly, is the encounter of the two soldiers in the finale of the "War Requiem." The E major of "Des Baches Wiegenlied" found its way into "Death in Venice." In several Britten works, its cradling water rhythms answer the question "What harbour shelters peace?" posed by Grimes and taken up (often with the same motif of a rising ninth) in later compositions. Another "Müllerin" song, "Die Liebe Farbe," is the basis of a scene in Michael Tippett's opera "The Knot Garden." I doubt whether any composer could know "Die Schöne Müllerin" without finding that some currents from Schubert's stream—nature as an ever-changing reflection of men's feelings, and all turned into music—have flowed into his own musical personality. That stream lives in the piano part. I have still to hear it played on such a piano as Schubert himself knew, light, silvery, and clear; Britten comes closest to making a modern concert grand sound right. Though Mr. Luxon had a most musical, imaginative pianist in Yehudi Wyner, it was too often big, round, "Steinway" sound that we heard.



IT is hard on modern performers that they should be measured against not only their contemporaries but also the greatest of their predecessors. Yet since the phonograph became our most abundant provider of musical experiences it has been inevitable. Why brave winter's snow and ice to attend a recital less rewarding than one that can be enjoyed in comfort at home? Because, of course, the live performance may well have something to offer which cannot be caught by the phonograph. Richard Dyer-Bennet's recital had. He presented the cycle as the little play that Wilhelm Müller had in mind, and drew his listeners with him into the drama. He introduced and ended it by speaking an English version of Müller's prologue and epilogue. And he sang the songs in English, too, so that the audience could follow the action scene by scene, line by line, without a language barrier between them and the work, and without having to scan parallel columns of German and English. "Die Schöne Müllerin" has been many times translated; versions by A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson, in their "Schubert's Songs Translated," and by Richard Capell are notable. But in any version a singer may find things that lie uncomfortably for him, and Mr. Dyer-Bennet has made his own translation, under the title

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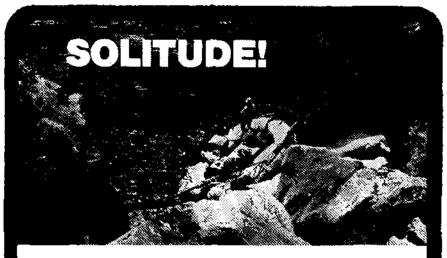

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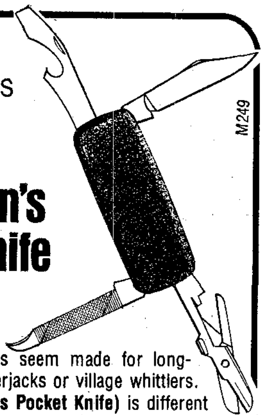

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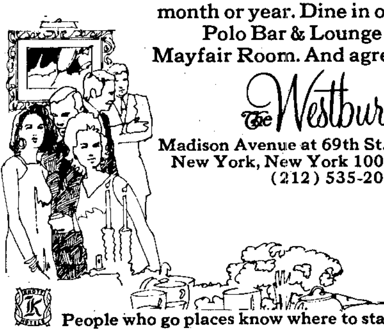

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"The Lovely Milleress." (O.E.D. records the unusual word in Aubrey's "Letters Written by Eminent Persons": "O God! Woe is me miserable, my father was a Miller, and my mother a Milleresse, and I am now a Ladie"—referring to an early, unequal match in the Herbert family.) The new translation, which is published by Schirmer, sings easily and naturally. I do not have Fox Strangways-Wilson or Capell at hand for making comparisons, but Dyer-Bennet is certainly a cut above Theodore Baker, Henry S. Drinker, and Robert Randolph Garran—three earlier versions that I pulled from the Public Library shelves. If anyone doubt that lieder can successfully be sung in English translation, let him listen—if he can find a copy—to Harry Plunket Greene's record of "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," and study Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song" and Dorothy Uris's "To Sing in English." Mr. Dyer-Bennet provided further proof that it can be done—even though his recital was not quite all one had hoped for. As a ballad singer he made his name, and as a ballad singer he is adept at adjusting strict metre to words and their sense in a way that most young lieder singers, especially outside their own tongue, neglect. But to sing Schubert's "art songs" he donned a suit and tie not just in fact but, so to speak, in his art as well. His phrasing lacked the verbal freedom and vividness he brings to "Lord Rendal" or "Barbara Allen." His tenor was small—too small for so large and so unresonant a hall as Tully—but still clear. Mrs. Garniez, at a Steinway, subdued the piano part to a point where often it ceased to sparkle as it should. (She could have hit a Schubertian fortepiano harder without fear of drowning the singer.) All the same, it was a "Schöne Müllerin" that came to life. At the age of sixty-three, Mr. Dyer-Bennet may be tempted to view the miller lad's eager joys and swift despairs with the eyes of experience, but his presentation of the drama was unfailingly fresh, youthful, and enthusiastic. —ANDREW PORTER

•

The press secretary suggested that the January jobs report reflected only the first stages of the impact of the weather crisis. He said that "we would expect that consumer confidence would be down now and unemployment would be up because of the cold weather."

President Carter has set a goal of a 65-per-cent unemployment rate by the end of this year.—*International Herald Tribune.*

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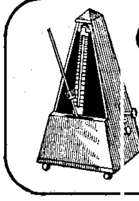

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BOOKS

Wild Laughter

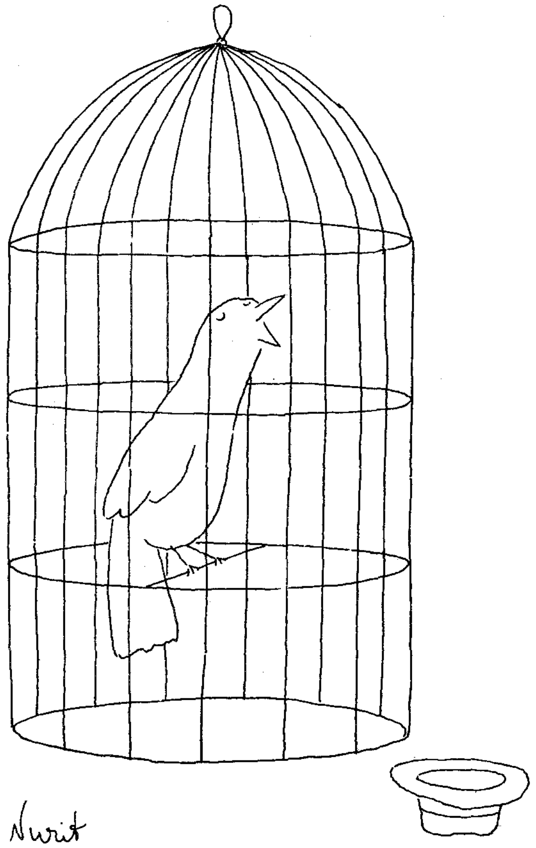
NEAR the outset of his book "The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol" (Harvard), Professor Simon Karlinsky cites hyperbolic phrases of affection, of boyish adoration in letters the young Gogol exchanged with a school chum. He goes on:

> It might be tempting to dismiss such lines as adolescent infatuation. But Gogol wrote in this tone to some of his other male friends throughout his life. It might be tempting to qualify these lines as sentimental effusions typical of the Romantic age—it has long been customary to explain away the homosexual sentiments in the sonnets of Shakespeare and Michelangelo as merely a literary device typical of the Renaissance, or the similar sentiments in the poetry of Verlaine and Whitman as simply literary conventions of their age. But in that case, why is it that one never finds this tone and these sentiments in the letters of Zhukovsky (who could be as sentimental as anyone), Pushkin, Odoyevsky, Lermontov, or any other heterosexually oriented Russian writer of Gogol's time?

This paragraph exemplifies almost everything that has gone wrong with current academic-journalistic writing about literature. It enacts, with a terrible nonchalance, those gestures of empty authority and cozy good sense which make nearly impossible any grasp of values and of the order of seriousness involved in trying to listen to the inner life of language. At this level, the academic and the journalistic, taken in a pejorative sense, are fatally the same, betraying their common responsibility for patience and incisive scruple.

Consider the merely factual side: *Pace* Professor Karlinsky, an "explaining away" of homoerotic sentiments in Shakespeare has long been out of vogue. Studies of possible evidence on the point (there is none) are voluminous. The "age" of Verlaine and Whitman—in what way do these two names define an "age," what are its dates, what would we call it?—has never, so far as I am aware, been characterized by homosexual conventions. But it is not this casual alignment of arbitrary counters which matters most: it is the ragbag of names, and *these* names.

It is just possible—we do not really know—that certain absolutely preëminent achievements in Western culture, perhaps in humanity as a whole, entail some measure of bisexuality or nonsexuality. There are in the thoughts and works of Plato, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Goethe more or less active, more or less biographically pertinent elements of a dual eroticism, of a power at once spiritual and emotional to experience erotic involvement with both sexes. In the dramatist who created Cordelia and Iago, the blank masculinity of Coriolanus and the femininity of Cleopatra—and at a time when young boys were acting women's roles—the same fused and divided perception seems crucial. And there are undoubtedly in Shakespeare's riddling sonnet sequence professions of love, though infinitely self-questioning and ironically modulated, to a male reader. The case of Michelangelo is profoundly different. In Michelangelo's poetry, as in his paintings and sculptures—notably in the Medici chapel—there is a felt mystery of the flesh, of its enthralling loveliness and irremediable hurtling toward decay. This mystery appears to be concentrated for Michelangelo in a masculine rather than a feminine incarnation, or, at moments, in a vision of the androgynous. The ardent presences in Michelangelo's sonnets are, beyond all else, Vittoria Colonna and God as both spirit and flesh. Between the worshipped woman and the divine run the traditional Neoplatonic links of symbolic presentment. (The woman's beauty, her transfiguration through mortality are the immediate signs of God's nearness.) If there are homosexual sentiments, it is in this Platonic idiom that they are registered. But again we stand partly incomprehending near a human summit.



Neither Whitman nor Verlaine is really of this order. But they are not to be lumped together. Whitman's homoeroticism is a triumphant pansexuality, an attempt, at once innocent and histrionic, to infuse the teeming whole and bustle of things with a sexual energy. Verlaine's homosexuality, which was at most intermittent, and which we know accurately, if at all, only via the unique relationship with Rimbaud, differs totally. Verlaine's poems tell of agonizing repentance, of a loathing of the fallen flesh characteristic not of any alleged "conventions of their age" but of certain morbid intensities in *fin-de-siècle* Catholicism. If Whitman's homosexuality is a mode of self-loving (and this is obviously too simple a formula), the homosexual detours of Verlaine are charged with self-hatred and, perhaps, masochism.

To array Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Whitman, Verlaine in a single argumentative move, to offer Pushkin in contrast is not only inadmissible on grounds of evidence—each case being intensely singular and complex—but spiritually crass. Where criticism and scholarship invoke instances of the reach of a Shakespeare, a Michelangelo, or a Pushkin, they have to exhibit imperatives of delicacy. They must reflect at every point of style and proposal their sense of the relevant dimensions. They must fall short of their object, but do so by a distance of incomplete perception so honestly defined that the object is left at once clarified and intact. The inner lives of Shakespeare and Michelangelo or, indeed, of Whitman and Verlaine are our heritage; we feed our smaller sensibilities on their donations and excess. There can be no other thanks than extreme precision, than the patient, provisional, always inadequate attempt to get each case right, to map its commanding wealth.

Instead, current literary-scholarly discourse, whether it be psychoanalytic or structuralist, Marxist or eclectic-mandarin, displays a hurried knowingness. It ranks and anatomizes, it shreds

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privacy to the winds and speaks loud. It makes of the work under discussion an occasion for political or personal advancement, for "scientific" or sociological staging. A passage such as the one quoted is a monument to something prevalent and corrosive in the spirit of our time: call it a busy complacency of intellect or, more simply, a vulgarity of heart.

I am not seeking a quarrel with Professor Karlinsky. He is an admirably erudite Slavist. His knowledge of Russian literature is thorough and passionate. He writes with unmistakable toughness of mind and makes his own judgments. He is, I have no doubt, an ornament to the teaching profession. It is just because Professor Karlinsky is, in the best sense, representative of what should be the most valuable disciplines and aims in the humanities that the passage on homosexuality and convention (and a good many passages like it in this book) and the inattentions of spirit that underlie it must be challenged.

Professor Karlinsky's case is stringent: "The nerve center of Gogol's biography and of much of his creative achievement" is his desire for a male lover and friend and his "concomitant revulsion against marriage and other forms of sexual involvement with women." Gogol's writings were impelled by the desire to show up the absurd ethics and institutions that prohibited the unfolding of his genuine needs and being, which "had taken away from him the friends of his youth, turned his younger sisters into incomprehensible strangers, and deprived him of his rightful place in the human community." Gogol's initial experience of love was fraternal—that for his little brother Ivan. In Alexandra Smirnova he found the only woman he could love—but even in this case only on a purely spiritual plane. All his other intimacies were either false or doomed to negation. The tragedy of religious obsession which destroyed Gogol and caused him to destroy the second part of "Dead Souls" "can now be seen as indissolubly linked with his psychosexual orientation." Very probably, he had confessed to Father Matthew Konstanivosky the "terrible impurity" that possessed his soul (for there is no firm evidence that Gogol ever consummated his homoeroticism). The penances, menaces of damnation, and abstinence from all normal intercourse with the world imposed on Gogol by the fanatical priest proved fatal. He died at forty-two.

Karlinsky scrutinizes every detail of Gogol's life, most notably the ardor that bound him to the beauteous Iosif Vielhorsky and the painter Alexander Ivanov in Rome. He cites torrid letters to male friends. He analyzes the spinsterish distaste or naked shock that Gogol displayed when those whom he had counted on, whether they were friends or his own sisters, entered on the lamentable state of marriage.

Above all, argues Professor Karlinsky, the evidence is staring us in the face in Gogol's works. From the outset, the feminine presences in Gogol's tales are grotesque, threatening—in a precisely castrating sense—or wholly insubstantial. "Taras Bulba" is a transparent rhapsody on a strictly masculine world, that of the marauding Cossacks; the women who appear in it are mere playthings of sadism. In Gogol's goblin stories, in such masterpieces as "The Nose" and "The Overcoat," the compelling pattern is that of fear or contempt for women attended by the masked guilt of unavowed homosexuality. The never-to-be-found Eden is that of male amity transcending into love, the comic purgatory or inferno is that of heterosexual involvement and marriage. Gogol's anti-heroes retreat from a pride of pursuing women. Khlestakov's whirlwind simultaneous courtship of the mayor's wife and daughter in "The Inspector General" is "prompted not by a real desire to seduce a woman or to win her love, but by the need to make conquests he can boast about to his male friends." In "Dead Souls," Chichikov commits the transgression of being interested in the governor's daughter. His subsequent social-economic rout "follows with remarkable consistency the pattern of Gogolian retribution for sexual involvements." And it is thus at every crucial point.

As Professor Karlinsky carefully acknowledges, his thesis was first sketched by Professor Hugh McLean in an important lecture delivered in 1958. There had, moreover, been plenty of gossip earlier. But the scholarship and literary exegesis in "The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol" are of an entirely different dimension and insistence. Both are impressive. With the exception of a few slips—it was not Marx but Rousseau who launched the concept of "alienation," and it was not Professor Donald Fanger who was the first to discuss, and in detail, the role of the new urban setting in Dostoevski and Russian realism—Professor Karlinsky's authority would be difficult to challenge. What is more important, he reads acutely and with zest. His discriminating use of Freudian suggestions and of linguistics, with special reference to Ukrainian usages, to uncover Gogol's suppressed meanings is masterly. The "Mirgorod" stories emerge from his reading deepened and transformed. In short, the case for the prosecution rests and, within its limits, rests solidly. It is these limits that need to be looked at carefully.

Professor Karlinsky's "discoveries"—and they are in this respect representative of a large class of current "psychobiography"—tell us far too much and far too little. The excess is one of inevitable overkill. Gogol's smothered homosexuality is both unique, as is the erotic complexion of any individual human being, and generic. Take the motif of his relationship to his sisters and the morose apprehensions he voiced concerning their marriage. Dorothy Wordsworth tells us that her entire world collapsed when William married. Macaulay so cherished two sisters that the death of the one and the wedding of the other left him numbed for life (we have his own testimony). The quality of ardor between brothers and sisters in the Romantic period and during certain moments in the later nineteenth century was of a vehemence and complication profoundly different from our current norm—if there is a norm. It was often accompanied, as in Byron's life and works or in Wagner's "Ring," by the theme of incest. It plays a fundamental part in Hegel's philosophy of family and state. Each instance is intricately different, yet there are bonds of style which constitute a psychological and linguistic cluster. How does Gogol connect with or differ from the relevant sensibility?

The question of the repudiation of marriage, of an espousal of solitude, almost of autism, is, again, one of extreme delicacy. It implicates factors as diverse as the post-Rousseauist cult of solitude, the ambivalence of nineteenth-century men confronting the partial emancipation of women which followed on the French Revolution, and certain exceedingly subtle themes of self-election to asceticism by thinkers and artists. Thus, Kierkegaard flees from marriage and the company of women in order to make his suffering, his thirst for God pure and productive. Nietzsche does the

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same so that he may transcend common humanity. Asceticism, narcissism, and the quest for sacrificial bargaining points with destiny—"I offer my aloneness in exchange for artistic or metaphysical bounty"—interpenetrate in the intellectual atmosphere of the Romantic, Victorian, and "decadent" periods. They assume an obsessive, mythical guise in Wagner. The links among anti-feminism, creative genius, and masochistic religiosity in Gogol are undoubtedly strong. But, like buckshot, the rubric of "psychosexual pathology" is indiscriminate. It makes it harder for us to read Gogol justly, to make our response a patient, self-withdrawing attendance to the marvellous singularity of the case. This is what I meant by saying that Professor Karlinsky tells us too much.

Also, of course, too little: and this in a perfectly simple way. The number of suppressed homosexuals, acidly dismayed by the treasons of their friends, forced to conceal their true desires, finding symbolic surrogates for the life they cannot fulfill, is legion—especially under the pressure of nineteenth-century public mores. Some commit suicide, others lapse into chill apartness, yet others compensate by frenzied displays of seeming Don Juanism. But there is only one who transmutes his condition into "The Overcoat" or "The Inspector General." This is the whole, overwhelming point. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Berowne exclaims:

> To move wild laughter in the
>   throat of death?
> It cannot be, it is impossible.
> Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

He is mistaken. Molière tells us so, and Mozart, and Gogol. But of the enactment of this paradox, of the metamorphosis of lameness into supreme lightness, we know next to nothing. In a Cocteau, homosexuality breeds ingenious tinsel; in Gogol, the magical compassion of "The Nose" and the universal metaphor of Chichikov's mad troika flight at the end of Part I of "Dead Souls." How did Proust transform a young man into that supremely convincing young woman whom we know and wonder at as Albertine? In what ways did Henry James make of his "secret hurt" and of the sexual withholdings that, so far as we know, marked his adult existence an instrument of social insight? It may be that biographical excavation and the confident hammer strokes of modern psychological-sociological investigation make it more difficult, not less, to ask these questions with the required courtesy and tact. George D. Painter's superb biography of Proust is a case in point. By offering detailed identifications between actual and fictional persons in "Remembrance of Things Past," by illuminating, however dispassionately, the blacker sides of Proust's intimate life, Painter has made it a little more difficult to read Proust without the hindrance of false knowing. And, whether or not modern inquisition into artists' lives has made their works more accessible, *it can contribute next to* nothing to our understanding of the transmutations and annihilations of self from which art stems.

In this study, whose authority and intelligence are manifest, and which is certain—and justly so—to have influence, Professor Karlinsky has occasion to note that "Gogol's involvement with fabrics, embroideries, and cuisine sets him apart." So does his genius. Professor Karlinsky knows this, of course, but the instruments of diagnosis and classification which he wields can blur the distinction. Above all, has he ever stopped to ask himself whether the vision of the role and significance of sex in human lives which is now canonic is not, will not seem one day ludicrously overblown? Is sex that interesting or that important?

Denken ist danken: to think is to thank. The old Pietist tag has far more to it than might appear. It tells of the vital affinities between perception and astonished delight, between understanding and celebration. Just now, in the enterprise of letters, these bonds seem loose.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Blaming, by Elizabeth Taylor (Viking). The English short-story writer and novelist Elizabeth Taylor, who died in 1975 at the age of sixty-three, wrote tart, unruffled dramas about the underpinnings of social behavior, and in this, her last, novel she was at her acerbic best. The central character is Amy Henderson, a deeply conventional, not particularly likable creature of habit, whose husband dies in the middle of a vacation cruise on the Black Sea. Without asking for it, Amy is offered the friendship and aid of Martha Larkin, an eccentric, untidy novelist and shipboard acquaintance. Martha gives up the rest of her own vacation, helps the flustered Amy transport her husband's body back to London, and, to Amy's dismay, becomes the gadfly of her widowhood. Almost all the characters in

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the book—Amy's fussy, ex-sailor servant, her solicitous, anxiety-ridden son, and her sometime suitor, the family doctor—act as irritants on Amy's stiffly independent, diffident spirit, and Mrs. Taylor is especially good at showing how diffident people find themselves trapped by their own torpor. The book is also distinguished by a flaying, comic portrait of a spoiled child, one of Amy's granddaughters. Mrs. Taylor did time years ago as a governess, and the experience was obviously a harrowing one; the book might well be subtitled "The Nanny's Revenge."

NOTE: Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Kingdoms of Elfin," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Viking.

GENERAL

SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM FAULKNER, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Joseph Blotner (Random House). Mr. Blotner, Faulkner's biographer, has chosen from an apparently considerable mass of correspondence some seven hundred "representative" letters. They have been selected, and in some cases (including many of the letters to Estelle Faulkner and to his protégée, Joan Williams) edited, to more or less honor Faulkner's often proclaimed passion for privacy: "My printed works are in the public domain and anyone can bat them around. But my private life and photographed face are my own and I will defend them as such to the end." (This would seem to explain the absence of any of Faulkner's frequent letters to Meta Carpenter, the mistress of his many Hollywood years.) The letters thus are for the most part business letters (to his various editors at Random House and to his agent, Harold Ober), and the portrait they compose is of the artist rather than the man. It is a portrait well worth having. It shows us a writer assertively confident of his art ("I am the best in America, by God"), then uncertain ("It ['A Fable'] is either nothing and I am blind in my dotage, or it is the best of my time"), then realistic and objective ("I know now that I am getting toward the end, the bottom of the barrel. . . . And now I realise for the first time what an amazing gift I had"). It shows us the genesis—the fits and starts, the twists and turns—of most of the major works, and gives an impressive view of a

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THE GRAND CENTURY OF THE LADY, by Arthur Calder-Marshall (Gordon & Cremonesi). A good-looking illustrated book composed for diversion, decoration, and information. The period is roughly coincidental with the reigns of the first four Georges, during which the English lady gradually (and not without some backsliding decades) grew more ladylike, so that she was at last ready to be a Victorian. Mr. Calder-Marshall discusses all sorts of female concerns—birth control, cosmetics, cookery, how to acquire and hold on to husbands or lovers and (perhaps even more important in the eighteenth century) servants. He talks about famous courtesans, duchesses, rebels, and actresses. He also brings to light women whose accomplishments are not so well remembered, including a popular woman jockey, Mrs. Thornton, who wore skirts and raced sidesaddle. More soberly—perhaps more surprisingly—the century produced enough notable women physicians to fill a whole chapter on women in medicine.

NOTE: Calvin Tomkins' Profile of Paul Strand, which appeared originally in these pages, has been published as the introduction to an Aperture monograph entitled "Paul Strand, Sixty Years of Photographs," edited by Michael E. Hoffman.

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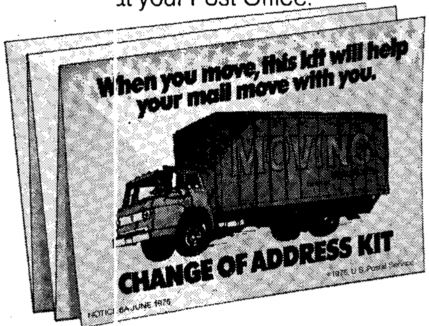
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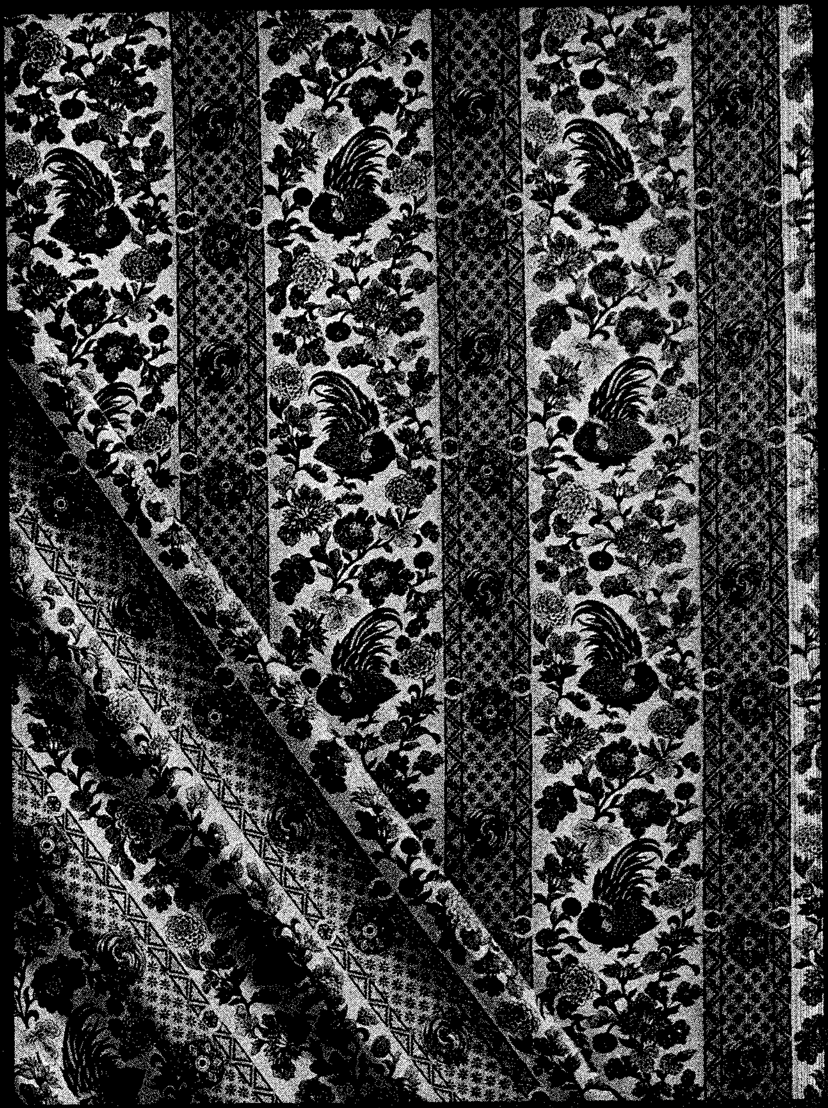

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